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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART FIRST.

THE BONFIRE OF ST. JOHN.

Early in the century, on a summer evening, Jean Lozier stood on the bluff looking at Kaskaskia. He loved it with the homesick longing of one who is born for towns and condemned to the fields. Moses looking into the promised land had such visions and ideals as this old lad cherished. Jean was old in feeling, though not yet out of his teens. The training-masters of life had got him early, and found under his red sunburn and knobby joints, his black eyes and bushy eyebrows, the nature that passionately aspires. The town of Kaskaskia was his sweetheart. It tantalized him with advantage and growth while he had to turn the clods of the upland. The long peninsula on which Kaskaskia stood, between the Okaw and the Mississippi rivers, lay below him in the glory of sunset. Southward to the point spread lands owned by the parish, and known as the common pasture. Jean could see the church of the Immaculate Conception and the tower built for its ancient bell, the convent northward, and all the pleasant streets bowered in trees. The wharf was crowded with vessels from New Orleans and Cahokia, and the arched stone bridge across the Okaw was a thoroughfare of hurrying carriages.

The road at the foot of the bluff, more than a hundred feet below Jean, showed its white flint belt in distant laps and stretches through northern foliage. It led to the territorial governor's country-seat of Elvirade; thence to Fort Chartres and Prairie du Rocher; so on to Cahokia, where it met the great trails of the far north. The road also swarmed with carriages and riders on horses, all moving toward Colonel Pierre Menard's house. Jean could not see his seignior's chimneys for the trees and the dismantled and deserted earth-works of Fort Gage. The fort had once protected Kaskaskia, but in these early peaceful times of the Illinois Territory it no longer maintained a garrison.

The lad guessed what was going on: those happy Kaskaskians, the fine world, were having a ball at Colonel Menard's. Summer and winter they danced, they made fêtes, they enjoyed life. When the territorial Assembly met in this capital of the West, he had often frosted himself late into the winter night, watching the lights and listening to the music in Kaskaskia. Jean Lozier knew every bit of its history. The parish priest, Father Olivier, who came to hear him confess because he could not leave his grandfather, had told it to him. There was a record book transmitted from priest to priest from the earliest settlement of Cascasquia of the Illinois. Jean loved the story of young D'Artaguette, whom the boatmen yet celebrated in song. On moonlight nights, when the Mississippi showed its broad sheet four miles away

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across the level plain, he sometimes fooled himself with thinking he could see the fleet of young soldiers passing down the river, bearing the French flag; phantoms proceeding again to their tragedy and the Indian stake.

He admired the seat where his seignior lived in comfort and great hospitality, but all the crowds pressing to Pierre Menard's house seemed to him to have less wisdom than the single man who met and passed them and crossed the bridge into Kaskaskia. The vesper bell rung, breaking its music in echoes against the sandstone bosom of the bluff. Red splendors faded from the sky, leaving a pearl-gray bank heaped over the farther river. Still Jean watched Kaskaskia.

"But the glory remains when the light fades away,"

he sung to himself. He had caught the line from some English boatmen.

"Ye dog, ye dog, where are you, ye dog?" called a voice from the woods behind him.

"Here, grandfather," answered Jean, starting like a whipped dog. He took his red cap from under his arm, sighing, and slouched away from the bluff edge, the coarse homespun which he wore revealing knots and joints in his work-hardened frame.

"Ye dog, am I to have my supper to-night?"

"Yes, grandfather."

But Jean took one more look at the capital of his love, which he had never entered, and for which he was unceasingly homesick. The governor's carriage dashed along the road beneath him, with a military escort from Fort Chartres. He felt no envy of such state. He would have used the carriage to cross the bridge.

"If I but lived in Kaskaskia!" whispered Jean.

The man on horseback, who met and passed the ball-goers, rode through Kaskaskia's twinkling streets in the pleasant glow of twilight. Trade had not reached its day's end. The crack of long whips could be heard, flourished over oxen yoked by the horns, or three or four ponies hitched tandem, all driven without reins, and drawing huge bales of merchandise. Few of the houses were more than one story high, but they had a sumptuous spread, each in its own square of lawn, orchard, and garden. They were built of stone, or of timbers filled in with stone and mortar.

The rider turned several corners, and stopped in front of a small house which displayed the wares of a penny-trader in its window.

From the open one of the two front doors a black boy came directly out to take the bridle; and behind him skipped a wiry shaven person, whose sleek crown was partly covered by a Madras handkerchief, the common head-gear of humble Kaskaskians. His feet clogged their lightness with a pair of the wooden shoes manufactured for slaves. A sleeved blanket, made with a hood which lay back on his shoulders, almost covered him, and was girdled at the waist by a knotted cord.

"Here I am again, Father Baby," hailed the rider, alighting.

"Welcome home, doctor. What news from Fort Chartres?"

"No news. My friend the surgeon is doing well. He need not have sent for me; but your carving doctor is a great coward when it comes to physicking himself."

They entered the shop, while the slave led the horse away; and no customers demanding the trading friar's attention, he followed his lodger to an inner room, having first lighted candles in his wooden sconces. Their yellow lustre showed the tidiness of the shop, and the penny merchandise arranged on shelves with that exactness which has been thought peculiar to unmarried women. Father Baby was a scandal to the established confessor of the parish, and the joke of the ungodly. Some said he had been a

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dancing-master before he entered the cloister, and it was no wonder he turned out a renegade and took to trading. Others declared that he had no right to the gray capote, and his tonsure was a natural loss of hair; in fact, that he never had been a friar at all. But in Kaskaskia nobody took him seriously, and Father Olivier was not severe upon him. Custom made his harlequin antics a matter of course; though Indians still paused opposite his shop and grinned at sight of a long-gown peddling. His religious practices were regular and severe, and he laid penance on himself for all the cheating he was able to accomplish.

"I rode down from Elvirade with Governor Edwards," said the doctor. "He and all Kaskaskia appear to be going to Colonel Menard's to-night."

"Yes, I stood and counted the carriages: the Bonds, the Morrisons, the Vigos, the Sauciers, the Edgars, the Joneses" —

"Has anything happened these three days past?" inquired the doctor, breaking off this list of notable Kaskaskians.

"Oh, many things have happened. But first here is your billet."

The young man broke the wafer of his invitation and unfolded the paper.

"It is a dancing-party," he remarked. His nose took an aquiline curve peculiar to him. The open sheet, as he held it, showed the name of "Dr. Dunlap" written on the outside. He leaned against a high black mantel.

"You will want hot shaving-water and your best ruffled shirt," urged the friar.

"I never dance," said the other indifferently.

"And you do well not to," declared Father Baby, with some contemptuous impatience. "A man who shakes like a load of hay should never dance. If I had carried your weight, I could have been a holier man."

Dr. Dunlap laughed, and struck his boot with his riding-whip.

"Don't deceive yourself, worthy father. The making of an abbot was not in you. You old rascal, I am scarcely in the house, and there you stand all of a tremble for your jig."

Father Baby's death's-head face wrinkled itself with expectant smiles. He shook off his wooden shoes and whirled upon one toe.

The doctor went into another room, his own apartment in the friar's small house. His office fronted this, and gave him a door to the street. Its bottles and jars and iron mortar and the vitreous slab on which he rolled pills were all lost in twilight now. There were many other doctors' offices in Kaskaskia, but this was the best equipped one, and was the lair of a man who had not only been trained in Europe, but had sailed around the entire world. Dr. Dunlap's books, some of them in board covers, made a show on his shelves. He had an articulated skeleton, and ignorant Kaskaskians would declare that they had seen it whirl past his windows many a night to the music of his violin.

"What did you say had happened since I went away?" he inquired, sauntering back and tuning his fiddle as he came.

"There 's plenty of news," responded Father Baby. "Antoine Lamarche's cow fell into the Mississippi."

Dr. Dunlap uttered a note of contempt.

"It would go wandering off where the land crumbles daily with that current setting down from the northwest against us; and Antoine was far from sneering in your cold-blooded English manner when he got the news."

"He tore his hair and screamed in your warm-blooded French manner?"

"That he did."

The doctor stood in the bar of candlelight which one of the shop sconces extended across the room, and lifted the violin to his neck. He was so large that all his gestures had a ponderous quality. His dress was disarranged by riding,

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and his blonde skin was pricked through by the untidy growth of a three-days' beard, yet he looked very handsome.

Dr. Dunlap stood in the light, but Father Baby chose the dark for those ecstatic antics into which the fiddle threw him. He leaped high from the floor at the first note, and came down into a jig of the most perfect execution. The pat of his bare soles was exquisitely true. He raised the gown above his ankles, and would have seemed to float but for his response in sound. Yet through his most rapturous action he never ceased to be conscious of the shop. A step on the sill would break the violin's charm in the centre of a measure.

But this time no step broke it, and the doctor kept his puppet friar going until his own arm began to weary. The tune ended, and Father Baby paused, deprived of the ether in which he had been floating.

Dr. Dunlap sat down, nursing the instrument on his crossed knees while he altered its pitch.

"Are you not going to Colonel Menard's at all?" inquired the friar.

"It would be a great waste of good dancing not to," said the doctor lazily. "But you have n't told me who else has lost a cow or had an increase of goats while I was away."

"The death of even a beast excites pity in me."

"Yes, you are a holy man. You would rather skin a live Indian than a dead sheep."

The doctor tried his violin, and was lifting it again to position when Father Baby remarked, —

"They doubtless told you on the road that a party has come through from Post Vincennes."

"Now who would doubtless tell me that?"

"The governor's suite, since they must have known it. The party was in almost as soon as you left. Perhaps," suggested the friar, taking a crafty revenge for much insolence, "nobody would mention it to you on account of Monsieur Zhone's sister."

The violin bow sunk on the strings with a squeak.

"What sister?"

"The only sister of Monsieur Reece Zhone, Mademoiselle Zhone, from Wales. She came to Kaskaskia with the party from Post Vincennes."

On Dr. Dunlap's face the unshorn beard developed like thorns on a mask of wax. The spirit of manly beauty no longer infused it.

"Why did n't you tell me this at first?" he asked roughly.

"Is the name of Zhone so pleasant to you?" hinted the shrugging friar. "But take an old churchman's advice now, my son, and make up your quarrel with the lawyer. There will be occasion. That pretty young thing has crossed the sea to die. I heard her cough."

The doctor's voice was husky as he attempted to inquire, —

"Did you hear what she was called?"

"Mademoiselle Mareea Zhone."

The young man sagged forward over his violin. Father Baby began to realize that his revel was over, and reluctantly stuck his toes again into his wooden shoes.

"Will you have something to eat and drink before you start?"

"I don't want anything to eat, and I am not going to Colonel Menard's to-night."

"But, my son," reasoned the staring friar, "are you going to quit your victuals and all good company because one more Zhone has come to town, and that one such a small, helpless creature? Mademoiselle Saucier will be at Menard's."

Dr. Dunlap wiped his forehead. He, and not the cool friar, appeared to have been the dancer. A chorus of slaves singing on some neighboring gallery could be heard in the pause of the violin. Beetles, lured by the shop candles, began to explore the room where the two

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men were, bumping themselves against the walls and buzzing their complaints.

"A man is nothing but a young beast until he is past twenty-five years old," said Dr. Dunlap.

Father Baby added his own opinion to this general remark: —

"Very often he is nothing but an old beast when you catch him past seventy. But it all depends on what kind of a man he is."

"Friar, do you believe in marriage?"

"How could I believe in marriage?"

"But do you believe in it for other people?"

"The Church has always held it to be a sacred institution."

Dr. Dunlap muttered a combination of explosive words which he had probably picked up from sailors, making the churchman cross himself. He spoke out, with a reckless laugh: —

"I married as soon as I came of age, and here I am, ruined for my prime by that act."

"What!" exclaimed Father Baby, setting his hands on his hips, "you a man of family, and playing bachelor among the women of Kaskaskia?"

"Oh, I have no wife now. She finally died, thank Heaven. If she had only died a year sooner! But nothing matters now."

"My son," observed Father Baby severely, "Satan has you in his net. You utter profane words, you rail against institutions sanctioned by the Church, and you have desired the death of a human being. Repent and do penance" —

"You have a customer, friar," sneered the young man, lifting his head to glance aside at a figure entering the shop. "Vigo's idiot slave boy is waiting to be cheated."

"By my cappo!" whispered Father Baby, a cunning look netting wrinkles over his lean face, "you remind me of the bad shilling I have laid by me to pass on that nigger. O Lamb of mercy," —he turned and hastily plumped on his knees before a sacred picture on the wall, — "I will, in expiation for passing that shilling, say twelve paters and twelve aves at the foot of the altar of thy Virgin Mother, or I will abstain from food a whole day in thy honor."

Having offered this compromise, Father Baby sprung with a cheerful eagerness to deal with Vigo's slave boy.

The doctor sat still, his ears closed to the chatter in the shop. His bitter thoughts centred on the new arrival in Kaskaskia, on her brother, on all her family.

She herself, unconscious that he inhabited the same hemisphere with her, was standing up for the reel in Pierre Menard's house. The last carriage had driven to the tall flight of entrance steps, discharged its load, and parted with its horses to the huge stone stable under the house. The mingling languages of an English and French society sounded all around her. The girl felt bewildered, as if she had crossed ocean and forest to find, instead of savage wilderness, an enchanted English county full of French country estates. Names and dignitaries crowded her memory.

A great clear glass, gilt-framed and divided into three panels, stood over the drawing-room mantel. It reflected crowds of animated faces, as the dance began, crossing and recrossing or running the reel in a vista of rooms, the fan-lights around the hall door and its open leaves disclosing the broad gallery and the dusky world of trees outside; it reflected cluster on cluster of wax-lights. To this day the great glass stands there, and, spotless as a clear conscience, waits upon the future. It has held the image of Lafayette and many an historic companion of his.

On the other side of the hall, in the dining-room, stood a carved mahogany sideboard holding decanters and glasses. In this quiet retreat elderly people amused themselves at card-tables. Apart from them, but benignantly ready to chat

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with everybody, sat the parish priest; for every gathering of his flock was to him a call for social ministration.

A delicious odor of supper escaped across a stone causeway from the kitchen, and all the Menard negroes, in their best clothes, were collected on the causeway to serve it. Through open doors they watched the flying figures, and the rocking of many a dusky heel kept time to the music.

The first dance ended in some slight confusion. A little cry went through the rooms: "Rice Jones's sister has fainted!" "Mademoiselle Zhone has fainted!" But a few minutes later she was sitting on a gallery chair, leaning against her brother and trying to laugh through her coughing, and around her stood all girlish Kaskaskia, and the matrons also, as well as the black maid Colonel Menard had sent with hartshorn.

Father Olivier brought her a glass of wine; Mrs. Edwards fanned her; the stars shone through the pecan-trees, and all the loveliness of this new hemisphere and home and the kindness of the people made her close her eyes to keep the tears from running out. The separation of the sick from all healthy mankind had never so hurt her. Something was expected of her, and she was not equal to it. She felt death's mark branding in, and her family spoke of her recovery! What folly it was to come into this gay little world where she had no rights at all! Maria Jones wondered why she had not died at sea. To be floating in that infinity of blue water would be better than this. She pictured herself in the weighted sack, — for we never separate ourselves from our bodies, — and tender forgiveness covering all her mistakes as the multitude of waters covered her.

"I will not dance again," laughed Maria. Her brother Rice could feel her little figure tremble against him. "It is ridiculous to try."

"We must have you at Elvirade," said the governor's wife soothingly. "I will not let the young people excite you to too much dancing there."

"Oh, Mrs. Edwards!" exclaimed Peggy Morrison. "I never do dance quite as much anywhere else, or have quite as good a time, as I do at Elvirade."

"Hear these children slander me when I try to set an example of sobriety in the Territory!"

"You shall not want a champion, Mrs. Edwards," said Rice Jones. "When I want to be in grave good company, I always make a pilgrimage to Elvirade."

"One ought to be grave good company enough for himself," retorted Peggy, looking at Rice Jones with jealous aggressiveness. She was a lean, sandy girl, at whom he seldom glanced, and her acrid girlhood fought him. Rice Jones was called the handsomest man in Kaskaskia, but his personal beauty was nothing to the ambitious force of his presence. The parted hair fitted his broad, high head like a glove. His straight nose extended its tip below the nostrils and shadowed the long upper lip. He had a long chin, beautifully shaped and shaven clean as marble, a mouth like a scarlet line, and a very round, smooth throat, shown by his flaring collar. His complexion kept a cool whiteness which no exposure tanned, and this made striking the blackness of his eyes and hair.

"Please will you all go back into the drawing-room?" begged Maria. "My brother will bring me a shawl, and then I shall need nothing else."

"But may I sit by you, mademoiselle?"

It was Angelique Saucier leaning down to make this request, but Peggy Morrison laughed.

"I warn you against Angelique, Miss Jones. She is the man-slayer of Kaskaskia. They all catch her like measles. If she stays out here, they will sit in a row along the gallery edge, and there will be no more dancing."

"Do not observe what Peggy says,

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mademoiselle. We are relations, and so we take liberties."

"But no one must give up dancing," urged Maria.

They arranged for her in spite of protest, however. Rice muffled her in a shawl, Mademoiselle Saucier sat down at her right side and Peggy Morrison at her left, and the next dance began.

Maria Jones had repressed and nestling habits. She curled herself into a very small compass in the easy gallery chair, and looked off into the humid mysteries of the June night. Colonel Menard's substantial slave cabins of logs and stone were in sight, and up the bluff near the house was a sort of donjon of stone, having only one door letting into its base.

"That 's where Colonel Menard puts his bad Indians," said Peggy Morrison, following Maria's glance.

"It is simply a little fortress for times of danger," said Mademoiselle Saucier, laughing. "It is also the colonel's bureau for valuable papers, and the dairy is underneath."

"Well, you French understand one another's housekeeping better than we English do; and may be the colonel has been explaining these things to you."

"But are there any savage men about here now?"

"Oh, plenty of them," declared Peggy. "We have some Pottawatomies and Kickapoos and Kaskaskias always with us, — like the poor. Nobody is afraid of them, though. Colonel Menard has them all under his thumb, and if nobody else could manage them he could. My father says they will give their furs to him for nothing rather than sell them to other people. You must see that Colonel Menard is very fascinating, but I don't think he charms Angelique as he does the Indians."

Mademoiselle Saucier's smile excused anything Peggy might say. Maria thought this French girl the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. The waist of her clinging white gown ended under the curve of her girlish breasts, and face, neck, and arms blossomed out with the polish of flower-petals. Around her throat she wore gold beads suspending a cross. Her dark hair, which had an elusive bluish mist, like grapes, was pinned high with a gold comb. Her oval face was full of a mature sympathy unusual in girls. Maria had thought at first she would rather be alone on the gallery, but this reposeful and tender French girl at once became a necessity to her.

"Peggy," said Angelique, "I hear Jules Vigo inquiring for you in the hall."

"Then I shall take to the roof," responded Peggy.

"Have some regard for Jules."

"You may have, but I sha'n't. I will not dance with a kangaroo."

"Do you not promise dances ahead?" inquired Maria.

"No, our mothers do not permit that," answered Angelique. "It is sometimes best to sit still and look on."

"That means, Miss Jones," explained Peggy, "that she has set a fashion to give the rest of the girls a chance. I would n't be so mealy-mouthed about cutting them out. But Angelique has been ruined by waiting so much on her tante-gra'mère. When you bear an old woman's temper from dawn till dusk, you soon forget you 're a girl in your teens."

"Don't abuse the little tante-gra'mère."

"She gets praise enough at our house. Mother says she 's a discipline that keeps Angelique from growing vain. Thank Heaven, we don't need such discipline in our family."

"It is my father's grand-aunt," explained Angelique to Maria, "and when you see her, mademoiselle, you will be surprised to find how well she bears her hundred years, though she has not been out of her bed since I can remember. Mademoiselle, I hope I never shall be very old."

Maria gave Angelique the piercing

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stare which unconsciously belongs to large black eyes set in a hectic, nervous face.

"Would you die now?"

"I feel always," said the French girl, "that we stand facing the mystery every minute, and sometimes I should like to know it."

"Now hear that," said Peggy. "I'm no Catholic, but I will say for the mother superior that she never put that in your head at the convent. It is wicked to say you want to die."

"But I did not say it. The mystery of being without any body, — that is what I want to know. It is good to meditate on death."

"It is n't comfortable," said Peggy. "It makes me have chills down my back."

She glanced behind her through the many-paned open window into the dining-room. Three little girls and a boy were standing there, so close to the sill that their breath had touched Peggy's neck. They were Colonel Menard's motherless children. A black maid was with them, holding the youngest by the hand. They were whispering in French under cover of the music. French was the second mother tongue of every Kaskaskia girl, and Peggy heard what they said by merely taking her attention from her companions.

"I will get Jean Lozier to beat Monsieur Reece Zhone. Jean Lozier is such an obliging creature he will do anything I ask him."

"But, Odile," argued the boy, with some sense of equity, "she is not yet engaged to our family."

"And how shall we get her engaged to us if Monsieur Reece Zhone must hang around her? Papa says he is the most promising young man in the Territory. If I were a boy, Pierre Menard, I would do something with him."

"What would you do?"

"I would shoot him. He has duels."

"But my father might punish me for that."

"Very well, chicken-heart. Let Mademoiselle Saucier go, then. But I will tell you this: there is no one else in Kaskaskia that I will have for a second mother."

"Yes, we have all chosen her," owned Pierre, "but it seems to me papa ought to make the marriage."

"But she would not know we children were willing to have her. If you did something to stop Monsieur Zhone's courtship, she would then know."

"Why do you not go out on the gallery now and tell her we want her?" exclaimed Pierre. "The colonel says it is best to be straightforward in any matter of business."

"Pierre, it is plain to be seen that you do not know how to deal with young ladies. They like best to be fought over. It is not proper to *tell* her we are willing to have her. The way to do is to drive off the other suitors."

"But there are so many. Tante Isidore says all the young men in Kaskaskia and the officers left at Fort Chartres are her suitors. Monsieur Reece Zhone is the worst one, though. I might ask him to go out to papa's office with me to-night, but we shall be sent to bed directly after supper. Besides, here sits his sister who was carried out fainting."

"While he is in our house we are obliged to be polite to him," said Odile. "But if I were a boy, I would, some time, get on my pony and ride into Kaskaskia" — The conspiring went on in whispers. The children's heads bobbed nearer each other, so Peggy overheard no more.

It was the very next evening, the evening of St. John's Day, that young Pierre rode into Kaskaskia beside his father to see the yearly bonfire lighted. Though many of the old French customs had perished in a mixing of nationalities, St. John's Day was yet observed; the Latin race drawing the Saxon out to participate in the festival, as so often happens wherever they dwell.

The bonfire stood in the middle of

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the street fronting the church. It was an octagonal pyramid, seven or eight feet high, built of dry oak and pecan limbs and logs, with straw at all the corners.

The earth yet held a red horizon rim around its dusky surface. Some half-distinct swallows were swarming into the church belfry, as silent as bats; but people swarming on the ground below made a cheerful noise, like a fair. The St. John bonfire was not a religious ceremony, but its character lifted it above the ordinary burning of brushwood at night. The most dignified Kaskaskians, heretics as well as papists, came out to see it lighted: the pagan spell of Midsummer Night more or less affecting them all.

Red points appeared at the pile's eight corners and sprung up flame, showing the eight lads who were bent down blowing them; showing the church front, and the steps covered with little negroes good-naturedly fighting and crowding one another off; showing the crosses of slate and wood and square marble tombs in the graveyard, and a crowd of honest faces, red kerchiefs, gray cappos, and wooden shoes pressing close around it. Children raced, shouting in the light, perpetuating unconsciously the fire-worship of Asia by leaping across outer edges of the blaze. It rose and showed the bowered homes of Kaskaskia, the tavern at an angle of the streets, with two Indians, in leggings and hunting-shirts, standing on the gallery as emotionless spectators. It illuminated fields and woods stretching southward, and little weeds beside the road whitened with dust. The roaring and crackling heat drove venturesome urchins back.

Father Baby could be seen established behind a temporary counter, conveniently near the pile, yet discreetly removed from the church front. Thirsty rustics and flatboat-men crowded to his kegs and clinked his glasses. The firelight shone on his crown which was bare to the sky. Father Olivier passed by, receiving submissive obeisance from the renegade, but returning him a shake of the head.

Girls slipped back and forth through the church gate. Now their laughing faces grouped three or four together in the bonfire light. In a moment, when their mothers turned to follow them with the eye, they were nowhere to be seen. Perhaps outside the beacon's glare hobgoblins and fairies danced. Midsummer Night tricks and the freemasonry of youth were at work.

People watched one another across that pile with diverse aims. Rice Jones had his sister on his arm, wrapped in a Spanish mantilla. Her tiny face, with a rose above one ear, was startling against this black setting. They stood near Father Baby's booth; and while Peggy Morrison waited at the church gate to signal Maria, she resented Rice Jones's habitual indifference to her existence. He saw Angelique Saucier beside her mother, and the men gathering to her, among them an officer from Fort Chartres. They troubled him little; for he intended in due time to put these fellows all out of his way. There were other matters as vital to Rice Jones. Young Pierre Menard hovered vainly about him. The moment Maria left him a squad of country politicians surrounded their political leader, and he did some effectual work for his party by the light of the St. John fire.

Darkness grew outside the irregular radiance of that pile, and the night concert of insects could be heard as an interlude between children's shouts and the hum of voices. Peggy Morrison's lifted finger caught Maria's glance. It was an imperative gesture meaning haste and secrecy, and separation from her brother Rice. Maria laughed and shook her head wistfully. The girlish pastimes of Midsummer Night were all done for her. She thought of nights in her own wild county of Merionethshire, when she had run, palpitating like a hare, to try some spell or charm which might reveal

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the future to her; and now it was revealed.

An apparition from the other hemisphere came upon her that instant. She saw a man standing by the friar's booth looking at her. What his eyes said she could not, through her shimmering and deadly faintness, perceive. How could he be here in Kaskaskia? The shock of seeing him annihilated physical weakness in her. She stood on limbs of stone. Her hand on her brother's arm did not tremble; but a pinched blueness spread about her nostrils and eye sockets, and dinted sudden hollows in her temples.

Dr. Dunlap took a step toward her. At that, she looked around for some place to hide in, the animal instinct of flight arising first, and darted from her brother into the graveyard. Rice beheld this freak with quizzical surprise, but he had noted the disappearance of more than one maid through that gate, and was glad to have Maria with them.

"Come on," whispered Peggy, seizing her. "Clarice Vigo has gone to fetch Angelique, and then we shall be ready."

Behind the church, speaking all together like a chorus of blackbirds, the girls were clustered, out of the bonfire's light. French and English voices debated.

"Oh, I would n't do such a thing."

"Your mother did it when she was a girl."

"But the young men may find it out and follow."

"Then we 'll run."

"I 'm afraid to go so far in the dark."

"What, to the old Jesuit College?"

"It is n't very dark, and our old Dinah will go with us; she 's waiting outside the fence."

"But my father says none of our Indians are to be trusted in the dark."

"What a slander on our Indians!"

"But some of them are here; they always come to the St. John bonfire."

"All the men in Kaskaskia are here, too. We could easily give an alarm."

"Anyhow, nothing will hurt us."

"What are you going to do, girls?" inquired the voice of Angelique Saucier. The whole scheme took a foolish tinge as she spoke. They were ashamed to tell her what they were going to do.

Peggy Morrison drew near and whispered, "We want to go to the old Jesuit College and sow hempseed."

"Hempseed?"

"Yes. You do it on Midsummer Night."

"Will it grow the better for that?" asked the puzzled French girl.

"We don't want it to grow, you goose. We want to try our fortunes."

"It was Peggy Morrison's plan," spoke out Clarice Vigo.

"It 's an old English custom," declared Peggy, "as old as burning brushwood."

"Would you like to observe this old English custom, Mademoiselle Zhone?" questioned Angelique.

"Yes, let us hurry on."

"I think myself it would be charming." The instant Angelique thought this, Peggy Morrison's plan lost foolishness, and gained in all eyes the dignity of adventure. "But we have no hempseed."

"Yes, we have," responded Peggy. "Our Dinah is there outside the fence with her lap full of it."

"And how do you sow it?"

"You scatter it and say, 'Hempseed, I sow thee, — hempseed, I sow thee; let him who is to marry me come after me and mow thee.'"

An abashed titter ran through girlish Kaskaskia.

"And what happens then?"

"Then you look back and see somebody following you with a scythe."

A suppressed squeal ran through girlish Kaskaskia.

"Now if we are going, we ought to go, or it will all be found out," observed Peggy with decision.

They had only to follow the nearest cross-street to reach the old Jesuit Col-

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lege; but some were for making a long detour into the common fields to avoid being seen, while others were for passing close by the bonfire in a solid squad. Neither Peggy nor Angelique could reconcile these factions, and Peggy finally crossed the fence and led the way in silence. The majority hung back until they were almost belated. Then, with a venturous rush, they scaled the fence and piled themselves upon Dinah, who was quietly trying to deal out a handful of hempseed to every passer; and some of them squalled in the fear of man at her uplifted paw. Then, shying away from the light, they entered a street which was like a canal of shadow. The houses bounding it were all dark, except the steep roof slopes of the southern row, which seemed to palpitate in the bonfire's flicker.

Finding themselves away from their families in this deserted lane, the girls took to their heels, and left like sheep a perceptible little cloud of dust smoking in the gloom behind them.

Beyond the last house and alongside the Okaw River stood the ruined building with gaping entrances. The girls stumbled among irregular hummocks which in earlier days had been garden beds and had supplied vegetables to the brethren. The last commandant of Kaskaskia, who occupied the Jesuits' house as a fortress, had complained to his superiors of a leaky and broken roof. There was now no roof to complain of, and the upper floors had given way in places, leaving the stone shell open to the sky. It had once been an imposing structure, costing the Jesuits forty thousand piasters. The uneven stone floor was also broken, showing gaps into vaults beneath; fearful spots to be avoided, which the custom of darkness soon revealed to all eyes. Partitions yet standing held stained and ghastly smears of rotted plaster.

The river's gurgle and rush could be distinctly heard here, while the company around the bonfire were lost in distance.

Angelique had given her arm to Maria Jones in the flight down the road; but when they entered the college Maria slipped away from her. A blacker spot in an angle of the walls and a smothered cough hinted to the care-taker where the invalid girl might be found, but where she also wished to be let alone.

Now a sob rising to a scream, as if the old building had found voice and protested against invasion, caused a recoil of the invaders. Girls brought up in neighborly relations with the wilderness, however, could be only a moment terrified by the screech-owl. But at no previous time in its history, not even when it was captured as a fort, had the Jesuit College inclosed such a cluster of wildly beating hearts. Had light been turned on the group, it would have shown every girl shaking her hand at every other girl and hissing, "S— s— sh!"

"Girls, be still."

"Girls, do be still."

"Girls, if you won't be still, somebody will come."

"Clarice Vigo, why don't you stop your noise?"

"Why do you not stop yours, mademoiselle?"

"I have n't spoken a word but Sh! I have been trying my best to quiet them all."

"So have I."

"Ellen Bond fell over me. She was scared to death by a screech-owl!"

"It was you fell over me, Miss Betsey."

"If we are going to try the charm," announced Peggy Morrison, "we must begin. You had better all get in a line behind me and do just as I do. You can't see me very well, but you can scatter the hempseed and say what I say. And it must be done soberly, or Satan may come mowing at our heels."

From a distant perch to which he had removed himself, the screech-owl again remonstrated. Silence settled like the slow fluttering downward of feathers on

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every throbbing figure. The stir of a slipper on the pavement, or the catching of a breath, became the only tokens of human presence in the old college. These postulants of fortune in their half-visible state once more bore some resemblance to the young ladies who had stood in decorum answering compliments between the figures of the dance the night before.

On cautious shoe leather the march began. One voice, two voices, and finally a low chorus intoned and repeated, —

"Hempseed, I sow thee, — hempseed, I sow thee; let him who is to marry me come after me and mow thee."

Peggy led her followers out of the east door towards the river; wheeling when she reached a little wind-row of rotted timbers. This chaos had once stood up in order, forming makeshift bastions for the fort, and supporting cannon. Such boards and posts as the negroes had not carried off lay now along the river brink, and the Okaw was steadily undermining that brink as it had already undermined and carried away the Jesuits' spacious landing.

Glancing over their shoulders with secret laughter for that fearful gleam of scythes which was to come, the girls marched back; and their leader's abrupt halt jarred the entire line. A man stood in the opposite entrance. They could not see him in outline, but his unmistakable hat showed against a low-lying sky.

"Who 's there?" demanded Peggy Morrison.

The intruder made no answer.

They could not see a scythe about him, but to every girl he took a different form. He was Billy Edgar, or Jules Vigo, or Rice Jones, or any other gallant of Kaskaskia, according to the varying faith which beating hearts sent to the eyes that saw him.

The spell of silence did not last. A populous roost invaded by a fox never resounded with more squalling than did the old Jesuit College. The girls swished around corners and tumbled over the vegetable beds. Angelique groped for Maria, not daring to call her name, and caught and ran with some one until they neared the light, when she found it was the dumpy little figure of her cousin Clarice.

As soon as the girls were gone, the man who had broken up their hempseed sowing advanced a few steps on the pavement. He listened, and that darker shadow in the angle of the walls was perceptible to him.

"Are you here?"

"I am here," answered Maria.

Rice Jones's sister could not sit many minutes in the damp old building without being missed by the girls and her family. His voice trembled. She could hear his heart beating with large strokes. His presence surrounded her like an atmosphere, and in the darkness she clutched her own breast to keep the rapture from physically hurting her.

"Maria, did you know that my wife was dead?"

"Oh, James, no!"

Her whisper was more than a caress. It was surrender and peace and forgiveness. It was the snapping of a tension which had held her two years.

"Oh, James, when I saw you to-night I did not know what to do. I have not been well. You have borne it so much better than I have."

"I thought," said Dr. Dunlap, "it would be best for us to talk matters over."

She caught her breath. What was the matter with this man? Once he had lain at her feet and kissed the hem of her garment. He was hers. She had never relinquished her ownership of him even when her honor had constrained her to live apart from him. Whose could he be but hers?

Dr. Dunlap had thought twenty-four hours on what he would say at this unavoidable meeting, and he acknowledged in a business-like tone, —

"I did not treat you right, Maria.

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My wretched entanglement when I was a boy ruined everything. But when I persuaded you into a secret marriage with me, I meant to make it right when the other one died. And you found it out and left me. If I treated you badly, you treated me badly, too."

He knew the long chin of the Joneses. He could imagine Maria lifting her slim chin. She did not speak.

"I came over here to begin life again. When you ran off to your friends, what was there for me to do but take to the navy again or sail for America? Kaskaskia was the largest post in the West; so I came here. And here I found your family, that I thought were in another Territory. And from the first your brother has been my enemy."

His sulky complaint brought no response in words; but a strangling sob broke all restraint in the angle of the wall.

"Maria," exclaimed the startled doctor, "don't do that. You excite yourself."

In her paroxysm she rolled down on the stone floor, and he stooped in consternation and picked her up. He rested his foot on the ledge where she had sat, and held her upon his knee. She struggled for breath until he thought she would die, and the sweat of terror stood on his forehead. When he had watched her by the bonfire, his medical knowledge gave her barely two months of life; and within those two months, he had also told himself bitterly then, Rice Jones could marry Angelique Saucier; but to have her die alone with him in this old building was what he could not contemplate.

Scarcely conscious of his own action, the doctor held her in positions which helped her, and finally had the relief of hearing her draw a free breath as she lapsed against his shoulder. Even a counterfeit tie of marriage has its power. He had lived with this woman, she believing herself his lawful wife. Their half-year together had been the loftiest period of his life. The old feeling, smothered as it was under resentment and a new passion, stirred in him. He strained her to his breast and called her the pet names he used to call her. The diminutive being upon his knee heard them without response. When she could speak she whispered, —

"Set me down."

Dr. Dunlap moved his foot and placed her again on the stone ledge. She leaned against the wall. There was a ringing in her ears. The unpardonable sin in man is not his ceasing to love you. That may be a mortal pain, but it has dignity. It is the fearful judgment of seeing in a flash that you have wasted your life on what was not worth the waste.

"Now if you are composed, Maria," said Dr. Dunlap hurriedly, "I will say what I followed you here to say. The best thing for us to do, now that I am free to do it, is to have the marriage ceremony repeated over us and made valid. I am ready and willing. The only drawback is the prejudice of your family against me."

A magnanimous tone in his voice betrayed eagerness to put the Joneses under obligations to him.

"Dr. Dunlap," — when Maria had spoken his name she panted awhile, — "when I found out I was not your wife, and left you, I began then to cough. But now — we can never be married."

"Why, Maria?"

She began those formidable sounds again, and he held his breath.

Somebody in the distance began playing a violin. Its music mingled with the sounds which river-inclosed lands and the adjacent dwellings of men send up in a summer night.

"You know," said Maria when she could speak, "how we deceived my people in Wales and in London. None of my family here know anything about that marriage."

Another voice outside the walls, keen with anxiety, shouted her name. Dr.

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Dunlap hurried a few yards from her, then stopped and held his ground. A man rushed into the old building regardless of the broken floor.

"Maria, are you here?"

"Yes, brother Rice."

She was leaving her corner to meet him. The doctor could see that she sunk to her hands and knees with weakness and helped herself up by the wall.

"Where are you? Is any one with you?"

As they met in the darkness the brother felt her hands and trembling figure.

"What possessed you to sit down here in this damp old place? You are clammy as stone. Poor little thing, were you frightened? What have you been doing?"

"I have been talking," replied Maria.

The doctor's heart labored like a drum. Perhaps she would tell it all out to Rice Jones now.

The same acrid restraint may be heard in a mother's voice when she inquires, as Rice did, —

"Who was talking with you?"

"Dr. Dunlap."

"Dr. Dunlap? You don't know Dr. Dunlap."

"We met in England," daringly broke out Dr. Dunlap himself.

"He is here yet, is he?" said Rice Jones. "Doctors are supposed to be the natural protectors of ailing women; but here's one that is helping a sick girl to take her death cold."

An attack on his professional side was what Dr. Dunlap was not prepared for. He had nothing to say, and Maria's brother carried her out of the old college and took the nearest way home.

Noise was ceasing around the sinking bonfire, a clatter of wooden shoes setting homeward along the streets of Kaskaskia. Maria saw the stars stretching their great network downward enmeshing the Mississippi. That nightly vision is wonderful. But what are outward wonders compared to the unseen spiritual chemistry always at work within and around us, changing our loves and beliefs and needs?

Rice stopped to rest as soon as they were out of Dr. Dunlap's hearing. Light as she was, he felt his sister's complete prostration in her weight.

"For God's sake, Maria," he said to her in Welsh, "is that fellow anything to you?"

She shook her head.

"But he says he met you in England."

She said nothing, and Rice also remained in silence. When he spoke again, it was in the tone of dry statement which he used for presenting cases in court.

"My pistols have hair triggers and go off at a touch. I had a political difference with a gentleman some time ago, and this Dr. Dunlap acted as his second. We were standing ready, but before the word was given, and while the pistol hung down in my hand, it went off, and the ball struck the ground at my feet. Then Dr. Dunlap insisted I had had my shot, and must stand still and be fired at without firing again. His anxiety to have me shot was so plain that my opponent refused to fire, and we made up our difference. That's the Dr. Dunlap we have here in the Territory, whatever he may have been in England."

Rice hurried on with her, his motherless little sister, who had been left with kinspeople in Wales because she was too delicate to bear the hardships of the family transplanting. He blamed himself for her exposure and prostration, and held her tenderly, whispering, —

"Mareea-bach!"

She tried to answer the Welsh caressing name, but her throat gurgled and a warm stream ran out of her mouth, and he knew it was blood.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

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GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

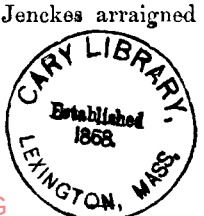
It is now something more than twenty years since Mr. Carpenter, a Senator of the United States from the State of Wisconsin, introduced in the body of which he was a distinguished and influential member a resolution, as he declared, "for the purpose of submitting some remarks on the recent popular delusion called civil service reform by transferring the patronage of the government from the officers in whom the Constitution had vested it to a board of schoolmasters to sit in Washington." Five years earlier, Mr. Thomas A. Jenckes, a Representative from the State of Rhode Island, had submitted a report from the joint committee of Congress on retrenchment, and accompanied it by a bill "to regulate the civil service of the United States and promote its efficiency." In their report the committee mildly said of the bill, "It is conceded that this will work an entire change in the mode of appointment to and the tenure of office of the subordinate civil service of the government." It was the first gun. The revolution that it inaugurated constitutes one of the most notable movements in our history. Its object was not, as the Wisconsin Senator would have it, to transfer patronage, but, so far as it was possible, to eliminate from American political life the very idea of patronage as undemocratic and un-American. If it was a delusion, it has proved a most obstinate one, and would seem to have a stronger hold on the people now than it had in 1872, when the Wisconsin Senator came to the rescue of the patronage from the outstretched hands of the schoolmasters.

Whatever it was or is, the stuff that dreams are made of or a sober and practical reform, Mr. Curtis believed in it with all the force of an exceptionally sane and well-balanced mind, and his services in its behalf, I think, will constitute his highest claim to the gratitude of his countrymen. He was, indeed, a great power in American life, influencing it at many points, and always for good. Least of all men was he a panacea-vender, but he was a friend and advocate of every good cause, and the civil service reform found in him a leader of such earnestness and force that, in the minds of his fellow-citizens, the cause and its leader were identified.

It was more true of Curtis than it was of Goldsmith that he "touched nothing that he did not adorn." Certainly he adorned this cause, year after year presenting its claims with admirable grace and skill, and with a strength of argument that was irresistible; but there was something transcending all this. Among public men, there was perhaps none who so won the confidence of sincere and earnest men and women by his own personality. Americans make few pilgrimages to the shrines of oracles. The day has passed, even, when many pin their faith on their newspaper, though they take only one; but when, by the process of years, a noble and trustworthy character has become clearly established and defined, now as ever, men, by the law of their being, render it homage. The power of such a character, with all his gifts and accomplishments, was what Mr. Curtis brought to the civil service reform.

What was the cause which he thought worthy of the devotion of his ripest years?

The administrative system under which, by a natural and yet monstrous evolution, the honors, public employments, and even the profitable contracts with the government had come to be regarded as spoils of political victory, and the legitimate means of payment for party service, seemed never stronger than when Mr. Jenckes arraigned it before



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Congress. Rotation in office from highest to lowest, its natural and necessary accompaniment, though a cruel gospel, had universal party acceptance. It was a question of political thrift, and, from the commercial standpoint, the only way to derive considerable gains from the capital of office was to turn it over frequently.

The wickedness and folly of this system had long been felt by many, but until Mr. Jenckes quietly challenged it on the floor of the House there had been no time when there was any hope that it could be successfully assailed. It had been denounced by the wisest and best, but always from the outside. Mr. Webster had declared that it would change the character of our government; that the same party selfishness that drove good men out of office would push bad men in; that, if not checked, good men would grow tired of the exercise of political privileges, and abandon the government to the scramble of the bold, the daring, and the desperate. But Mr. Webster was in the opposition. Mr. Calhoun had said that if it were not put down it would end by putting down the government. Mr. Clay, in 1832, opposing Mr. Van Buren's confirmation as minister to England, had said that Van Buren was "among the first of federal secretaries to introduce the odious system of proscription for the exercise of the elective franchise into the government of the United States. It is a detestable system, drawn from the worst periods of the Roman republic; and if it were to be perpetuated, if the offices, honors, and dignities of the people were to be put up to a scramble and decided by the results of every presidential election, our government and institutions would finally end in a despotism as intolerable as that of Constantinople." But Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun were also in the opposition. It was easy for "Jackson men" to withstand criticism from such a quarter. The new system — for it was practically unknown to the earlier administrations — had its attractions. It added greatly to the interest of "campaigns," and provided stakes for the stalwart contestants that imparted a lively human interest to the struggle; and with the winners nothing could be more "popular."

After the administration of Jackson it had undisputed possession. No one in a responsible position denounced it, however much he may have deprecated its existence. During Mr. Van Buren's term it flourished like a tropical plant. Van Buren's successor held the office for a few weeks only, and, as might have been expected, they were filled with the turmoil and clamor of a hungry multitude. Mr. Tyler found himself so soon at war with his party that the possession of the offices was all that gave him the semblance of power, and he made diligent use of them. With Polk and the Mexican war, the country began to gird itself for the great struggle over slavery. If anybody thought of administrative reform, there was then no room for the subject in the minds of citizens.

When the storm of secession finally burst on the republic, the federal service was filled with the adherents of a single party, and they were chiefly such as were acceptable to its so-called pro-slavery faction. Mr. Lincoln found himself at the head of a government nineteen twentieths of whose officials regarded his advent to office with disfavor, and large numbers with bitter resentment. His enemies were intrenched in the departments, and he and his party found a foe in every post-office. All knew that "a clean sweep" was to be expected, and apprehension of loss of place mingling with the other excitements of the time naturally embittered those who looked only for dismissal.

It would not be difficult to show that a great part of the disloyalty in the North, more or less pronounced, had its origin in an extreme partisan disappointment, the vital heat of which came from the loss of the federal offices.

The war made necessary not only vast

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armies, but a great increase of the civil service. An enormous debt had been created, and elaborate systems of taxation provided to meet its demands, which it was evident must continue in some form during an indefinite period. The government had driven out the banking currency of the States, and organized a banking system of its own. The nation, too, had undergone a transformation such as had never before been witnessed. What its growth and development were to be could hardly be exaggerated by the boldest imagination. Even the orators of this Columbian anniversary season have not been able to overstate it.

The great cause of sectional discussion having been removed, and the disputes of reconstruction settled, no absorbing question prevented the examination of administrative details. The Republican party had full control, and seemed likely to retain it indefinitely. When, therefore, Mr. Jenckes, with admirable courage, brought before the popular branch of Congress his resolution, and supplemented it by his report, it was a movement from within the party having control of the offices looking to the eradication of a system that threatened the public safety, and the establishment in its place of one that should be in harmony with democratic institutions and adequate to the demands of the future.

But the country knew little about the subject. Even Mr. Curtis, in his New York address in 1888, said, "Twenty years ago, when Mr. Jenckes spoke to a few persons in the chapel of the University upon reform in the civil service, he was like Paul in Athens declaring the Unknown God." The evils of the spoils system were well understood, but few had thought seriously about the remedy. In the American way, we had concluded that the trouble was inherent in our political system, or, if not inherent, that it had become so firmly implanted it could not be removed; that it was useless to complain, and the part of wisdom was to "go ahead and make the best of it." To the American mind there is nothing so offensive as a "reformer" who can denounce existing institutions, but has nothing better to offer.

Just here the services of Mr. Jenckes were invaluable. He had made a careful study of the civil service in the various countries of Europe, and in his elaborate report, and in another which he submitted in the succeeding year (1868), he furnished a mass of information upon every part of the subject. Pains had also been taken by him to obtain the views of many officials in different branches of the service upon the practical nature of the reform proposed, and these were supplemented by copious extracts from the press, earnestly favoring the bill introduced by Mr. Jenckes.

The subject slowly engaged public attention, but it was not until March, 1871, that any act was passed; and then the best that could be obtained from Congress was a brief section thrust into the Appropriation Bill, authorizing the President to prescribe rules for admission to the civil service, to appoint suitable persons to institute inquiries touching the matter, and to establish regulations for the conduct of appointees to the civil service. Mr. Jenckes's bill had carefully outlined a competitive system of appointments and promotions and made it imperative, but this could not be passed, and the whole matter was entrusted to the discretion of the President.

President Grant, as might have been expected from so straightforward and patriotic a character, was heartily in favor of the reform movement. He afterwards withdrew from it his support, not, however, because his own views had changed, but because Congress was hostile and would not make appropriations, and because he thought the public sentiment in its favor had so relaxed that it no longer warranted his favorable executive action.

The Appropriation Bill with its civil

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service reform rider was approved March 3, 1871, and on the next day the President appointed George William Curtis and six other gentlemen an advisory board to conduct the inquiries under the act and report regulations for his approval; in other words, to prepare and report a working plan for the experiment of administrative reform. I have not mentioned the names of Mr. Curtis's associates on the board, for the reason that no one of them seems to have become personally identified with the reform movement, and the labor and most of the responsibility fell upon the chairman.

Mr. Curtis entered most heartily and at once upon the work. Probably his name imparted a strength to the movement that no other would have given. He had been a civil service reformer in sentiment for many years, even from his earliest occupancy of the Easy Chair. He had hailed with approval the action of Mr. Jenckes, and supported it with great force by both voice and pen. He was then at the height of his manhood, personally most attractive, and everywhere known and admired, especially by the young men of education and ambition, who found in him their ideal. Since 1856 he had been one of the most acceptable of popular orators, in the lecturer's desk and on the platform, and he was, if not the first, perhaps the finest specimen the country had seen of "the gentleman in politics." His purely literary work was familiar to all persons of taste and culture. So graceful an essayist, so genial an observer and critic of public and social life, had not before graced our letters. But the man was far larger than his work, though never above it. A radical antislavery man even from the early days when, as the young Howadji, he met the slave boat — the "Devil's Frigate" he called it — floating down the lazy Nile, he had devoted his early manhood to the assault of slavery. He had wasted no strength in efforts outside of political organizations when he found one at hand where he could do good service, but had joined himself at once to the new Republican party. To promote its success he gave all the strength of those early years. He adhered stanchly to that party during the stormy Johnson period, and was one of the most effective supporters of General Grant for the presidency. For years he had been a frequent delegate to the party conventions, and was there regarded as a trustworthy adviser and leader.

He had been the political editor of Harper's Weekly since 1863, and in its columns had rendered a support to the Republican party the strength of which can hardly be overestimated. In November, 1871, its circulation had reached three hundred thousand copies. Men read his editorial articles to be enlightened as to their duties and strengthened in their patriotism. Women read them to make sure that their husbands and sons were "keeping step to the music of the Union." There was perfect confidence in his intelligence, sincerity, and courage. The calm clearness of those weekly utterances was equaled only by their conclusive force. There was no hurry, — there were always time and space for full statement, — no excitement, no smartness, no straining after epigrammatic point, no cowardly refusal to face the facts, no dogmatic assertion. They were models of full and dispassionate statement and sound argument, and in the highest degree persuasive. It may well be doubted whether through any considerable period the political articles of any other journal, at least in America, have been so well calculated to engage the attention and influence the conduct of its readers.

In effect, the work entrusted to the advisory board or commission was to set the new system on its feet. Many intelligent persons had generalized upon the subject. The mischiefs of existing

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methods were well understood, and the belief was growing that some practical way would be found to remedy them; but the actual constructive work was then to begin, and it was important that no blunder should discredit it at the outset.

The report of the board was submitted to the President on the 18th of December, 1871, and by him promptly sent to Congress. It was prepared by Mr. Curtis, and contained a most conclusive presentation of the entire subject. Every plausible objection was carefully considered and answered, and experience has proved its soundness in every essential part.

In transmitting the report, President Grant said, "I ask for all the strength Congress can give me to enable me to carry out the reform in the civil service recommended by the commissioners." We may well believe that he had a noble ambition to verify the closing words of the report, in which it was declared that the administration which vigorously began this reform would acquire "a glory only less than that of the salvation of a great nation."

In April following, the advisory board, through its chairman, having prepared the rules regulating appointments, including the grouping of the official places, they were promulgated; and thereafter, until their suspension by the President in March, 1875, they were enforced in the federal offices in New York and in the departments at Washington with most satisfactory results.

The history of the next three years, in which the President attempted to extend the operation of the rules to other customs ports, but failed, because the officers were either hostile or indifferent, or so unused to the reform methods that the operation was defective, need not be stated more fully. It was evident that the reform was not acceptable to the party leaders; and when, in the short session of 1874–75, Congress refused an appropriation, the President abandoned the effort to enforce the civil service rules, and suspended their operation.

Mr. Curtis criticised, but not with severity, this action of the President. He felt the embarrassment of the situation. He had long known that a powerful element in the party was bitterly hostile to the reform. He was familiar with its assumption of superiority over the so-called "doctrinaires" and "schoolmasters." His comment on it was: "History teaches no lesson more distinctly than that nothing is so practical as principle, nothing so little visionary as honesty. Political movements, like all other good causes, are constantly betrayed by the ignorance which thinks itself smartness, and the contempt of ideas which is called practical common sense."

At Newport, in 1887, Mr. Curtis said: "It was once my duty to say to President Grant that the adverse pressure of the Republican party would overpower his purpose of reform. He replied, with a smile, that he was used to pressure. He smiled incredulously, but he presently abandoned reform."

The blow was for the moment overwhelming. There was nothing to do but appeal to the people; and the files of Harper's Weekly show how little Mr. Curtis was daunted and how unexhausted was his energy. No one more thoroughly than he apprehended the true spirit of democracy. No one more fully recognized that the final resort was to the people, and that no reform would be safe until they had become so thoroughly educated in its principles and so convinced of its necessity that their representatives would not dare to oppose it. The success it had obtained had been owing more to the cowardice of party managers and members of Congress than to any sincere assent on their part to its merit, though both in and out of Congress it had the honest support of many excellent men.

Civil service reform had taken pos-

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session of a portion of the government much too easily to be sure of maintaining its ground. The rules and regulations that President Grant had approved and desired to extend as fast as practicable, and which the "schoolmasters" were applying at Washington and New York, threatened to transform political life. If they should be made imperative by legislative enactment, there was great danger that the enormous bribe of the subordinate offices would be eliminated from the federal elections. Politics as an industry might be removed from the category of avocations.

Mr. Curtis consoled himself with the belief that the reform was only postponed, that the experiment already made had vindicated itself at every point, and that the people would demand its renewal. The event speedily realized his anticipation. In the next Republican National Convention at Cincinnati he was a delegate, and a strong supporter of Mr. Bristow, but voted for Mr. Hayes on the final ballot. Both parties vied with each other in strong platform declarations in favor of the civil service reform. Governor Tilden wrote elaborately in its favor in his letter of acceptance. Mr. Hayes took office committed to it most strongly, but he was able to do little for it. He found, as President Grant had found, a determined opposition in Congress, which laughed and sneered after the old manner when the reform was mentioned. To this was added the special and aggressive hostility of Mr. Conkling, who had been an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination at Cincinnati, and indulged a pronounced resentment against Mr. Curtis, who not only in convention, but in Harper's Weekly, had vigorously opposed the nomination of the New York Senator.

It had long been known that Mr. Conkling was greatly trusted and admired by President Grant, and as early as the confirmation of Mr. Murphy as collector of the port of New York Mr. Conkling had wrested from Mr. Fenton, his colleague, the control of the spoils in the Empire State. Mr. Conkling was an opponent of civil service reform from the outset. How much his personal influence had to do with the President's loss of hope and his final conclusion to suspend the rules is matter for conjecture. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Curtis knew Mr. Conkling to be a powerful enemy of the reform and very close to the President.

There was much talk in 1875–76 of nominating General Grant for a third term, and Mr. Curtis was an outspoken opponent of such action. When the President wrote his letter declining a renomination, Mr. Conkling came to the front as the New York candidate, and Mr. Curtis, as we have seen, opposed him. Probably he regarded him as the most dangerous enemy of the reform. There is no doubt that he intended to include him in the "group of conspicuous Senators under whose leadership," he said, "the party has constantly declined, and whose tone and character were felt to be fatal."

Mr. Hayes took office under most trying circumstances, owing to the controversy over his right to the place, and factional opposition within his party was easily made formidable by Democratic assistance. The "senatorial courtesy," too, was then in its most prosperous condition, and Mr. Conkling's opposition was for a time fatal to any nominations made by Mr. Hayes; but after the confirmation of General Merritt as collector and Colonel Burt as naval officer at New York, in February, 1879, the President revived the civil service rules in those offices. Soon afterward they were again applied to the New York post-office under its incumbent, Mr. James. From that time until the passage of the Pendleton Bill the rules were enforced in those offices with such excellent results that public sentiment was stimulated and encouraged, and many local civil service reform associations were formed through-

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out the country. The National League, with Mr. Curtis as president, was also organized. Congress, however, steadily refused any favorable legislation or appropriation; and yet at the convention which nominated General Garfield the reform "plank" of 1876 was explicitly reaffirmed, and the convention adopted in terms "the declaration of Mr. Hayes that the reform should be thorough, radical, and complete." To this end it demanded "the coöperation of the legislative with the executive departments of the government." Mr. Curtis was not far wrong when he characterized such platform declarations as only "polite bows to the whims of notional brethren, which it is hoped will satisfy them without committing the party."

There is little likelihood that Mr. Garfield's administration would have done more for civil service reform than that of Mr. Hayes. It was embroiled at the outset by the fiercest contests over the offices. The history of those brief four months, culminating in the resignation of the New York Senators, and ending with the assassination of the President, furnishes an impressive commentary on the spirit which found in the disposal of the offices the chief subject of interest in presidential elections.

The murder of the President aroused the country, and a demand came up from every quarter for something that would remove the dangers that environed the presidential office. It was seen that to do this the President's death must be rendered less desirable to a great class of more or less dangerous citizens who might hope to profit by a change in the federal patronage. Guiteau had established a horrible precedent. How soon it might be followed by some other half-crazed creature, some desponding wretch who saw his wife and children beggared by his removal from office, or some miscreant, the tool of deep conspiracy, no man could tell.

It was not, however, until the 18th of January, 1883, that Congress gave to the country what was known as "the Pendleton Law." That beneficent measure became practically operative on the 16th of July following. Probably no law ever had fewer real friends in the Congress that enacted it. At the long session of 1882, the year of the Jay Hubbell circular, and of the great revolts in the Republican party in New York and Pennsylvania, the House had refused the President's earnest request for twenty-five thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the commission, and had cut it down two fifths. But, as Mr. Curtis said at Newport the next year, "the Congress which had adjourned in August, laughing at reform, heard the thunder of the elections in November, and reassembled in December," and it made haste to pass the Pendleton Bill, which had been a year before Congress.

In every Congress since there have been numerous enemies of the reform, but none has dared either to withhold the appropriation or to repeal the law. It survived the political revolution of 1884 and the counter-revolution of 1888. The great danger that attended it in its cradle was that its enemies, failing in open assaults, would destroy it by indirection. Its success depended upon its honest and vigorous enforcement; and this, with some exceptions, it has received from three administrations. Its recent extension to the Indian Department and the application of its principles to the navy yards by the Secretary of the Treasury have been hailed by the country with applause. More than thirty thousand of the subordinate places of the government are under its control, many of them highly responsible. It has received the approval of three Presidents and many cabinet officers and other high officials, and, so far as is publicly known, the disapproval of none. In the States of New York and Massachusetts, similar statutes have been in force during nine years with official and general approbation, and the

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courts have adjudged these laws constitutional. A courageous and intelligent Civil Service Commission at Washington has demonstrated to the country that, with honest and energetic enforcement, the federal statute will accomplish all that was ever predicted for it by its warmest friends; and there seems to be no reason why the scope of its operation should not be extended largely without further delay.

Mr. Curtis was in the highest sense a public man, although he never held political office. He was a delegate to the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867, and chairman of the Civil Service Advisory Board appointed by General Grant. For nearly thirty years, too, he was one of the regents of the New York University, a somewhat anomalous public corporation dating from 1784, which is the unsalaried agency by which the State conducts its relations with the entire system of higher education of the commonwealth. For several years before his death Mr. Curtis had been chancellor of the Board of Regents. He might have represented the United States at the English court during the administration of Mr. Hayes, but he preferred to remain at his work at home. During several administrations place of high distinction was at his command, had he said the word. But he knew better than most men that place rarely adds to the distinction of a really able man, and almost never to his happiness; and besides, for twenty years at least he felt that his highest work must be at home. The history of the civil service reform is the history of those years in the life of Mr. Curtis. There was much more in them, but to no other subject did he give so much thought and such deep and earnest personal interest. Doubtless he enjoyed much of his work as a political editor. He loved, too, the quiet paths of a literary life, and took pleasure in the familiar but gently dignified discourse which from month to month he delivered from the Easy Chair. He was an ardent and intelligent lover of music and art in every form. His nature, "sloping to the southern side," was hospitable to every pleasure that does not demoralize or degrade. Socially, there was no man more attractive. Every good cause enlisted his sympathy; and whenever a great occasion demanded an orator who could grasp and express its significance, his was the first name mentioned. About him and within him there was every allurement to the life of a dilettante or to a career in letters, where the disturbing problems and angry controversies of public life would not intrude.

Many who did not know him well mistook him for only an amiable gentleman who had the power of eloquent speech and an attractive literary style; who enjoyed the applause of cultivated men and women, and moved gracefully through life, temperately tasting its well-bred pleasures, but not caring much for its rugged duties; and who possessed but little manly force or vigor. There could not be a more mistaken estimate of character. Far above the pleasures of life he placed its duties; and no man, however devoid of grace and culture, could have set himself more sternly to the serious work of citizenship. The national struggle over slavery, and the reëstablishment of the Union on permanent foundations, enlisted his whole nature. In the same spirit, he devoted his later years to the overthrow of the spoils system. He did this under no delusion as to the magnitude of the undertaking. Probably no one else comprehended it so well. He had studied the problem profoundly, and had solved every difficulty, and could answer every cavil to his own satisfaction. Therefore it was not as a mere enthusiast that he gave so many years to its public demonstration. He knew that the party machines, of whatever name, were naturally opposed to the reform. He was a careful student of human nature, and had sounded all

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the depths and shallows of political life. He did not expect perfection in men or parties. He knew that the choice between parties often must be one between contestants neither of which was satisfactory, but this did not deter him from making the choice. "Speculations about independent voters which imply that they should support neither party," he said, "omit the cardinal fact that in politics as elsewhere a sensible man will do the best that the circumstances will allow without dishonor."

The foremost of American Independents, he believed in parties, and that parties might be divided upon principle only he did all he could to remove from them the chief source of factional disorder and party degradation. He was familiar with the history of parties, especially in the State of New York, where more than anywhere else the scramble for office by adherents of rival leaders had destroyed party loyalty, and broken the greatest parties into discordant and warring factions. The long roll of Barn-Burners and Hunkers, Silver Grays and Woolly-Heads, Hard-Shells and Soft-Shells, Stalwarts and Half-Breeds, is the historic refutation, for the State of New York at least, of the idea that the possession of the government patronage is a source of party strength.

The corruption of the suffrage by money, and the danger that a plutocracy would before long obtain possession of the chief places of honor and responsibility, alarmed him. He was convinced that this corruption could never be successfully met until the immense and constantly increasing bribe of the public offices had been removed from the elections. But he knew how long the corrupting influences had been at work, and how careless and apathetic was the great body of good citizens; how slow reform would be, how hesitating and capricious, now advancing, now retrograding, now apparently dead, and again instinct with new and stronger life. When, therefore, Mr. Curtis gave himself to this reform, he understood that it was an enlistment for life. It was no work for the pessimist or unbeliever. It would demand from its friends patience and courage and the highest faith in the people, and he was glad to give it the devotion of his life.

The amount of labor Mr. Curtis gave to this work from first to last is surprising. His annual and occasional addresses and his editorials on the subject would fill volumes. He was president of the leading local association, that of New York, and also president of the National League, and every important detail of the reform movement was under his inspection. That which always struck me as his strongest mental characteristic was his common sense. His judgment was almost unerring, and his tact was marvelous. His mind seemed never closed to a new suggestion. If it had force, he recognized it immediately; if not, he put it aside with such gentle but conclusive refutation that its author was almost glad not to have it accepted.

High as was the standard of his own thinking and living, he was of all men the least censorious. Easily superior in mental gifts and accomplishments, in that personal attractiveness which is the genius of character, he never showed that he was conscious of it. His associates in the League felt that he was the natural leader; but among them, while most effectively leading, he seemed to be only the most hearty and generous of comrades.

For ten successive years, at the annual meeting of the League, the president delivered an address containing a *résumé* of the pertinent events of the past year, accompanied by a wealth of appropriate comment and argument, and glowing with the fervid faith of a patriotism that never desponded. The old-fashioned divines deemed a sermon incomplete unless it contained enough "gospel truth" to save the soul of a hearer for the first

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time listening to the good tidings. As expositions of the gospel of civil service reform, each one of these addresses would sustain the test of a similar demand. The ten constitute an imperishable monument to Mr. Curtis as a patriot and reformer, but the fascination of their delivery will soon be but a tradition; the vibrating tones of his voice, sweet and full as a mellow instrument, the fit interpreter of an eloquence that never stooped to ignoble service, have died to an echo.

The last of these remarkable addresses, delivered at Baltimore in April last, was on the highest level of philosophic thought and aggressive courage, and fully equal to the best of its predecessors. In it he spoke as the true tribune of the people, demanding restraint of the executive power that party had usurped, and maintained only by the arbitrary control of patronage. "Progress in the legal security of liberty," he said, "has been always effected by regulating the executive power which is the final force in all politically organized communities. . . . But the executive power, whether in the hands of a king or a party, does not change its nature. It seeks its own aggrandizement, and cannot safely be trusted. Buckle says that no man is wise enough and strong enough to be entrusted with absolute authority; it fires his brain and maddens him. But this, which is true of an individual, is not less true of an aggregate of individuals or a party. A party needs watching as much as a king. Armed with the arbitrary power of patronage, party overbears the free expression of the popular will, and intrenches itself in illicit power. It makes the whole civil service a drilled and disciplined army whose living depends upon carrying elections at any cost for the party which controls it. Patronage has but to capture the local primary meeting, and it controls the whole party organization. Every member of the party must submit or renounce his party allegiance, and with it the gratification of his political ambition. . . .

"When the control of patronage passed from royal prerogative to popular party, the spirit and purpose of its exercise did not substantially change. A hundred years ago, in England, the king bought votes in Parliament; to-day, an American party buys votes at the polls. The party system has subjected the citizen to the machine, and its first great resource is the bribery fund of patronage. Tammany Hall defends itself as Hume defended the king. The plea of both is the same. The king must maintain the Crown against Parliament, and he can do it only by corruption, said Hume. Party is necessary, says Tammany, but party organization can be made effective only by workers. Workers must be paid, and the patronage of the government, that is to say the emolument of place, is the natural fund for such payment. This is the simple plea of the spoils system. It places every party on a wholly venal basis. . . . Like a sleuth-hound, distrust must follow executive power, however it may double and whatever form it may assume. It is as much the safeguard of popular right against the will of a party as against the prerogative of a king. The great commonplace of our political speech, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, is fundamentally true. It is a Scripture essential to political salvation. The demand for civil service reform is a cry of that eternal vigilance for still further restriction by the people of the delegated executive power. Civil service reform, therefore, is but another step in the development of liberty under law. It is not eccentric or revolutionary. It is a logical measure of political progress."

When the fatal illness of Mr. Curtis was announced, there were thousands to whom the question at once occurred, "What will be the effect upon civil service reform?"

Those who had been near to him, who

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knew how great his services had been and how indispensable he seemed to the cause, asked one another the question perhaps with something like dismay. Though of all men the most modest, the question may have occurred to Mr. Curtis himself, as the conviction grew upon him that his work was done, and the reform was not yet absolutely secure. He had witnessed from year to year the defiant spirit of party managers, and how, in disregard of solemn pledges, they had refused obedience to this law. He remembered how reluctant had been and would be its extension. He knew, as he had said at Baltimore, that "party machines no more favor civil service reform than kings favor the restriction of the royal prerogative;" but he knew too, as also he had said at Baltimore, that "if party machines, truculent and defiant, like kings resist, like kings they yield at last to the people." Ten years of successful trial had demonstrated the true character of the new system. He could not doubt that popular opinion from year to year set more strongly in its favor. The only question that remained was that of extension, and the answer to that question could not be long delayed. Whoever might be the next President, the reform must go on.

At Boston, two years before, Mr. Curtis had said: "The reformer who would despond because no party has yet adopted reform would despond of day because the sun does not rise at dawn. Civil service reform is not yet established, for the same reason that slavery was not at once destroyed when its enormity was perceived and acknowledged. Like political corruption, slavery was intrenched in tradition, and only gradually did conviction ripen into purpose, and private wish tower into indomitable public will. It was a dark shadow, in which long and shamefully the country walked, its conscience wounded, its name disgraced. But the Union emerged in the clear light of liberty, and there is no American who would turn backward to the evil day. The same conscience, the same intelligence, that at last overthrew slavery now proposes, with the same undismayed persistence, to slay political corruption, and every sign shows that we, like our brothers of the last generation, are walking toward the light."

Sherman S. Rogers.

THE FEUDAL CHIEFS OF ACADIA.

I.

With the opening of the seventeenth century began that contest for the ownership of North America which was to remain undecided for a century and a half. England claimed the continent in right of the discovery by the Cabots in 1497 and 1498, and France claimed it in right of the voyage of Verrazzano in 1524. Each resented the claim of the other, and each snatched such fragments of the prize as she could reach, and kept them if she could. In 1604, Henry IV. of France gave to De Monts all America from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, including the sites of Philadelphia on the one hand, and Montreal on the other; while eight years after, Louis XIII. gave to Madame de Guercheville and the Jesuits the whole continent from Florida to the St. Lawrence, — that is, the whole of the future British colonies. Again, in 1621, James I. of England made over a part of this generous domain to a subject of his own, Sir William Alexander, to whom he gave, under the name of Nova Scotia,

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the peninsula which is now so called, together with a vast adjacent wilderness, to be held forever as a fief of the Scottish Crown. Sir William, not yet satisfied, soon got an additional grant of the "River and Gulf of Canada," along with a belt of land three hundred miles wide, reaching across the continent. Thus the king of France gave to Frenchmen the sites of Boston, New York, and Washington, and the king of England gave to a Scotchman the sites of Quebec and Montreal. But while the seeds of international war were sown broadcast over the continent, an obscure corner of the vast regions in dispute became the scene of an intestine strife like the bloody conflicts of two feudal chiefs in the depths of the Middle Ages.

After the lawless inroads of Argall, the French, with young Biencourt at their head, still kept a feeble hold on Acadia. After the death of his father, Poutrincourt, Biencourt took his name, by which thenceforth he was usually known. In his distress, he lived much like an Indian, roaming the woods with a few followers, and subsisting on fish, game, roots, and lichens. He seems, however, to have found means to build a small fort among the rocks and fogs of Cape Sable. He named it Fort Loméron, and here he appears to have maintained himself for a time by fishing and the fur trade.

Many years before, a French boy of fourteen years, Charles Saint-Étienne de la Tour, was brought to Acadia by his father, Claude de la Tour, where he became attached to the service of Biencourt (Poutrincourt), and, as he himself says, served as his ensign and lieutenant. He says farther that Biencourt, on his death, left him all his property in Acadia. It was thus, it seems, that La Tour became owner of Fort Loméron and its dependencies at Cape Sable, whereupon he begged the king to give him help against his enemies, especially the English, who, as he thought, meant to seize the country; and he begged also for a commission to command in Acadia for his Majesty.

In fact, Sir William Alexander soon tried to dispossess him and seize his fort. Charles de la Tour's father had been captured at sea by the privateer Kirke and carried to England. Here, being a widower, he married a lady of honor of the queen, and, being a Protestant, renounced his French allegiance. Alexander made him a Baronet of Nova Scotia, a new title which King James had authorized Sir William to confer on persons of consideration aiding him in his work of colonizing Acadia. Alexander now fitted out two ships, with which he sent the elder La Tour to Cape Sable.

On arriving, the father, says the story, made the most brilliant offers to his son if he would give up Fort Loméron to the English, to which young La Tour is reported to have answered, in a burst of patriotism, that he would take no favors except from his sovereign, the king of France. On this, the English are said to have attacked the fort, and to have been beaten off. As the elder La Tour could not keep his promise to deliver the place to the English, they would have no more to do with him, on which his dutiful son offered him an asylum, on condition that he should never enter the fort. A house was built for him outside the ramparts, and here the trader Nicolas Denys found him in 1635. It is Denys who tells the above story, which he probably got from the younger La Tour, and which, as he tells it, is inconsistent with the known character of its pretended hero, who was no model of loyalty to his king, being a chameleon whose principles took the color of his interests. Denys says farther that the elder La Tour had been invested with the order of the Garter, and that the same dignity was offered to his son, which is absurd. The truth is that Sir William Alexander, thinking that the

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two La Tours might be useful to him, made them both Baronets of Nova Scotia.

Young La Tour, while begging Louis XIII. for a commission to command in Acadia, got from Sir William Alexander not only the title of Baronet, but also a large grant of land at and near Cape Sable, to be held as a fief of the Scottish Crown. Again, he got from the French king a grant of land on the river St. John, and, to make assurance doubly sure, got leave from Sir William Alexander to occupy it. This he soon did, and built a fort near the mouth of the river, not far from the present city of St. John.

Meanwhile, the French had made a lodgment on the rock of Quebec, and not many years after, all North America, from Florida to the arctic circle, and from Newfoundland to the springs of the St. Lawrence, was given by King Louis to the Company of New France, with Richelieu at its head. Sir William Alexander, jealous of this powerful rivalry, caused a private expedition to be fitted out under the brothers Kirke. It succeeded, and the French settlements in Acadia and Canada were transferred by conquest to England. England soon gave them back by the treaty of St. Germain, and Claude Razilly, a Knight of Malta, was charged to take possession of them in the name of King Louis. Full powers were given him over the restored domains, together with grants of Acadian lands for himself.

Razilly reached Port Royal in August, 1632, with three hundred men, and the Scotch colony planted there by Alexander gave up the place in obedience to an order from the king of England. Unfortunately for Charles de la Tour, Razilly brought with him an officer destined to become La Tour's worst enemy. This was Charles de Menou d'Aunay Charnisay, a gentleman of birth and character, who acted as his commander's man of trust, and who, in Razilly's name, presently took possession of such other feeble English and Scotch settlements as had been begun by Alexander or the people of New England along the coasts of Nova Scotia and Maine. This placed the French Crown and the Company of New France in sole possession for a time of the region then called Acadia.

When Acadia was restored to France, La Tour's English title to his lands at Cape Sable became worthless. He hastened to Paris to fortify his position, and, suppressing his dallyings with England and Sir William Alexander, he succeeded in getting an extensive grant of lands at Cape Sable, along with the title of lieutenant-general for the king in Fort Loméron and its dependencies, and commander at Cape Sable for the Company of New France.

Razilly, who represented the king in Acadia, died in 1635, and left his authority to D'Aunay Charnisay, his relative and second in command. D'Aunay made his headquarters at Port Royal, and nobody disputed his authority except La Tour, who pretended to be independent of him in virtue of his commission from the Crown and his grant from the Company. Hence rose dissensions that grew at last into war.

The two rivals differed widely in position and qualities. Charles de Menou, Seigneur d'Aunay Charnisay, came of an old and distinguished family of Touraine,[1] and he prided himself above all things on his character of *gentilhomme français*. Charles Saint-Étienne de la

[1] The modern representative of this family, Comte Jules de Menou, is the author of a remarkable manuscript book, written from family papers and official documents, and entitled L'Acadie colonisée par Charles de Menou d'Aunay Charnisay. I have followed Count de Menou's spelling of the name. It is often written "d'Aulnay," and by New England writers "d'Aulney." The manuscript just mentioned is in my possession. Count de Menou is also the author of a printed work called Preuves de l'Histoire de la Maison de Menou.

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Tour was of less conspicuous lineage.[1] In fact, his father, Claude de la Tour, is said by his enemies to have been at one time so reduced in circumstances that he carried on the trade of a mason in Rue St. Germain at Paris. The son, however, is called "*gentilhomme d'une naissance distinguée*," both in papers of the court and in a legal document drawn up in the interest of his children. As he came to Acadia when a boy, he could have had little education, and both he and D'Aunay carried on trade, which in France would have derogated from their claims as gentlemen, though in America the fur trade was not held inconsistent with *noblesse*.

Of La Tour's little kingdom at Cape Sable, with its rocks, fogs, and breakers, its seal-haunted islets and ironbound shores guarded by Fort Loméron, we have but dim and uncertain glimpses. After the death of Biencourt, La Tour is said to have roamed the woods with eighteen or twenty men, "living a vagabond life, with no exercise of religion." He himself admits that he was forced to live like the Indians, as did Biencourt before him. Better times had come, and he was now commander of Fort Loméron, or, as he called it, Fort La Tour, with a few Frenchmen and a band of Micmac Indians. His next neighbor was the adventurer Nicolas Denys, who, with a view to the timber trade, had settled with twelve men on a small river a few leagues distant. Here Razilly had once made him a visit, and was entertained under a tent of boughs, with a sylvan feast of wild pigeons, brant, teal, woodcock, snipe, and larks, cheered by profuse white wine and claret, and followed by a dessert of wild raspberries.

On the other side of the Acadian peninsula, D'Aunay reigned at Port Royal like a feudal lord, which in fact he was. Denys, who did not like him, says that he wanted only to rule, and treated his settlers like slaves; but this, even if true at the time, did not always remain so. D'Aunay went to France in 1641, and brought out, at his own charge, twenty families to people his seigniory. He had already brought out a wife, having espoused Jeanne Molin or Motin, daughter of the Seigneur de Courcelles. What with old settlers and new, about forty families were gathered at Port Royal and on the river Annapolis, and over these D'Aunay ruled like a feudal Robinson Crusoe. He gave each colonist a farm, charged with a perpetual rent of one sou an acre. The houses of the settlers were log cabins, and the manor-house of their lord was a larger building of the same kind. The most pressing need was of defense, and D'Aunay lost no time in repairing and reconstructing the old fort on the point between Allen's River and the Annapolis. He helped his tenants at their work, and his confessor describes him as returning to his rough manor-house on a wet day, drenched with rain and bespattered with mud, but in perfect good humor, after helping some of the inhabitants to mark out a field. The confessor declares that during the eleven months of his acquaintance with him he never heard him speak ill of anybody, a statement which must probably be taken with allowance. This proud scion of a noble stock seems to have given himself with good grace to the rough labors of the frontiersman, while Father Ignace, the Capuchin friar, praises him for the merit, transcendent in clerical eyes, of constant attendance at mass and frequent confession.

With his neighbors, the Micmac Indians, he was on the best of terms. He supplied their needs, and they brought him the furs that enabled him in some

[1] The true surname of La Tour's family, which belonged to the neighborhood of Évreux, in Normandy, was Turgis. The designation of La Tour was probably derived from the name of some family estate, after a custom common in France under the old *régime*. The Turgis arms were "*d'or au chevron de sable, accompagné de trois palmes de même.*"

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measure to bear the heavy charges of an establishment that could not for many years be self-supporting. The Indians are said to have brought to Port Royal in a single year three thousand moose skins, besides beaver and other valuable furs. Yet, from a commercial point of view, D'Aunay did not prosper. He had sold or mortgaged his estates in France, borrowed large sums, built ships, bought cannon, levied soldiers, and brought over immigrants. He is reported to have had three hundred fighting men at his principal station, and sixty cannon mounted on his ships and forts; for besides Port Royal he had two or three smaller establishments.

Port Royal was a scene for an artist, with its fort; its soldiers in breastplate and morion, armed with pike, halberd, or matchlock; its manor-house of logs, and its seminary of like construction; its twelve Capuchin friars, with cowled heads, sandaled feet, and the cord of St. Francis; the birch canoes of Micmac and Abenaki Indians lying along the strand, and their feathered and painted owners lounging about the place or dozing around their wigwam fires. It was mediævalism married to primeval savagery. The friars were supported by a fund supplied by Richelieu, and their chief business was to convert the Indians into vassals of France, the Church, and the Chevalier d'Aunay. Hard by was a wooden chapel, where the seignior knelt in dutiful observance of every rite, and where, under a stone chiseled with his ancient scutcheon, one of his children lay buried. In the fort he had not forgotten to provide a dungeon for his enemies.

The worst of these was Charles de la Tour. Before the time of Razilly and his successor, D'Aunay, La Tour had felt himself the chief man in Acadia; but now he was confronted by a rival higher in rank, superior in resources and court influence, proud, ambitious, and masterful.[1] He was bitterly jealous of D'Aunay, and, to strengthen himself against so formidable a neighbor, he got from the Company of New France the grant of a tract of land at the mouth of the river St. John, where he built a fort and called it after his own name, though it was better known as Fort St. Jean. Thither he removed from his old post at Cape Sable, and Fort St. Jean became his chief station. It confronted its rival, Port Royal, across the intervening Bay of Fundy.

Now began a bitter feud between the two chiefs, each claiming lands occupied by the other. The court interposed to settle the dispute, but in its ignorance of Acadian geography its definitions were so obscure that the question was more embroiled than ever.[2]

While the domestic feud of the rivals was gathering to a head, foreign heretics had fastened their clutches on various parts of the Atlantic coast which France and the Church claimed as their own. English heretics had made lodgment in Virginia, and Dutch heretics at the mouth of the Hudson, while other sectaries of the most malignant type had kenneled among the sands and pine-trees of Plymouth, and others still, slightly different but equally venomous, had ensconced themselves on or near a small peninsula which they called Boston, at the head of La Grande Baye or Bay of Massachusetts. As it was not easy to dislodge them, the French dissembled for a while, yielded to the logic of events, and bided their time. But the inter-

[1] Besides succeeding to the authority of Razilly, D'Aunay had bought of his heirs their land claims in Acadia. (Arrêts du Conseil, 9 Mars, 1642.)

[2] Louis XIII. à d'Aunay, 10 Février, 1638. This seems to be the occasion of Charlevoix's inexact assertion that Acadia was divided into three governments, under D'Aunay, La Tour, and Nicolas Denys respectively. The title of Denys, such as it was, had no existence till 1654.

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lopers soon began to swarm northward and invade the soil of Acadia, sacred to God and the king. Small parties from Plymouth built trading-houses at Machias and at what is now Castine, on the Penobscot. As they were competitors in trade no less than foes of God and King Louis, and as they were too few to resist, both La Tour and D'Aunay resolved to expel them; and in 1633 La Tour attacked the Plymouth trading-house at Machias, killed two of the five men he found there, carried off the other three, and seized all the goods. Two years later, D'Aunay attacked the Plymouth trading-station at Penobscot, the Pentegoet of the French, and took it in the name of King Louis. That he might not appear in the part of a pirate he set a price on the goods of the traders, and then, having seized them, gave in return his promise to pay at some convenient time, if the owners would come to him for the money.

D'Aunay had called upon La Tour to help him in this raid against Penobscot; but La Tour, unwilling to recognize his right to command, had refused. He had hoped that D'Aunay, becoming disgusted with his Acadian venture, which promised neither honor nor profit, would give it up, go back to France and stay there. About the year 1638, D'Aunay did in fact go to France, but not to remain, for in due time he reappeared; and it was then that he brought with him his bride, Jeanne Motin, who had had the courage to share his fortunes, and whom he now installed at Port Royal, — a sure sign, his rival thought, that he meant to make his home there. Disappointed and angry, La Tour lost patience, went to Port Royal and tried to stir D'Aunay's soldiers to mutiny; then he set on his Indian friends to attack a boat in which was one of D'Aunay's soldiers and a Capuchin friar, the soldier being killed, though the friar escaped. This was the beginning of a quarrel waged partly at Port Royal and St. Jean, and partly before the admiralty court of Guienne and the royal council; partly with bullets and cannon shot, and partly with edicts, decrees, and *procès-verbaux*.

As D'Aunay had taken a wife, so too would La Tour, and he charged his agent Desjardins to bring him one from France. The agent acquitted himself of his delicate mission, and shipped to Acadia one Marie Jacquelins, daughter of a barber of Mans, if we may believe the questionable evidence of his rival. Be this as it may, Marie Jacquelins proved a prodigy of mettle and energy, espoused her husband's cause with passionate vehemence, and backed his quarrel like the intrepid Amazon she was. She joined La Tour at Fort St. Jean, and proved the most strenuous of allies.

About this time D'Aunay heard that the English of Plymouth meant to try to recover Penobscot from his hands. On this he sent nine soldiers thither with provisions and munitions. La Tour seized them on the way, carried them to Fort St. Jean, and, according to his enemies, treated them like slaves. D'Aunay heard nothing of this till four months after, when, being told of it by Indians, he sailed in person to Penobscot with two small vessels, reinforced the place, and was on his way back to Port Royal when La Tour met him with two armed pinnaces. A fight took place, and one of D'Aunay's vessels was dismasted. He fought so well, however, that Captain Jamin, his enemy's chief officer, was killed, and the rest of the party, including La Tour, his new wife, and his agent Desjardins, were forced to surrender and were carried prisoners to Port Royal.

At the request of the Capuchin friars, D'Aunay set them all at liberty, after compelling La Tour to sign a promise to keep the peace in future. Both parties now laid their cases before the French courts, and, whether from the justice of his cause or from superior influence,

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D'Aunay prevailed. La Tour's commission was revoked, and he was ordered to report himself in France to receive the king's commands. Trusting to his remoteness from the seat of power, and knowing that the king was often ill served and worse informed, he did not obey, but remained in Acadia exercising his authority as before. D'Aunay's father, from his house in Rue St. Germain, watched over the interests of his son, and took care that La Tour's conduct should not be unknown at court. A decree was thereupon issued, directing D'Aunay to seize his rival's forts in the name of the king, and place them in charge of trusty persons. The order was precise, but D'Aunay had not at the time force enough to execute it, and the frugal king sent him only six soldiers. Hence he could only show the royal order to La Tour, and offer him a passage to France in one of his vessels, if he had the discretion to obey. La Tour refused, upon which D'Aunay returned to France to report his rival's contumacy. At about the same time La Tour's French agent sent him a vessel with succors. The king ordered it to be seized, but the order came too late, for the vessel had already sailed from Rochelle bound to Fort St. Jean.

When D'Aunay reported the audacious conduct of his enemy, the royal council ordered that the offender should be brought prisoner to France; and D'Aunay, as the king's lieutenant-general in Acadia, was again required to execute the decree. La Tour was now in the position of a rebel, and all legality was on the side of his enemy, who represented royalty itself.

D'Aunay sailed at once for Acadia, and in August, 1642, anchored at the mouth of the St. John, before La Tour's fort, and sent three gentlemen in a boat to read to its owner the decree of the council and the order of the king. La Tour snatched the papers, crushed them between his hands, abused the envoys roundly, put them and their four sailors into prison, and kept them there more than a year.

His position was now desperate, for he had placed himself in open revolt. Alarmed for the consequences, he turned for help to the heretics of Boston. True Catholics detested them as foes of God and man, but La Tour was neither true Catholic nor true Protestant, and would join hands with anybody who could serve his turn. Twice before he had made advances to the Boston malignants, and sent to them, first one Rochet, and then one Lestang, with proposals of trade and alliance. The envoys were treated with courtesy, but could get no promise of active aid.

Desjardins had sent La Tour from Rochelle a ship called the St. Clement, manned by a hundred and forty Huguenots, laden with stores and munitions, and commanded by Captain Mouron. In due time, La Tour, at Fort St. Jean, heard that the St. Clement lay off the mouth of the river, unable to get in because D'Aunay was blockading the entrance with two armed ships and a pinnace. On this he resolved to appeal in person to the heretics. He ran the blockade in a small boat, under cover of night, and, accompanied by his wife, boarded the St. Clement and sailed for Boston.

Francis Parkman.

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TO A WILD ROSE FOUND IN OCTOBER.

THOU foolish blossom, all untimely blown,
Poor jest of summer, come when woods are chill!
Thy sister buds in June's warm redness grown,
That lit with laughter all the upland hill,

Have traceless passed; save on each thornèd stem
Red drops tell how their hearts, in dying, bled.
Theirs was the noon's rich languor, and for them
The maiden moon her haloed beauty spread.

For them the bobolink his music spilled
In bubbling streams, and well the wild bee knew
Their honeyed hearts. Now bird and bee are stilled,
Now southward swallows hurry down the blue,

Fleeing the murderous Frost that even now
Hath smote the marshes with his bitter breath,
Quenching the flames that danced on vine and bough, —
Think'st thou thy beauty will make truce with Death,

Or hold in summer's leash his loosened wrath?
See! o'er the shrunk grass trail the blackened vines;
And hark! the wind, tracking the snow's fell path,
Snarls like a fretted hound among the pines.

The pallid sunshine fails, — a sudden gloom
Sweeps up the vale, a-thrill with boding fear.
What place for thee? Too late thy pride and bloom!
Born out of time, poor fool, what dost thou here?

. . . . . .

What do I here when speeds the threatening blight?
June stirred my heart, and so June is for me.
Who feels life's impulse bourgeon into light
Recks not of seasons, knows not bird or bee.

I can but bloom, — did the June roses more?
I can but droop, — did they not also die?
The Moment is; the After or Before
Hides all from sight. Canst thou tell more than I?

What matters if to-night come swirling snow
And Death? The Power that makes, that mars, is One.
I know nor care not; when that Power bids blow
I ope my curlèd petals to the sun.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

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DIARY OF A NERVOUS INVALID.

PREFATORY NOTE.

Im what they call a trained nurse and a strictly professional woman. The only reason Ive got for bringin myself in here is to explain that I come by this diary all right. It was give to me by the one that wrote it, who was an own cousin of mine, though Im free to say she warnt ever very proud of the connection. I guess its all right in the writin way, for she and her family always set up to know all about books. She give it to me when she went off to India and told me to do what I liked with it. I kep it quite a spell before I read it. Then I showed it to Dr. P., the great authority on this sort of cases, and he told me to send it to a magazine, and thats what I done; and thats all there is of it cept for two or three things I couldnt help puttin in.

SARAH J. PLUNKETT.

DIARY.

June 7, 1886. Another miserable night. Counted the clock hammer out all the small hours. What a heathenish fashion to have clocks strike in the night! I lay actually trembling between the strokes.

An alarm of fire, too, but nobody in our house heard it. Mother and Maria sleep through noises like that and call themselves light sleepers.

But that is nothing; one does get now and then perfunctory sympathy for such commonplace clatter. It is the things other folks don't hear — the cracking of furniture, the snapping of basket-ware, the wave-sounds of nothingness, the crepitation of impalpable ether — which make the night infernal.

I was calculating during my sleeplessness, I have been ill ten years to-day. Ten? Ten, and I am still alive. I shudder to think what I have been through, — the doctors, the nurses, the systems, the cures, and all the fol-de-rol; and the money, too, I have paid out, or mother has paid out for me, and the faith I had in them all. That, perhaps, was just as well: the more fool I was in that respect, the happier for the time being.

It is clear enough now that I can never get well. The physical misery I could bear, — I am used to it; but the insensibility and stupidity of human beings, — can I bear that? We shall see!

June 13. Worse for a week. A steady downpour. It is bad enough to get along in the sunshine. They say there are climates where it never rains, and if I ever get rich — But my wits are wandering.

Phil came to-day. He has a malign ingenuity for choosing the hour for my nap. Of course I had to see him, or he would have gone away hurt.

It is almost incredible to think, however, that we are actually engaged, — a man with no spontaneous feeling whatever. As he sat staring at me, so ruddy, so round-faced, so *well*, and hoped I was more comfortable and was getting better, I had a weak inclination to scream. But I dare say he is just like other men.

June 20. Three fairly good days, when what does Maria do but let Mrs. Prattle loose on me. Maria certainly acts sometimes as if she were out of her head. Mrs. P. stayed an entire hour, and talked every circling instant. Such talk! the veriest gabble. How occupied with themselves these young married women are! On the whole, if there is one social bore worse than another, they bear off the palm. It 's always the same twaddle; always about their babies. As if babies were n't as alike as a litter of puppies, or there could be anything new to say about them! The idea, too, of

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coming to see an invalid and never asking a question or saying a word of sympathy! Positively, during the entire hour of her visit, that intelligent, well-meaning woman never so much as referred to me. It was so richly humorous that I let her go on. I had to pay for it; a terrible night.

June 23. Mother has heard such wonderful accounts of the massage treatment that she has persuaded me to try it. It sounds well enough, and I am willing to try anything.

Did up my own hair, because Maria had to go out, — with the natural result, a sinking turn. Yet they are always prating, "If you would only *exert* yourself!"

June 30. Dr. Blank sent in his bill. Of course it is a large one. Considering he has done me no good, it is very large. But mother, she acts as if she had n't a friend left on earth. I know she is n't rich, and a big bill is n't pleasant. But I am not to blame for being sick, and I *must* have treatment. It never seems to occur to her that it 's unfeeling to go about with that woebegone face. I was provoked to-day into telling her roundly she might bless her stars I did n't have a couple of trained nurses, day and night. She asked me what I called Maria and her. I did n't laugh in her face, because I did n't want to hurt her feelings. It only goes to show the point of view of well folks.

July 7. The masseuse has been coming every day for a fortnight, — a huge animal, with the indefatigable look of a beast. She mauls and hauls me until I have no breath to protest. I sleep better, for she tires me almost to death, and naturally I sink at once into what they call sleep, but what is really a comatose condition. The whole family exclaims how much better I am, and the like. True, I have been downstairs and I have walked about a little, but it was simply because she had pommeled me until I was too lame to sit still.

July 10. To-day I went for a little drive. Such a to-do as they made about it! One would have thought I had demanded a diamond necklace. Maria asked if I did n't think it would do me more good to *walk*. I replied, — she knew it perfectly, — "I can't walk. I am longing for a breath of fresh air, but if it is so very unreasonable" —

She broke in at once, "Oh, if you want a drive, *of course you must have it!*" Then she gave mother such a look. They must think I am stone-blind.

However, I was indignant, and I let them get the carriage. When it drove up to the door, mother came down to go with me. Without thinking I said, "You certainly are not going in that shabby old bonnet and cloak, mother; because if you are I 'd rather stay at home."

Thereupon Maria spoke up tartly (she has n't the least consideration of my nerves when she 's vexed), "It 's the best she 's got, Agnes!"

"Why, then," I asked as calmly as I was able, "does n't she get better ones?"

Maria laughed in a most unpleasant manner, and mother said, in her long-suffering way, which is almost as trying, "Because, my daughter, I cannot afford to; but if you think I do not look respectable, I will not go."

By this time I was thoroughly irritated, and reasonably enough, I am sure, so I said, "You certainly do not look what *I* call respectable."

That 's how I happened to go driving alone. Shall I ever forget the air with which Maria helped me downstairs into the carriage! I don't know. There is so much in life to forget!

July 12. Repose! Beatific word! Ah, if there were some spot on earth where it were possible! Folks in health use that word flippantly; it is only those who are tired, tired through every fibre, those who feel their membranes ache, — why were we made with membranes? — that know what the word means.

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It means — I say it purely in an educational way — to be freed of persons and places, of human noises, of all care of the past or the present, of all thought of existence; in short, it means heaven, if one could only be sure there would n't be a lot of tiresome people even there.

July 15. I have given up the massage; it may do for some folks, it never would for me. I got so I actually dreaded the approach of that great cow of a woman. Mother was disappointed that I did n't give it what she calls a fair trial. It is so hard constantly to have to explain to her that I am not strong enough for such things.

A whole week since Phil was here. To be sure, he has written and sent flowers. But his letters always harp on the same old string, — "what we shall do when you get well." I wonder if he really thinks I can get well under these conditions. About his flowers, I never hint what a trouble they are; Maria would let them stand in the same water three days, if I did n't make a fuss. I suppose Phil kept away because the last time he was here I asked him to go. I had to, or die on the spot. Men are so touchy.

July 19. Mother came in to say that Maria had a sore throat and could n't read to me. They forget that being read to is the only solace I have. I can't read myself, because I can't hold the book. Mother looked pale and harassed, but she is constitutionally a Gummidge, so I did n't ask the matter.

I passed the day staring at a spot on the wall. I thought of the limitations of those that come in touch with me. I thought of the vaunted "modern spirit" and what it has availed.

Better Heine had never shaken Old German Hodge out of his long sleep, or invaded with his profane foot the realms of Philistia. Better, a thousand times, that the road had been left open to "respectability and its thousand gigs." What has modernism effected? Literature given over to realism, art to impressionism, and society to vulgarity! We must perforce wait for the pool to stir; but I am used to waiting.

July 23. Mother and Maria go to aunt Louisa's funeral. As she was mother's only sister, of course mother had to go. But they seemed to think they must both go, so I did n't make any remark. I have got used to being left alone. Maria put in her head and said reassuringly as she went, "Norah will look out for you."

Norah did. She came in as soon as they were gone. I made her sit quite across the room and let her talk. 'T is the only way. The moment I stop her tongue she comes straight at me in that wild Irish way to *do* something which drives me almost into spasms.

"Och, Miss Agnis, but ye 're lukin' betther the day! Ye 'll soon be up now, I 'm thinkin'. 'T will be the great day, that same, for yer muther, poor sowl. H'aith an' she 's very bad these toimes, so she is!"

"What do you mean, Norah?"

"Did n't ye see yersel' how she 's fallin' aff? 'Dade an' she 's not the same at all. 'T is only the bones av her is left; an' to see her stop an' shut up her two eyes when she 'd be workin' round ye 'd think she 'd be dead intoirely."

"She is simply tired. *You* don't know what it is. I get horribly tired myself just hearing folks talk."

"Och 't is not that at all. She puts her hand to her soide that-a-way ye 'd think the loife was lavin' her; an' it 's what I 'm hopin' ye 'd soon be gittin' so she 'd be spared the tile of attindin' ye."

"Me! She does very little for me, I 'm sure."

"It 's not a great dale, darlint, but it 's more than she 's able fer, d' ye see? Av ye cud coome down to yer males the way she wud n't be havin' to bring 'em up! In very spoite o' me she 'll always be takin' up the tray hersel'. Och but I kem an her won day sittin' in the

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middle av the sthairs, wid the tray in her lap, lukin' she was ready to faint."

"She does n't do much for me, I tell you. She does up my hair in the morning, — I cannot possibly do that, — she mends my clothes, brings up my meals, and rubs me when I wake up in the night."

"That 's what I was thinkin', darlint. Av ye cud only lave her to slape, it moight be the makin' av her, poor dear!"

"But I can't do it, Norah! When I wake up, *somebody* must rub me, or I could n't go to sleep again. She says she cannot afford to get a nurse" —

"Troth an' it 's thrue for her, too. She spint so much money an the dochters she did n't get much left, d' ye see, an'" —

"There, there, run away back to the kitchen, Norah. It must be time to be getting supper. Mother 's all right. She 's getting old, that 's all. Don't bother your head about her."

July 24. Phil came again. I tried to look glad to see him. Candidly, the sight of him begins to irritate me. I don't know why. Perhaps because he is such an animal and so exasperatingly cheerful. I really cannot bear to have him kiss me, he smells so of tobacco. He knows, too, how I hate it. And when he puts his arm about me it seems as if he would break every bone in my body. I spend the whole time of his visits saying, "Don't, Phil!" Then his talk, his platitudes and stereotyped terms of endearment, — how I know them all! For the rest, he ignores the fact that I'm ill; treats me as if I were as well as a cook. It really takes me half an hour to simmer down after one of his visits, and hours to recover from the fatigue. To pretend to enjoy his comings, to endure his caresses, — which is worse, to be a hypocrite, or to be truthful and a brute?

August 3. Mother is sick, — a slight attack of something. I am worried, but not alarmed. It is amusing what a fuss this little ill turn of mother's has excited in the household, — everything turned topsy-turvy, the doctor sent for at once, — when here I have been seriously sick for ten long years, and nobody displays any concern. A strange world!

August 5. I am left to take care of myself. Have nearly starved. Norah has brought up my meals when she has happened to think of me. I cannot find out that there is anything particular the matter with mother, but she seems to need all of them the whole time to take care of her.

August 8. Mother died last night. How frightful of them not to let me know she was seriously sick! Poor dear mother! She will be a terrible loss to me. 'T is a great consolation now to think that I was always dutiful and sympathetic and affectionate to her, and that we got on so well together.

August 10. The funeral is over. I've wept for days. I'm so exhausted Norah has to feed me. I cannot think. I do not try. Nobody takes any notice of me. I see, as in a dream, Maria going about grim and white as a spectre. I suppose she is tired. She has had all the nursing. She might at least say a word. Poor mother! you were my only friend. I shall never know comfort again.

August 13. A great change in Maria. I don't know what it means. She has suddenly taken a turn about, and now cannot do enough for me. I am overcome, and beg her to desist.

August 15. The secret of Maria's devotion is out. It is conscience. She remembers her former indifference, and is now trying to take mother's place. She has moved her bed into the next room, and last night I was almost stupefied at having her come in to rub me as mother used to.

August 17. Mrs. Prattle again. She talked endlessly about this new Rest Cure and the wonderful things it does. If there is such a thing as rest on earth, I'm

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sure it would cure me. Goodness knows I need it. I tire of myself. I tire of everything. I tire of this endless struggle after sweetness and light. There are times, rare times, when I get glimpses of light. Sweetness I shall never know. I grow sour daily. I feel the fermentation striking in. Worse than all, I am forever getting back into the "machinery." I feel its buzz and whir all around me. What is to be the end!

August 20. The Rest Cure, it seems, is expensive. I say at once that ends the matter; but Mrs. P. goes and talks to Maria, and, to my amazement, Maria comes and says I must try it, expense or no expense, and so it is decided.

. . . . . .

October 3. Home again after nearly two months of the Rest Cure. It was a farce. I feared it. It is founded on stupidity. How expect one to rest when *compelled* to go to bed, and *compelled* to stay there! The element of compulsion defeats the cure. Rest means an absence of all constraint or restraint. It means doing what you want to, going where you like, eating what you care for, and choosing your own companions; it does not mean imprisonment. It also means the elimination of the doctor when he 's sure he knows all about you; in short, when he 's an — But I refrain from an expression more strong than ladylike.

After the first week I got more and more tired, and so ungovernably nervous that I should have died if I had stayed another hour.

October 5. I cannot make out whether Maria was glad to see me or not. She plainly does *not* approve of my coming home. As nobody has ever approved of anything I have done in life, that does n't signify. She wears the same grim and white look.

Phil was unaffectedly delighted to see me. Somehow, I find myself forgiving P.'s very glaring faults for these virtues of honesty and loyalty.

October 9. Norah let out to-day that Maria is not at all well, and that she has been taking in work ever since I went away, to help pay my expenses at the Rest Cure. How horrid to be told of this! It destroys all my comfort and pleasure in getting home. What marplots servants are! Well, suppose Maria *has* worked. I would willingly work, if I were strong and well. However, it fixes me in one resolution: to try no more of their cures. I would a thousand times rather suffer than to have thrown in my teeth continually these sacrifices other folks are making for me.

October 11. Maria does better than I ever thought she could. She is different from her old self; she has lost her habit of saying satiric things; she seems really to have me on her mind. Withal, however, she is cultivating the long-suffering look mother used to have. I try not to call on her too much, but I am miserable these days; going away from home has put me back.

October 15. To save Maria I let Norah bring up my meals occasionally. It is amusing to hear the creature talk.

"H'aith an' I loike to see ye ate, Miss Agnis; it 's yersel' has the illigint appetoite."

[Mem. She always ate enough for a farm-hand. S. J. P.]

"I?"

"Yersel', sure."

"Why, I don't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive."

"H'aith, thin, ye do, darlint, an' a flock av thim! Ye ate far and away more than annybody else in the house, or the whole put togither. Miss Maria just touches the bit an' the sup to kape the loife goin' in her, an' I afther brakin' me heart wid the cookin'."

October 17. Have been getting worse lately, but say nothing of it to any of them here. Had to get Maria up twice last night.

Phil has been very attentive since I came home. I don't know why he should seem most tiresome when he is

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most attentive. At last I have had to ask him to send no more flowers. I am getting to hate them. The other night, too, I had to speak out and say I could n't have him stay more than ten minutes at a time. He looked hurt; he is always looking hurt.

October 19. Maria had the doctor. I questioned Norah, and found out that he gave her a tonic, and said she was "run down." How familiar that old expression, and how it does service! I have been *run down* these many years. But I hope Maria is n't going to be ill.

They talk about a new system; it is Mrs. Prattle again, and despite my former resolution and all my experience I am going to try it. I have been talked over. It has the merit of being new and original. It sounds reasonable. Its charm is, they give no doses and do not require one to do anything.

October 22. Began on the Christian Science. A sloppy-looking woman came to see me. She asked me to describe my illness. I took her at her word. I went over the subject with particularity. I talked for an hour. She paid not the slightest heed. I stopped. She asked if that was all. I said it was only the beginning. To my surprise, she asked me to go on. I thought I had done her an injustice. I did go on. I talked for nearly another hour. I chanced to look around. She was fast asleep. I stopped, of course. When she waked up, she asked again if that was all. Naturally I said it was.

"Then, my dear," she said, getting up, "you need never speak to me about yourself any more."

"You may be sure I shall not," I said, almost speechless with indignation; "and as for you, madam, you need not trouble yourself to call on me again."

But she did, and in spite of me she persists in coming. I take no notice of her. Sometimes she stares at me in a blear-eyed way, but more often sits in the rocking-chair with her back to me. I have appealed to Maria, but Maria insists that the creature is doing me good, and if I were not so antagonistic would cure me. *Antagonistic!* Well, well, what matter what they say?

October 25. Have got rid of the Christian Science sister at last. I told her, if she persisted in visiting me against my will, I should write to the chief of police.

She answered quite without emotion: "You are making a great mistake. If you had not set yourself against me, I should have cured you. But don't get excited. I shall not come again. It is only a waste of time. I can do you no good. I forgive you, however, and I hope you will get well; but to do that you must get into another frame of mind. You must cultivate a more Christian spirit, and you can if you choose."

So much for her. Sane persons will agree with my estimate of her, and I refrain from comment. As she and her sort are allowed to run at large, thank God that kind of lunacy is innocuous! It cannot do much harm. Its devotees have got hold of a partial truth, and amplified it into a theory. They say, ignore disease. Logically, they should say, do away with its causes. As well might they say, ignore sin instead of doing away with its cause, temptation. They will do either or both when humanity ceases to be humanity. Poor blind-worms! their outlook is of linear narrowness; the trouble is, they pick out one fact and ignore the rest. But let them go. They might as well believe in the millennium as in what they do. Perhaps they believe in both. Who cares?

November 10. Maria down again. She has taken a bad cold. It is very awkward, for the dressmaker was coming tomorrow to make up my winter things; but I must not think of myself.

November 13. Maria worse. They have got a nurse. How imprudent of her to get such a cold! I have to get

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along the best I can. Norah brings up my meals, and that is about all. How sickness upsets a family! However, I make no complaint.

November 15. Maria has pneumonia, I heard by accident, and is seriously ill. I called in the doctor yesterday and made him confess. He said, with a look at me which I did not at all understand, "She had been very much overworked; she was all run down."

"Well?"

"It must not happen again: when she gets up from this — if she does — great consideration must be shown her; she must not be suffered to do any work."

It seemed to me it would have been more appropriate if he had told all this to Norah, but I could n't explain to him.

November 17. Maria died last night. I am now alone in the world. I am utterly unstrung. I cannot write.

November 22. I have been too low for days to raise my head. Poor Maria! I could n't even be present at the — But I cannot talk, I cannot think about it. How strange for a miserable wreck like me to survive them all!

November 25. What am I to do? I cannot see my way. I am utterly miserable.

November 27. Phil has been every day, of course. Last night was the first time I could talk to him. He was full of sympathy — *of his kind.* Said he wanted a serious talk with me as soon as I was able. I shall never, it seems, be able for anything again.

November 28. How long can I live in this way! Norah comes up to assist at my toilet. There is no help for it, though she soaks the bed in soap and water, makes me gritty with tooth-powder, combs my hair into snarls, and reduces me to a state of chronic exasperation.

Then my meals, — save the mark! — such hunks and messes! The secret of my former dainty trays is explained, — poor mother and Maria!

Rather poor *me!* Shall I ever know intimacy again? Did I ever have any real fellowship with them? No; real fellowship, thank the Eternal Father, is impossible between human beings. Fellowship should have been included by the great critic in his famous category with freedom, wealth, bodily vigor, and what not, which he ranges under the name *machinery.*

December 2. Last night came Phil again. Said he could n't be put off any longer. I braced myself to listen. He went on in a long rigmarole about my being alone in the world, — helpless, affairs involved, means limited, etc., — I cannot remember; but the long and the short of it was, my condition was impracticable and not to be thought of.

I did not see what he was driving at, and let him go on. At last it all came out: he actually had the coolness to suggest that we should marry at once.

When I got my breath, I told him flatly he was crazy. He stared at me stupidly. He could not understand me. He is simply a man, and men are born lacking in certain kinds of sense. I then went on to explain. I told him that, aside from the toil and trouble of getting ready, the mere excitement of going through the ceremony would kill me. He began to argue, but I stopped him short. He was deeply offended, and it ended by his going away in a huff.

December 3. Lay awake all night after the scene with Phil. It has quite upset me. I feel a hundred years old. Realizing that such a thing must not happen again, I sat down this morning and wrote him a letter, in which I declared plainly that if everything I said and everything I did was going to result in such a scene our engagement had better be broken; that it was too much for me, and I could n't endure it.

December 5. Well, the thing is done! It may be all right, but I don't know. I feel light-headed about it. What I said was, I am sure, perfectly reasonable.

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Of course I did n't literally mean — But what good to talk? It was bound to happen. I am confident he was only awaiting some excuse.

A letter from Phil, very crisp and topping, taking me, as he says, at my word, — I don't remember now what I said, — and breaking our engagement. I suppose, if I chose to write and explain — But I can never do it.

It 's as plain as day: he was only too glad of the excuse. His eagerness shows it. Any fair-minded person would say my letter was reasonable. He need n't think I will bear the blame of it, though; I won't. It was not my fault.

December 6. Returned Phil's presents, — forgot there were so many, — and wrote him a letter which I think he will find it hard to answer.

December 7. My presents returned without a word. I knew he would have hard work answering that letter, but thought he would at least try. He sees he is in the wrong. He has a very stubborn temper, and, like all folks of that sort, the deeper he is in the wrong the angrier he gets.

December 10. Nothing more from Phil. Our affair, then, has ended. Well, it has lasted a good while. No doubt he thinks he is the one who was kept waiting. Five years. Could I help it? One is not responsible for the acts of God.

I feel so topsy-turvy that I cannot make plans. I cannot think of anything else. Heigho!

December 12. Shall I now have to go through the ordeal of explaining to family friends? No. I will simply say I have been jilted. 'T is a short word and easily said; moreover, it is the truth.

December 20. This affair with Phil has pulled me down terribly. I have tried to look at it calmly and not to care, but somehow it has taken all the little strength left me.

December 21. I am getting so low that I have had to write to cousin Sarah Jane [Mem. Thats me; she always took a delight in usin my middle name, but I cant see why it aint jest as good as Geraldine. S. J. P.] to come and nurse me. She is a professional, and I shall have to pay her, of course; but I must have somebody, if I go to the poorhouse. [Mem. I charged her jest the same I did other folks. Her family had money left them years ago, an we had to make our own way; besides, they never wasted any sentiment on us. S. J. P.]

December 30. So low these past few days I could n't write. Miss Plunkett arrived. She is as strong as an ox. [Mem. She always spoke as ef my strength was a reproach. S. J. P.] She tosses me about like a baby. What a luxury to have a real nurse!

January 2, 1887. Cousin Sarah Jane has the regular professional manner; her face is as hard and unsympathetic as a grindstone. [Mem. As soon as I see what was the matter I warnt goin to humbug her, an I didnt a mite. S. J. P.] She does n't say an unnecessary word, and since the first two or three days pays no heed when *I* talk.

January 5. Sarah Jane, for all her skill and knowledge, is like the rest of them. She does n't understand my case: has no notion how weak I am; treats me like a gymnast, drags me up to sit in a chair, forces me downstairs to my meals, though I am on the point of dying with fatigue.

January 8. Sarah Jane gets positively disagreeable. She knows more about me than I do myself. She insists upon my doing things I cannot. When I object, she asks in a billingsgate tone, "Do you want ever to get well, or do you expect to lie here on your back for the rest of your life?"

Pleasant talk to an invalid!

January 12. A terrible row with Sarah Jane. I am shaking all over from it now, and shall not recover for a month. I never heard such a virago, nor did I ever have to lie unprotected

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and listen to such abuse. [Mem. I only said what was so, and didnt raise my voice once the whole time. S. J. P.] I can't remember it all; a little will do for a sample. I recall a few of her choice expressions.

She said there was nothing the matter with me, absolutely nothing, — she had been studying me and found out; that all my organs were sound; that I ate like a pig; that if I chose I might be well in a fortnight; that if I would stir about and do a little honest hard work, like other folks, I would sleep, fast enough; that I was a monster of laziness and selfishness; that I had spent all mother's money doctoring and nursing, and ended by killing her and Maria; that I had snubbed and jilted my lover; and that, in fine, I neither thought of nor cared for anything in the round earth but myself.

[Mem. I spoke the simple truth and didnt mince matters. I told her the plain facts about herself which nobody had ever durst to before. S. J. P.]

I have set it all down: it will be interesting to keep; it is almost as amusing as it is brutal. Of course I did n't answer a word, though I felt my face get white and set. Its violence and absurdity kept it from killing me. And so she went.

January 17. For a week I have just breathed. I never before fairly touched bottom. There has always been somebody to stretch out a hand. Norah has done what she could: she has fed me (Heaven knows upon what!), she has rubbed me (her hands are like nutmeg graters), and stayed by me.

It is like awaking from a nightmare. I am confronted with the sternest necessity, and not able to lift hand or voice.

Mother's old lawyer, Squire Thompson, has called twice, but I could n't see him. Yesterday I wrote him for a statement of my affairs.

January 18. An answer from Thompson. He tells me what I have; barely enough to keep soul and body together. It will buy necessaries, but not a luxury. I am perfectly willing to give up the former, but the latter it seems I must have. What to do?

January 19. I have thought hard for twenty-four hours. If I could only work as of old at my embroidery; they say I had a deft touch; but it is out of the question.

January 21. Mrs. Prattle has been in; I was almost glad to see her. She told of Cowley, a little town down South with a heavenly climate, which nobody knows of, where one can live upon nothing, and lie in the sun, and rest, and rest, and rest.

It sounds impossible, but I catch at the idea. She notices I have fallen away, and says I must get out of this climate.

January 23. The weather has turned cold. It pinches me. I shiver from morning till night, and turn my back to the window that I may not see the glare of the snow.

January 25. Have decided to go. I cannot afford it, neither can I afford to stay here. For the matter of that, I cannot afford anything. I cannot even afford to die, when I think what Maria's funeral and tombstone cost.

I take Norah with me for the journey, but shall send her back. I can economize when I get there — perhaps. Sent word to Mrs. Prattle.

January 26. Mrs. Prattle comes. She certainly is good-natured. She offers to help Norah break up, store the furniture, and what not. I accept with thanks.

January 27. Norah met Phil on the street. He stopped her and asked about me. Norah spoke of my going away. He looked grave, but made no comment. Bade her not to tell me she had met him. How queer men are!

Mrs. Prattle and Norah get on famously, but what a noise they make! Mrs. P. came, all dust and perspiration,

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to say good-night. I had to thank her; all the same, it seems as if I were being turned out of doors.

January 30. It is all done: the house shut, the stuff stored, and we are here at Mrs. Prattle's for the night.

Norah and I are to start in the morning. Seen close at hand, the journey seems frightful; I doubt if I live through it. Norah knows as much about traveling as a guinea-hen.

February 3. Arrived; two days and nights on the way. In a state of collapse, but alive.

February 6. At the hotel for a couple of days. Wish I could stay, — good food and good service; but I am a pauper, and must move on.

February 7. Kept Norah till I got moved; sent her home to-day; felt bad at parting with her, but steeled myself.

My quarters are in a tumble-down old mansion, sunny and airy, a porch covered with vines, all surrounded by a ruinous old garden filled with flowers. I have the parlor floor for a song; grand old rooms with blazing wood fires. An old negro woman in the back yard takes care of the rooms and cooks my food. Her name is Yazoo; somehow it suggests a field-hand.

February 8. Yazoo does her possible. Her range is limited. So far as developed, it is coffee, pone, and bacon, three viands which I think of as last resorts. Am visited with qualms as to her kitchen, — qualms promptly put down by prudence.

February 9. Yazoo has a little two-legged shadow, at once a coadjutor and a responsibility, — a pickaninny of ten years, a miracle of rags and dirt. He is growing up in heavenly idleness and freedom. How better than to be washed and taught to read! I would exchange places with him in a minute. He has not a want. He knows not a care. He is unconscious of his body. He is perfectly happy. He knows not, blissful child, that there is anything better to eat than pone and bacon. And for sleep, — he can sleep like a dog in any streak of sunshine. Such is Little Ike.

February 12. Having let myself go, — flopped, according to the Delsarteans, whose system, owing to some inscrutable providence, I have thus far escaped, — I am more at home.

Little Ike momently grows on me. His mother, as well she may, trusts him to do anything. He is preternaturally clever. He understands all I say, and knows just what I mean, — an accomplishment which, in a long and checkered career, I have never detected in anybody else. He knows every place in town, everybody; he knows the Northern boarders at the hotel, and their various ailments; he knows those who give pennies and those who do not; and, in fact, he is in a small way omniscient.

February 13. A broiled bird for breakfast. High Heaven knows where it came from! I ate it, and asked no questions.

The secret is out. It was a robin. Little Ike shot it with his parlor gun. I gulp down a feeling of horror. I reason, why not a robin as well as a quail? God made them both, while for notes I prefer the quail's.

February 14. A struggle with Yazoo to keep down the surface dust and get the dirt out of the laundered clothes. All inclination to visit the kitchen dispelled. Blacks of all ages come to the door, offering all sorts of service and things to sell. Having no pennies to scatter, I get the reputation of being a skinflint. Little Ike comes with comforting tales of what they say behind my back.

February 16. Sudden change in weather. Yazoo taken down with dysentery. Neglected to send for the doctor, and so got very bad. I lay in bed for want of a fire. Little Ike came in at midday and lighted it. Boiled me an egg, and gave me crackers and milk. Says he is taking care of his mother.

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February 17. Noon again before Little Ike comes. Says his mother is worse. Looks solemn and scared. Give him ten cents and tell him not to forget me. Do the dishes myself.

February 18. Yazoo dead. A fatality pursues everybody connected with me. This is very awkward, and puts me in a dilemma. Send Little Ike (who seems not at all to realize his loss) about the neighborhood to find me another woman. Comes back without success. They all say the house is haunted. Little Ike reassures me by saying the real reason is they all dislike me. I give him money, and he promises to stick by me. He will have to do, though I feel that I may be leaning on a broken reed.

February 20. Yazoo buried, and that tragedy over. Little Ike has not a relative on earth, so they all say. A lie, of course, but nobody is greedy to claim a responsibility, so I let him come to live at the mansion.

February 21. Squire Thompson writes me of the passing of a dividend by the S. & H. R. R. Co. My little income is pared down to almost nothing. For a moment I lose my head. I laugh hysterically, and cry with the Indian officer, or whoever it was, "Hurrah for the next man that dies!"

But let me not be bitter. Let me think of sweetness and light. Let me offer my other cheek.

February 23. Little Ike does wonders. He brought in my breakfast punctually, — coffee and toast, with a spray of jessamine on the tray. Bless his heart! The coffee had a queer taste and the toast looked unaccountably gray, but I smelled the jessamine and gulped them down. I tried not to think that the dishes had a slimy look, as though they had been wiped on the grass. Afterwards taught Little Ike to make my bed and dust the room. He is wonderfully dexterous.

I usually dine at one. My dinner is late. I smell burning fat, and bide my time. At two Little Ike appears, his eyes rounded with a look of deserving, and beads of honest sweat on his sooty little forehead. He has on the tray a boiled potato, some fresh baker's bread, and a small beautifully browned fish. He has been absent all the morning, and caught it himself.

I am hungry. My eyes shine with gratitude and desire. I say appreciative things to Little Ike. I hint at pennies. I spread my napkin. I make ready to begin.

Of a sudden I drop my knife and fork. A look of dismay and disappointment crosses my face. I push away the plate. *The fish has never been opened!*

One thing is clear: I shall have to superintend the cooking myself, at whatever cost. My gorge seems permanently located in my throat.

I creep out to the kitchen. I take a look, and save myself from swooning by a moral effort. Little Ike stares at me in innocent wonder. The Augean stables were nothing to it. I don't know where to begin. I shut my eyes and think.

After a while I tell Little Ike to take all the furniture out upon the porch; then to get a pail of water, some soap, and a scrubbing-brush. He has never heard of soap or scrubbing-brush. I send him to my toilet-stand for the former, and make an old rag do for the latter.

I sit out in the hall and direct the cleaning of the room. Little Ike makes hard work of it. He tips over the slop-pail and tracks about the dirty water. We come in time to the stove. Where it is not black with grease it is red with rust. We necessarily call a halt. I send Little Ike to the town for some stove-blacking, some new tins, and a tea-kettle. It is a mile, I know, but he never walks; he always "ketches on," as he calls it. It will be a rest to him.

I creep back to bed, nearly dead from fatigue and starvation.

Little Ike returns. I set him to clean

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and polish the stove. Could not go out to superintend it. He boils me an egg, and I eat some crackers.

February 24. I get up early and go out to the kitchen. Little Ike is asleep under the table. I rouse him and bid him wash in the basin. He grins at the absurdity.

"Git all smutty right away ag'in, missy, dat I will sho'."

I then bid him fill the tea-kettle with fresh water. He goes singing to the well. I lean back in my chair for a minute's rest. Opening my eyes by chance, I start up with a loud scream, and, forgetful of my own weakness, rush to the stove. Too late! Little Ike has filled the tea-kettle from the slop-pail.

I upbraid him, and walk back to my chair without support, such a miraculous effect has the air of this place wrought. ["Air"! Granny! S. J. P.] A month ago I should have had a relapse.

After all, Little Ike was not to blame about the pail. There is no other. I think of the tea I have been drinking.

It 's of no use to upbraid Little Ike about his dirt. He only stares. He really does n't know what cleanliness is; which sets me to thinking whether, after all, it is n't a fad.

February 27. After breakfast go out again to the kitchen. Little Ike, with faithful assiduity, is doing the dishes. Panting, I sit down to oversee him. He turns about a smiling and self-satisfied look. His row of young teeth and the whites of his eyes give his face a characteristic negro effect.

Reflecting upon this, my eyes fall upon his work. A feeling of horror overcomes me. Mindless of consequences, I dart forward and seize from his hand a dark-looking object, and hold it up before his guiltless eyes. It is a remnant of a flannel undershirt. It is the rag with which he washed the stove, the floor, the sink; in other words, it is the rag-of-all-work. He has no other.

I do not upbraid. I recognize its uselessness. I burn the rag and give some directions.

March 1. Little Ike does n't come home to get my dinner. I ring, I call, in vain. Knowing that I cannot go without food, I creep out to the kitchen, boil some potatoes, and open a can of tongue. Get back without mishap. It is almost incredible.

Little Ike comes in after dark, covered with mud. He has been with some boys to get arbutus. He brings me a big bunch as an olive-branch. I like arbutus, so I accept it. All the same, I scold him for truancy with what breath I can spare.

March 2. Want stares me in the face; an ugly vis-à-vis. Whatever comes, I must set to work. But at what? Write? No. Friends have thought I could; they are mistaken. I tried that in the old times. The things I sent to the magazines had stuff in them. They were always sent back. The twaddle they want I cannot do.

Think of my embroidery again. See a tangle of Cherokee roses over a fence. A capital design for a portière.

Get a horse and wagon and go to town. Find materials which will do. Get back in time to superintend dinner. I dare not trust Little Ike. He is faithful in what he knows, but our experiences have been different.

A busy day. This air is amazing. In the old times the effort put forth in these twenty-four hours would have killed me. [Humph! S. J. P.]

March 5. Little Ike is turning out a wretched truant. Absorbed in my work yesterday, I did n't notice the clock until long past dinner-time. Called and called. Little Ike nowhere to be found. Driven by sheer faintness, had to get my own dinner. Arrived in the kitchen, there was no wood. Compelled to go down the long steps into the yard and actually bring up an armful. Astonished without end at myself. It 's a wonder all the invalids in the country don't flock here to breathe this elixir. Sit and pant

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a while. Boil a couple of eggs, make a cup of tea, and get back to my room. Don't die.

Little Ike comes back long after the hour with a half dozen robins which he has shot. Putting aside all prejudice, I have a couple for supper. They are excellent eating. As I pick the bones of the last one I bethink me to scold him. I tell him he must never go away again without leave. He nods his head demurely. I know he will.

March 10. Get on with my work. Went twice to the kitchen to-day. To keep my rags and towels clean, find I must wash the dishes myself. 'T is not such an awful task, after all, thanks always to this stimulating air.

[Hope she gets in enough bout that air; but I guess ther aint no need o my sayin anything. S. J. P.]

March 11. A letter from Mrs. Prattle. Phil has been to see her; talked much of me. Why does she take the trouble to write this to me? Her letter puts a notion in my head. She has a large circle of acquaintances, rich and fashionable folks. I am thinking of my embroidery. It is turning out well.

March 20. Am reduced to very short commons. My stock of money almost gone. If it were not for Little Ike's robins and fish and wild strawberries, to say nothing of his poultry-yard in the garden, I should starve.

Meantime I work day and night; am glad to see my right hand has not forgotten her cunning.

March 26. My work done and packed; have sent it to Mrs. Prattle. It looked very rich and unique. Wrote her a long letter by this morning's mail not to take too much trouble; at the same time let her see that I am starving.

March 28. Feel lost without my work. Was so absorbed that I quite forgot I was ill. Now I must nurse myself a bit.

Little Ike has a sore foot; got a piece of glass in it. He cannot even step upon it. Realize now his usefulness. Am become a galley slave. Bring up my own wood and draw my own water. Which of all my Northern friends would believe I could drag that heavy bucket up the well?

April 2. Am getting to be quite a cook. Really enjoy my own meals, for I know they are clean.

April 10. Scarcely got Little Ike well when he ran away. Has been gone three days. Have actually been to town twice for supplies. Fortunately the grocery wagon brought me home. Have had to do everything for myself.

Really I am another woman. I look back upon my former self with amazement. And to think of its all being brought about by a change of air!

April 13. Mrs. Prattle has sold my portière. I am saved from despair. Three hundred dollars, — 't is none too much for the work, but a fortune to me.

April 15. Little Ike comes back. Such demureness, — as if he had done nothing out of the way. I listen stoically. A planter has offered him twenty-five cents a day during the planting season. I know better; such wages are unheard of. I expose his lies and tell him to go. He weeps; I affect obduracy. After much contrition I take him back.

Really I owe him an eternal debt of gratitude. He will never know it. He threw me on my own resources. Supported by this wonderful atmosphere, they availed. I glory in my independence. I realize that I am cured. Dear Cowley, thy name should be Gilead!

April 20. It gets hot. I take alarm. Everybody is gone from the hotel. I cannot stay much longer. Opportunely comes a letter from Mrs. Prattle, inviting me there on an indefinite visit. She writes in a postscript that Phil has called again. Why does she harp on that old string? Does she think — Managing little woman, I know what she thinks. She is a busybody.

April 25. Go about the house like a well person. Make nothing of the work.

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My horizon has widened immensely, barring certain vistas which, well for me, are closed forever. See now the true meaning of "sweetness and light:" it is not moral, it is not æsthetic; it is purely physical, it is health.

April 28. It is incredible how I sleep. I can almost hear my blood circulate. Amazing magic of ozone! But I must get out of it. There is such a thing as staying too long, and the mercury these last days is taking to itself wings. I may lose all I have gained.

April 29. Begin to make plans for going. Write to Mrs. Prattle about Little Ike. He would be of immense service on the journey. Then he has no belongings here.

May 4. Letter from Mrs. Prattle. Says of course bring Little Ike. I take him down to the town for a suit of clothes.

Such an uncouth mite as he is, reduced to respectability! All his grace and charm gone with the rags. He bristles with awkwardness and grandeur. To him, certainly, decency is disfiguring. Luckily he himself is delighted.

May 10. Back again. Came through without accident. How I hated to say good-by to dear Cowley! Fain would I send thither every poor moribund sufferer in the world!

How Mrs. Prattle stared! She could not believe her eyes to see me walking, but must needs pinch my arms black and blue. She actually started to hear me laugh. Did I not laugh, then, in the old days? Perhaps not. I was a pessimist then.

May 11. It is delightful to get back to the land of thrift and energy. The climate, after all, is not so absolutely bad. I feel myself indeed rather braced by it, and really get on capitally.

My first duty, with Mrs. Prattle's cordial assent, is to get some new toggery. I can afford it now, as my dividend, I hear, is to be forthcoming this quarter.

May 20. Phil called this evening, as I sat in one of my new dresses. Mrs. Prattle and I were together in the drawing-room. I was telling a story of Southern life, illustrated by energetic gestures. We were both laughing and had not heard the bell. He was shown into the room quite without warning. What now, think you, did Mrs. Prattle? Terrible woman! she made some frivolous excuse and *left us alone.*

Positively quite alone. Well, it was a queer scene. I hardly know how to describe it. I don't think I know at all what took place at first.

I must have made evident before this that one of Phil's characteristics is downrightness. Here is a specimen: —

"Well, well! It can't be! You, Agnes! Talking like this! Restored to health, to life, to sense! Talk about there being no more miracles!" etc.

But that was nothing to what followed; masculine sang-froid is past all analysis.

"Well, I have thought of you day and night. I never loved anybody else." (All this in a most matter-of-fact tone.) "I knew some time you would come back to your old self; not of course so perfectly as this, but enough to see your mistake. I was hasty, I was a fool; but you wrote me that letter — Never mind all that, though! Who cares what *has been* said and done? We live in the present, eh, little one? Let bygones be bygones!"

May 24. Phil and I are one again. I shut my eyes to all his old limitations. Youth and its enthusiasm have come back to me. I chase every agnostic thought from my heart, and feel myself again a woman. Dear Cowley!

May 30. We are to be married at once, and, of all places, going to India, where henceforth Phil's business is to be.

Little Ike is to stay here under the protecting eye of Mrs. Prattle.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

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THE RUSSIAN KUMYS CURE.

It is not many years since every pound of freight, every human being, bound to Ástrakhan from the interior of Russia simply floated down the river Volga with the current. The return journey was made slowly and painfully, in tow of those human beasts of burden, the *burlaki*. The traces of their towpath along the shores may still be seen, and the system itself may even be observed at times, when light barks have to be forced up stream for short distances.

Then some enterprising individual set up a line of steamers, in the face of the usual predictions from the wiseacres that he would ruin himself and all his kin. The undertaking proved so fabulously successful and profitable that a wild rush of competition ensued. But the competition seems to have consisted chiefly in the establishment of rival lines of steamers, and there are some peculiarities of river travel which still exist in consequence. One of these curious features is that each navigation company appears to have adopted a certain type of steamer at the outset, and not to have improved on that original idea to any marked degree. There are some honorable exceptions, it is true, and I certainly have a very definite opinion concerning the line which I should patronize on a second trip. Another idea, to which they have clung with equal obstinacy, though it is far from making amends for the other, is that a journey is worth a certain fixed sum per verst, utterly regardless of the vast difference in the accommodations offered.

Possibly it is a natural consequence of having been born in America, and of having heard the American boast of independence and progress and the foreign boast of conservatism contrasted ever since I learned my alphabet, not to exaggerate unduly, that I should take particular notice of all illustrations of these conflicting systems. Generally speaking, I advocate a judicious mixture of the two, in varying proportions to suit my taste on each special occasion. But there are times when I distinctly favor the broadest independence and progress. These Volga steamers had afforded me a subject for meditations on this point, at a distance, even before I was obliged to undergo personal experience of the defects of conservatism. Before I had sailed four and twenty hours on the broad bosom of Mátushka Volga, I was able to pick out the steamers of all the rival lines at sight with the accuracy of a veteran river pilot. There was no great cleverness in that, I hasten to add; anybody but a blind man could have done as much; but that only makes my point the more forcible. It was when we set out for Samára that we realized most keenly the beauties of enterprise in this direction.

We had, nominally, a wide latitude of choice, as all the lines made a stop at our landing. But when we got tired of waiting for the steamer of our preference, — the boats of all the lines being long overdue, as usual, owing to low water in the river, — and took the first which presented itself, we found that the latitude in choice, so far as accommodations were concerned, was even greater than had been apparent at first sight.

Fate allotted us one of the smaller steamers, the more commodious boats having probably "sat down on a sand bar," as the local expression goes. The one on which we embarked had only a small dining-room and saloon, one first-class cabin for men and one for women, all nearly on a level with the water, instead of high aloft, as in the steamers which we had hitherto patronized, and devoid of deck-room for promenading. The third-class cabin was on the forward

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deck. The second-class cabin was down a pair of steep, narrow stairs, whose existence we did not discover when we went on board at midnight, and which did not tempt us to investigation even when we arose the next morning. Fortunately, there were no candidates except ourselves and a Russian friend for the six red velvet divans ranged round the walls of the tiny "ladies' cabin," and the adjoining toilet-room, and the man of the party enjoyed complete seclusion in the men's cabin. In the large boats, for the same price, we should have had separate state-rooms, each accommodating two persons. However, everything was beautifully clean, as usual on Russian steamers so far as my experience goes, and it made no difference for one night. The experience was merely of interest as a warning.

The city of Samára, as it presented itself to our eyes the next morning, was the liveliest place on the river Volga next to Nízhni Nóvgorod. While it really is of importance commercially, owing to its position on the Volga and on the railway from central Russia, as a depot for the great Siberian trade through Orenburg, the impression of alertness which it produces is undoubtedly due to the fact that it presents itself to full view in the foreground, instead of lying at a distance from the wharves, or entirely concealed. An American, who is accustomed to see railways and steamers run through the very heart of the cities which they serve, never gets thoroughly inured to the Russian trick of taking important towns on faith, because it has happened to be convenient to place the stations out of sight and hearing, sometimes miles out of the city. Another striking point about Samára is the abundance of red brick buildings, which is very unusual, not to say unprecedented, in most of the older Russian towns, which revel in stucco washed with white, blue, and yellow.

But the immediate foreground was occupied with something more attractive than this. The wharves, the space between them, and all the ground round about were fairly heaped with fruit: apples in bewildering variety, ranging from the pink-and-white-skinned "golden seeds" through the whole gamut of apple hues; round striped watermelons and oval cantaloupes with perfumed orange-colored flesh, from Ástrakhan; plums and grapes. After wrestling with these fascinations and with the merry *izvóstchiki*, we set out on a little voyage of discovery, preparatory to driving out to the famous *kumys* establishments, where we had decided to stay instead of in the town itself.

Much of Samára is too new in its architecture, and too closely resembles the simple, thrifty builders' designs of a mushroom American settlement, to require special description. Although it is said to have been founded at the close of the sixteenth century, to protect the Russians from the incursions of the Kalmúcks, Bashkírs, and Nogai Tatárs, four disastrous conflagrations within the last forty-five years have made way for "improvements" and entailed the loss of characteristic features, while its rank as one of the chief marts for the great Siberian trade has caused a rapid increase in population, which now numbers between seventy-five and eighty thousand.

One modern feature fully compensates, however, by its originality, for a good many commonplace antiquities. Near the wharves, on our way out of the town, we passed a lumber-yard, which dealt wholly in ready-made log houses. There stood a large assortment of cottages, in the brilliant yellow of the barked logs, of all sizes and at all prices, from fifteen to one hundred dollars, forming a small suburb of samples. The lumber is floated down the Volga and her tributaries from the great forests of Ufá, and made up in Samára. The peasant purchaser disjoints his house, floats it to a point near his village, drags it piecemeal to its proper site, sets it up, roofs it, builds an oven and a chimney of stones, clay, and

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whitewash, plugs the interstices with rope or moss, smears them with clay, if he feels inclined, and his house is ready for occupancy. Although such houses are cheap and warm, it would be a great improvement if the people could afford to build with brick, so immense is the annual loss by fire in the villages. Brick buildings are, however, far beyond the means of most peasants, let them have the best will in the world, and the ready-made cottages are a blessing, though every peasant is capable of constructing one for himself on very brief notice, if he has access to a forest. But forests are not so common nowadays along the Volga, and, as the advertisements say, this novel lumber-yard "meets a real want." When the Samarcand railway was opened, a number of these cottages, in the one-room size, were placed on platform cars, and to each guest invited to the ceremony was assigned one of these unique drawing-room-car coupés.

About four miles from the town proper, on the steppe, lie two noted kumys establishments; one of them being the first resort of that kind ever set up, at a time when the only other choice for invalids who wished to take the cure was to share the hardships, dirt, bad food, and carelessly prepared kumys of the tented nomads of the steppes. The grounds of the one which we had elected to patronize extended to the very brink of the Volga. In accordance with the admonitions of the specialist physicians to avoid many-storied, ill-ventilated buildings with long corridors, the hotel consists of numerous wooden structures, of moderate size, chiefly in Moorish style, and painted in light colors, scattered about a great inclosure which comprises groves of pines and deciduous trees, — "red forest" and "black forest," as Russians would express it, — lawns, arbors, shady walks, flower-beds, and other things pleasing to the eye, and conducive to comfort and very mild amusement. One of the buildings even contains a hall, where dancing, concerts, and theatricals can be and are indulged in, in the height of the season, although such violent and crowded affairs as balls are, in theory, discountenanced by the physicians. All these points we took in at one curious glance, as we were being conducted to the different buildings to inspect rooms. I am afraid that we pretended to be very difficult to please, in order to gain a more extensive insight into the arrangements. As the height of the season (which is May and June) was past, we had a great choice offered us, and I suppose that this made a difference in the price, also. It certainly was not unreasonable. We selected some rooms which opened on a small private corridor. The furniture consisted of the usual narrow iron bedstead (with linen and pillows thrown in gratis, for a wonder), a tiny table which disagreeably recalled American ideas as to that article, an apology for a bureau, two armchairs, and no washstand. The chairs were in their primitive stuffing-and-burlap state, loose gray linen covers being added when the rooms were prepared for us. Any one who has ever struggled with his temper and the slack-fitting shift of a tufted armchair will require no explanation as to what took place between me and my share of those untufted receptacles before I deposited its garment under my bed, and announced that burlap and tacks were luxurious enough for me. That one item contained enough irritation and excitement to ruin any "cure."

The washstand problem was even more complicated. A small tapering brass tank, holding about two quarts of water, with a faucet which dripped into a diminutive cup with an unstoppered waste-pipe, was screwed to the wall in our little corridor. We asked for a washstand, and this arrangement was introduced to our notice, the chambermaid being evidently surprised at the ignorance of barbarians who had never seen a washstand before. We objected that a mixed party of men and women could

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not use that decently, even if two quarts of water were sufficient for three women and a man. After much argument and insistence, we obtained, piecemeal: item, one low stool; item, one basin; item, one pitcher. There were no fastenings on the doors, except a hasp and staple to the door of the corridor, to which, after due entreaty, we secured an oblong padlock.

The next morning, the chambermaid came to the door of our room opening on the private corridor while we were dressing, and demanded the basin and pitcher. "Some one else wants them!" she shouted through the door. We had discovered her to be a person of so much decision of character, in the course of our dealings with her on the preceding day, that we were too wary to admit her, lest she should simply capture the utensils and march off with them. As I was the heaviest of the party, it fell to my lot to brace myself against the unfastened door and parley with her. Three times that woman returned to the attack; thrice we refused to surrender our hard-won trophies, and asked her pointedly, "What do you do for materials when the house is full, pray?" Afterwards, while we were drinking our coffee on the delightful half-covered veranda below, which had stuffed seats running round the walls, and a flower-crowned circular divan in the centre, a lively testimony to the dryness of the atmosphere, we learned that the person who had wanted the basin and pitcher was the man of our party. He begged us not to inquire into the mysteries of his toilet, and refused to help us solve the riddle of the guests' cleanliness when the hotel was full. I assume, on reflection, however, that they were expected to take Russian or plain baths every two or three days, to rid themselves of the odor of the kumys, which exudes copiously through the pores of the skin and scents the garments. On other days a "lick and a promise" were supposed to suffice, so that their journals must have resembled that of the man who wrote: "Monday, washed myself. Tuesday, washed hands and face. Wednesday, washed hands only." That explanation is not wholly satisfactory, either, because the Russians are clean people.

As coffee is one of the articles of food which are forbidden to kumys patients, though they may drink tea without lemon or milk, we had difficulty in getting it at all. It was long in coming; bad and high-priced when it did make its appearance. As we were waiting, an invalid lady and the novice nun who was in attendance upon her began to sing in a room near by. They had no instrument. What it was that they sang I do not know. It was gentle as a breath, melting as a sigh, soft and slow like a conventional chant, and sweet as the songs of the Russian Church or of the angels. There are not many strains in this world upon which one hangs entranced, in breathless eagerness, and the memory of which haunts one ever after. But this song was one of that sort, and it lingers in my memory as a pure delight; in company with certain other fragments of church music heard in that land, as among the most beautiful upon earth.

I may as well tell at once the whole story of the food, so far as we explored its intricate mysteries. We were asked if we wished to take the *table d'hôte* breakfast in the establishment. We said "yes," and presented ourselves promptly. We were served with beefsteak, in small, round, thick pieces.

"What queer beefsteak!" said one of our Russian friends. "Is there no other meat?"

"No, madam."

We all looked at it for several minutes. We said it was natural, when invalids drank from three to five bottles of the nourishing kumys a day, that they should not require much extra food, and that the management provided what variety was healthy and advisable, no doubt;

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only we should have liked a choice; and — what queer steak!

The first sniff, the first glance at that steak, of peculiar grain and dark red hue, had revealed the truth to *us*. But we saw that our Russian friends were not initiated, and we knew that their stomachs were delicate. We exchanged signals, took a mouthful, declared it excellent, and ate bravely through our portions. The Russians followed our example. Well — it was much tenderer and better than the last horseflesh to which we had been treated surreptitiously; but I do not crave horseflesh as a regular diet. It really was not surprising at a kumys establishment, where the horse is worshiped, alive or dead, apparently in Tatár fashion.

That afternoon we made it convenient to take our dinner in town, on the veranda of a restaurant which overlooked the busy Volga, with its mobile moods of sunset and thunderstorm, where we compensated ourselves for our unsatisfactory breakfast by a characteristically Russian dinner, of which I will omit details, except as regards the soup. This soup was *botvínya*. A Russian once obligingly furnished me with a description of a foreigner's probable views on this national delicacy: "a slimy pool with a rock in the middle, and creatures floating round about." The rock is a lump of ice (botvínya being a cold soup) in the tureen of strained *kvas* or sour cabbage. Kvas is the sour, fermented liquor made from black bread. In this liquid portion of the soup, which is colored with strained spinach, floated small cubes of fresh cucumber and bits of the green tops from young onions. The solid part of the soup, served on a platter, so that each person might mix the ingredients according to his taste, consisted of cold boiled sturgeon, raw ham, more cubes of cucumber, more bits of green onion tops. lettuce, crawfish, grated horseradish, and granulated sugar. The first time I encountered this really delectable dish, it was served with salmon, the pale, insipid northern salmon. I supposed that the lazy waiter had brought the soup and fish courses together, to save himself trouble, and I ate them separately, while I meditated a rebuke to the waiter and a strong description of the weak soup. The tables were turned on me, however, when Mikhéi appeared and grinned, as broadly as his not overstrict sense of propriety permitted, at my unparalleled ignorance, while he gave me a lesson in the composition of botvínya. That botvínya was not good, but this edition of it on the banks of the Volga, with sterlet, was delicious.

We shirked our meals at the establishment with great regularity, with the exception of morning coffee, which was unavoidable, but we did justice to its kumys, which was superb. Theoretically, the mares should have had the advantage of better pasturage, at a greater distance from town; but, as they cannot be driven far to milk without detriment, that plan involves making the kumys at a distance, and transporting it to the "cure." There is another famous establishment, situated a mile beyond ours, where this plan is pursued. Ten miles away the mares pasture, and the kumys is made at a subsidiary cure, where cheap quarters are provided for poorer patients. But, either on account of the transportation under the hot sun, or because the professional "taster" is lacking in delicacy of perception, we found the kumys at this rival establishment coarse in both flavor and smell, in comparison with that at our hostelry.

Our mares, on the contrary, were kept close by, and the kumys was prepared on the spot. It is the first article of faith in the creed of the kumys expert that no one can prepare this milk wine properly except Tatárs. Hence, when any one wishes to drink it at home, a Tatár is sent for, the necessary mares are set aside for him, and he makes what is required. But the second article of faith is that kumys is much better when made

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in large quantities. The third is that a kumys specialist, or doctor, is as indispensable for the regulation of the cure as he is at mineral springs. The fourth article in the creed is that mares grazing on the rich plume-grass of the steppe produce milk which is particularly rich in sugar, very poor in fat, and similar to woman's milk in its proportion of albumen, though better furnished: all which facts combine to give kumys whose chemical proportions differ greatly from those of kumys prepared elsewhere. Moreover, on private estates it is not always possible to observe all the conditions regarding the choice and care of the mares.

At our establishment there were several Tatárs to milk the mares and make the kumys. The wife of one of them, a Tatár beauty, was the professional taster, who issued her orders like an autocrat on that delicate point. She never condescended to work, and it was our opinion that she ought to devote herself to dress, in her many leisure hours, instead of lounging about in ugly calico sacks and petticoats, as hideous as though they had originated in a backwoods farm in New England. She explained, however, that she was in a sort of mourning. Her husband was absent, and she could not make herself beautiful for any one until his return, which she was expecting every moment. She spent most of her time in gazing, from a balcony on the cliff, up the river, toward the bend backed by beautiful hills, to espy her husband on the steamer. As he did not come, we persuaded her, by arguments couched in silver speech, to adorn herself on the sly for us. Then she was afraid that the missing treasure might make his appearance too soon, and she made such undue haste that she faithlessly omitted the finishing touch, — blacking her pretty teeth. I gathered from her remarks that something particularly awful would result should she be caught with those pearls obscured in the presence of any other man when her husband was not present; but she may have been using a little diplomacy to soothe us. Though she was not a beauty in the ordinary sense of the Occident, she certainly was when dressed in her national garb, as I had found to be the case with the Russian peasant girls. Her loose sack, of a medium but brilliant blue woolen material, fell low over a petticoat of the same terminating in a single flounce. Her long black hair was carefully braided, and fell from beneath an embroidered cap of crimson velvet with a rounded end which hung on one side in a coquettish way. Her neck was completely covered with a necklace which descended to her waist like a breastplate, and consisted of gold coins, some of them very ancient and valuable, medals, red beads, and a variety of brilliant objects harmoniously combined. Her heavy gold bracelets had been made to order in Kazán after a pure Tatár model, and her soft-soled boots of rose-pink leather, with conventional designs in many-colored moroccos, sewed together with rainbow-hued silks, reached nearly to her knees. Her complexion was fresh and not very sallow, her nose rather less like a button than is usual; her high cheek-bones were well covered, and her small dark eyes made up by their brilliancy for the slight upward slant of their outer corners.

Tatár girls who made no pretensions to beauty in dress or features did the milking, and were aided in that and the other real work connected with kumys-making by Tatár men. According to the official programme, the mares might be milked six or eight times a day, and the yield was from a half to a whole bottle apiece each time. Milk is always reckoned by the bottle in Russia. I presume the custom arose from the habit of sending the *muzhík* ("Boots") to the dairy-shop with an empty wine-bottle to fetch the milk and cream for "tea," which sometimes means coffee in the morning. The mare's milk has a sweetish, almond-

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like flavor, and is very thin and bluish in hue.

At three o'clock in the morning, the mares are taken from the colts and shut up in a long shed which is not especially weather-proof. In fact, there is not much "weather" except wind to be guarded against on the steppe. In about two hours, when the milk has collected, the colts follow them voluntarily, and are admitted and allowed to suck for a few seconds. Halters are then thrown about their necks, and they are led forward where the mothers can nose them over and lick them. The milkmaid's second assistant then puts a halter on the neck of a mare and holds her, or ties up one leg if she be restive. In the mean time the foolish creature continues to let down milk for her foal. The milkmaid kneels on one knee and holds her pail on the other, after having washed her hands carefully and wiped off the teats with a clean damp cloth. If the mare resists at first, the milk obtained must not be used for kumys, as her agitation affects the milk unfavorably. Roan, gray, and chestnut mares are preferred, and in order to obtain the best milk great care must be exercised in the choice of pasture and the management of the horses, as well as in all the minor details of preparation.

The milking-pails are of tin or of oak wood, and, like the oaken kumys churn, have been boiled in strong lye to extract the acid, and well dried and aired. In addition to the daily washing they are well smoked with rotten birch trunks, in order to destroy all particles of kumys which may cling to them.

The next step after the milk is obtained is to ferment it. The ferment, or yeast, is obtained by collecting the sediment of the kumys which has already germinated, and washing it off thoroughly with milk or water. It is then pressed and dried in the sun, the result being a reddish-brown mass composed of the micro-organisms contained in kumys ferment, casein, and a small quantity of fat. Twenty grains of this yeast are ground up in a small quantity of freshly drawn milk in a clean porcelain mortar, and shaken in a quart bottle with one pound of fresh milk, — all mare's milk, naturally, — after which it is lightly corked with a bit of wadding and set away in a temperature of + 22° to + 26° Réaumur. In about twenty-four hours small bubbles begin to make their appearance, accompanied by the sour odor of kumys. The bottle is then shaken from time to time, and the air admitted, until it is in a condition to be used as a ferment with fresh milk. Sometimes this ferment fails, in which case an artificial ferment is prepared.

One pint of ferment is allowed to every five pints of fresh milk in the cask or churn, and the whole is beaten with the dasher for about an hour, when it is set aside in a temperature of + 18° to 26° Réaumur. When, at the expiration of a few hours, the milk turns sour and begins to ferment vigorously, it is beaten again several times for about fifteen minutes, with intervals, with a dasher which terminates in a perforated disk, after which it is left undisturbed for several hours at the same temperature as before, until the liquid begins to exhale an odor of spirits of wine. The delicate offices of our Tatár beauty, the taster, come in at this point to determine how much freshly drawn and cooled milk is to be added in order rightly to temper the sour taste. After standing over night it is ready for use, and is put up in seltzer or champagne bottles, and kept at a temperature of + 8° to + 12° Réaumur. At a lower temperature vinegar fermentation sets in and spoils the kumys, while too high a temperature brings about equally disastrous results of another sort. Kumys has a different chemical composition according to whether it has stood only a few hours or several days, and consequently its action differs, also.

The weak kumys is ready for use at

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the expiration of six hours after fermentation has been excited in the mare's milk, and must be put into the strongest bottles. The medium quality is obtained after from twelve to fourteen hours of fermentation, and, if well corked, will keep two or three days in a cool atmosphere. The third and strongest quality is the product of diligent daily churning during twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and is thinner than the medium quality, even watery. When bottled, it soon separates into three layers, with the fatty particles on top, the whey in the middle, and the casein at the bottom. Strong kumys can be kept for a very long time, but it must be shaken before it is used. It is very easy for a person unaccustomed to kumys to become intoxicated on this strong quality of milk wine.

The nourishing effects of this spirituous beverage are argued, primarily, from the example of the Bashkírs and the Kirghiz, who are gaunt and worn by the hunger and cold of winter, but who blossom into rounded outlines and freshness of complexion three or four days after the spring pasturage for their mares begins. Some persons argue that life with these Bashkírs and an exclusive diet of kumys will effect a speedy cure of their ailments. Hence they join one of the nomad hordes. This course, however, not only deprives them of medical advice and the comforts to which they have been accustomed, but often gives them kumys which is difficult to take because of its rank taste and smell, due to the lack of that scrupulous cleanliness which its proper preparation demands.

There are establishments near St. Petersburg and Moscow where kumys may be obtained by those who do not care to make the long journey to the steppe; but the quality and chemical constituents are very different from those of the steppe kumys, especially at the best period, May and June, when the plume-grass and wild strawberry are at their finest development for food, and before the excessive heats of midsummer have begun.

As I have said, when people wish to make the cure on their own estates the indispensable Tatár is sent for, and the requisite number of middle-aged mares, of which no work is required, are set aside for the purpose. But from all I have heard I am inclined to think that benefit is rarely derived from these private cures, and this for several reasons. Not only is the kumys said to be inferior when prepared in such small quantities, but no specialist or any other doctor can be constantly on hand to regulate the functional disorders which this diet frequently occasions. Moreover, the air of the steppe plays an important part in the cure. When a person drinks from five to fifteen or more bottles a day, and sometimes adds the proper amount of fatty, starchy, and saccharine elements, some other means than the stomach are indispensable for disposing of the refuse. As a matter of fact, in the hot, dry, even temperature of the steppe, where patients are encouraged to remain out of doors all day and drink slowly, they perspire kumys. When the system becomes thoroughly saturated with this food-drink catarrh often makes its appearance, but disappears at the close of the cure. Colic, constipation, diarrhœa, nose-bleed, and bleeding from the lungs are also present at times, as well as sleeplessness, toothache, and other disorders. The effects of kumys are considered of especial value in cases of weak lungs, anæmia, general debility caused by any wasting illness, ailments of the digestive organs, and scurvy, for which it is taken by many naval officers.

In short, although it is not a cure for all earthly ills, it is of value in many which proceed from imperfect nutrition producing exhaustion of the patient. There are some conditions of the lungs in which it cannot be used, as well as in organic diseases of the brain and heart, epilepsy, certain disorders of the liver,

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and when gallstones are present. It is drunk at the temperature of the air which surrounds the patient, but must be warmed with hot water, not in the sun, and sipped slowly, with pauses, not drunk down in haste; and generally exercise must be taken. Turn where we would in those kumys establishments, we encountered a patient engaged in assiduous promenading, with a bottle of kumys suspended from his arm and a glassful in his hand.

Coffee, chocolate, and wine are some of the luxuries which must be renounced during a kumys cure, and though black tea (occasionally with lemon) is allowed, no milk or cream can be permitted to contend with the action of the mare's milk unless by express permission of the physician. "Cream kumys," which is advertised as a delicacy in America, is a contradiction in terms, it will be seen, as it is made of cow's milk, and cream would be contrary to the nature of kumys, even if the mare's milk produced anything which could rightly pass as such. Fish and fruits are also forbidden, with the exception of *klubníki*, which accord well with kumys. Klubníka is a berry similar to the strawberry in appearance, but with an entirely different taste. Patients who violate these dietary rules are said to suffer for it, — in which case there must have been a good deal of agony inside the tall fence of our establishment, judging by the thriving trade in fruits driven by the old women, who did not confine themselves to the outside of the gate, as the rules required, but slipped past the porter and guardians to the house itself.

We found the kumys a very agreeable beverage, and could readily perceive that the patients might come to have a very strong taste for it. We even sympathized with the thoroughgoing patient of whom we were told that he set off regularly every morning to lose himself for the day on the steppe, armed with an umbrella against possible cooling breezes, and with a basket containing sixteen bottles of kumys, his allowance of food and medicine until sundown. The programme consisted of a walk in the sun, a drink, a walk, a drink, with umbrella interludes, until darkness drove him home to bed and to his base of supplies.

We did not remain long enough, or drink enough kumys, to observe any particular effects on our own persons. As I have said, we ate in town, chiefly, after that breakfast of kumys-mare beefsteak and potatoes of the size and consistency of bullets. During our food and shopping excursions we found that Samára was a decidedly wide-awake and driving town, though it seemed to possess no specialties in buildings, curiosities, or manufactures, and the statue to Alexander II., which now adorns one of its squares, was then swathed in canvas awaiting its unveiling. It is merely a sort of grand junction, through which other cities and provinces sift their products. In kumys alone does Samára possess a characteristic unique throughout Russia. Consequently, it is for kumys that multitudes of Russians flock thither every spring.

The soil of the steppe, on which grows the nutritious plume-grass requisite for the food of the kumys mares, is very fertile, and immense crops of rye, wheat, buckwheat, oats, and so forth are raised whenever the rainfall is not too meagre. Unfortunately, the rainfall is frequently insufficient, and the province of Samára often comes to the attention of Russia, or even of the world, as during the present distress, because of scarcity of food, or even famine, which is no novelty in the government. In a district where the average of rain is twenty inches, there is not much margin of superfluity which can be spared without peril. Wheat grows here better than in the government just north of it, and many peasants are attracted from the "black bread governments" to Samára by the white bread which is there given them

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as rations when they hire out for the harvest.

But such a singular combination of conditions prevails there, as elsewhere in Russia, that an abundant harvest is often more disastrous than a scanty harvest. The price of grain falls so low that the cost of gathering it is greater than the market value, and it is often left to fall unreaped in the fields. When the price falls very low, complaints arise that there is no place to send it, since, when the ruble stands high, as it invariably does at the prospect of large crops, the demand from abroad is stopped. The result is that those people who are situated near a market sell as much grain and leave as little at home as possible in order to meet their bills. The price rises; the unreaped surplus of the districts lying far from markets cannot fill the ensuing demand. The income from estates falls, and the discouraged owners who have nothing to live on resolve to plant a smaller area thereafter. Estates are mortgaged and sold by auction; prices are very low, and often there are no buyers.

The immediate result of an overabundant harvest in far-off Samára is that the peasants who have come hither to earn a little money at reaping return home penniless, or worse, to their suffering families. Some of them are legitimate seekers after work; that is to say, they have no grain of their own to attend to, or they reap their own a little earlier or a little later, and go away to earn the ready money to meet taxes and indispensable expenditures of the household, such as oil, and so on. "Pri khlyébу bez khlyébу" is their own way of expressing the situation, which we may translate freely as "Starvation in the midst of plenty." Thus the extremes of famine-harvest and the harvest which is an embarrassment of riches are equally disastrous to the poor peasant.

Samára offers a curious illustration of several agricultural problems, and a proof of some peculiar paradoxes. The peasants of the neighboring governments, which are not populated to a particularly dense degree, — twenty male inhabitants to a square verst (two thirds of a mile), and not all engaged in agriculture, — have long been accustomed to look upon Samára as a sort of promised land. They still regard it in that light, and endeavor to emigrate thither, for the sake of obtaining grants of state land, and certain immunities and privileges which are accorded to colonists. This action is the result of the paradox that there exists overproduction hand in hand with too small a parcel of land for each peasant!

Volumes have been written, and more volumes might still be written, on this subject. But I must content myself here with saying that I believe there is no province which illustrates so thoroughly all the distressing features of these manifold and complicated problems of colonization, of permanent settlements, with the old evils of both landlords and peasants cropping up afresh, abundant and scanty harvests equally associated with famine, and all the troubles which follow in their train, as Samára. Hence it is that I can never recall the kumys, which is so intimately connected with the name of Samára, without also recalling the famine, which is, alas, almost as intimately bound up with it.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

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A HEART-LEAF FROM STONY CREEK BOTTOM.

"JED HOPSON!" said the schoolmistress, rapping sharply with a pencil on the edge of the slate which she held in her hand.

"Yethum," whimpered Jed, detected in his stealthy stooping flight behind the last row of benches.

"What are you doing away from your seat?"

"Pleathe, Mith Pothy, I wath juth goin' to give thith heart-leaf to Mary Ann Hineth."

"Bring it to me instantly, sir."

Mary Ann Hines pushed a red underlip out scornfully at her tow-headed adorer, as he passed her on his way to the teacher's desk, with the long-stemmed, green, shining heart-leaf in his grimy hand; and the other scholars giggled behind their calico-covered geographies.

Miss Posy Weaver's stern look restored order. She made Jed stand in a corner with his face to the wall, and put the confiscated love-offering in her desk. But for the life of her she could not help bruising it between her fingers and sniffing it surreptitiously, with her head behind the desk-lid. Its aromatic woody perfume floated out, permeating the warm, still air of the little schoolroom.

"Jeddy," said the young teacher affectionately, "you may go back to your seat."

She looked furtively at the big silver watch hanging at her belt, and then glanced with longing eyes at the strip of blue sky which shone, all checkered with the swaying leaves of a young sassafras, between the unchinked logs. A ripple of excitement passed over the score of freckled faces turned expectantly toward hers. By some mysterious divination the scholars in the Stony Creek schoolhouse were already aware that an extra half-hour was about to be prefixed to their two-hours' noon playtime.

The schoolmistress leaned forward and laid her hand on the small silver bell which used to stand on the work-table of Mrs. David Overall at Sweet Briar Plantation.

The children started up like a herd of young deer at the clear tinkling sound; but they went out decorously, two and two. For Miss Posy had studied pedagogy in the Normal School at Greenhurst, and herself presided with great dignity once a month at the County Teachers' Association. But she smiled with girlish indulgence at the whoop which Pud Hines raised on the very threshold, as he bounded out.

The isolated old log schoolhouse was nestled in a wooded hollow between two long sloping pine-clad hills. A rutty, disused wagon-road rambled down one of these hills, and skirted the base of the other. It passed the schoolhouse door, crossing, just below, a shallow, rippling branch which fell, a hundred yards or so down the hollow, into one of the deep pools of Stony Creek. Little paths, brown with pine needles, led away in every direction, worn by the bare feet of Posy Weaver's scholars. A large water oak shaded the low roof of the house; a grapevine trailed down from one of the outstretched limbs and hoisted itself up again, forming a natural swing. The ground beneath was skirt-swept and bare, for that was the girls' side. Some pretty-by-night bushes and a straggling line of yellow nigger-heads marked the limit of their playground. On the other side, the boys of several generations had trampled out a ball-field.

Tom Simmons, who was at one of the outer bases, came running in. "Boys! boys!" he cried breathlessly. "Wish I may die if a wagin ain't comin' down the old road!"

It was an unheard-of thing, since the

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laying of the new turnpike, for anybody to drive along the old Stony Creek road.

Sure enough: an open wagon was bumping down the hill, between the tall brown pine trunks, yawing first to one side and then to the other, in order to escape the red, rain-washed gullies of the road. The shambling, whity-brown horse which drew it stopped a moment at the foot of the descent to breathe; then jogged lazily on, of his own accord, to the branch, where he dipped his nose, with a snuffle of satisfaction, in the sun-warmed water. The boys and one or two of the larger girls hurried down to the reed-fringed bank, and stood gazing, open-mouthed, at the vehicle and its occupants.

The driver was a lean, sallow-faced lad, about fifteen years old. He sat on a plank laid across the mud-splashed bed of the wagon. Behind him, in a couple of rickety hide-bottomed chairs, were two old men, a white man and a negro. Both were neatly dressed in threadbare black broadcloth, with old-fashioned plaited shirt-fronts of the finest white linen. The negro was bent so nearly double that his brown alert-looking face almost rested upon his knees. His knotted hands trembled, as if shaken by palsy. His companion sat stiffly erect, with his arms crossed upon his breast. There was an air of unconscious dignity about him, though his sunken eyes were humble and appealing. His face was pale and emaciated, and his gaunt form was shaken from time to time by a racking cough.

A large-patterned old carpet-bag and a bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief were lying in the back of the wagon, and a battered-looking fiddle was tucked under the negro's chair.

"Mith Pothy," whispered Jed Hopson, laying a timid hand on the teacher's arm.

She was sitting by the low, shutterless window; an open book was on her lap, and she twirled the heart-leaf absently in her fingers. A ray of sunlight falling across her head brightened her bronze-brown hair and drooping lashes. She was very young, — hardly as old, in fact, as Pud Hines and Tom Simmons, her oldest scholars.

She started at the light touch, and smiled at the small intruder. "Well, Jed, is it a thorn in the finger or a splinter in the foot, this time?"

"Mith Pothy," — his eyes widened as he spoke, — "the po'houthe wagin, with Tad Luker drivin' it, ith yonder at the branch, an' ole Cunnel Dave Overall an' Unc' Bine ith in it, goin' to the po'houthe to live. Tad thayth he 'th takin' 'em to the po'houthe 'cauthe they ain't able to work no more for theythelvth, an' if they don't go to the po'houthe they 'll thtarve. Oh, Mith Pothy, what 'th the matter?"

The girl had started to her feet; the color had left her cheeks, and she was staring at the child with frightened eyes.

There was a creaky sound of wheels outside. She ran out distractedly. Tad Luker grinned with bashful delight at sight of her, and drew his horse up so suddenly that the two old men were jerked forward in their chairs. Colonel David Overall recovered himself, and removed his rusty tall hat with a courtly bow. The schoolmistress leaned against the wheel, panting and speechless.

"Mornin', Miss Posy." The old negro lifted a hand with difficulty to his ancient beaver.

"Posy?" echoed the Colonel, turning inquiringly from one to the other, a faint flush rising to his hollow cheek.

"Yessah," returned Uncle Bine. "She de gran'chile o' we-all's las' 'fo'-de-wah overseer, sah, Mist' Josh Mullen, — you 'member Mist' Josh Mullen, Marse Dave, — an' she name' Posy a'ter ole Mis', sah."

"Yes, sir," the teacher said, answering the sudden look of affectionate interest in the old man's eyes, "my name is Repose Cartwright Weaver. My mother was born at Sweet Briar Plantation,

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and she named me for your wife. She is buried near Mrs. Overall in the Sweet Briar burying-ground."

Colonel Overall opened his lips and then closed them, swallowing a lump in his throat.

"Won't — won't you put on your hat, Colonel?" she stammered, after a moment's silence, for the noon sun was beating hot upon his gray old head.

"Oh, no, I could not think of it," he said hastily, "in the presence of a lady." He reached down, as he spoke, and took her hand in his.

The scholars had all pressed up, and were standing in a ring about the poor-house wagon, staring in respectful silence at the dispossessed owner of the old Sweet Briar Plantation. Tad Luker, seeing Miss Posy's distress, and feeling himself in some sort implicated in the cause of it, had slid down, and was sheltering himself behind the placid old horse from the misery in her brown eyes.

"Ha!" It was the heart-leaf dropped from Posy Weaver's palm into his own which had brought an almost youthful light into the dimmed eyes. "A heart-leaf! I would wager, Byron," — he turned to the negro beside him, — "that it came from the Long Bend in Stony Creek bottom."

"Yeth, thir, it did!" cried Jed Hopson, thrusting his tousled head up under the teacher's arm.

"Are you a Hopson?" demanded the Colonel, looking down at him quizzically.

"Yeth, thir; Jed Hopthon, thir."

The Colonel laughed softly. "I thought so. Your grandfather had the same lisp and the same tow head when he was your age." His eyes went back to the leaf. "They grow," he said, "just beyond the Flat Rock in the Long Bend. You wade through a boggy thicket until you come to a fern-bed; a little further to the right there is a clump of beech-trees — four of them — set close together; the heart-leaves grow in a sort of square made by the beech roots."

"Yeth, thir!" shouted little Jed, quivering with excitement. "I've knowed the plathe nigh a year, but I ain't never told nobody."

"And your name is Repose, my dear? Well, well! And you teach the Stony Creek school? I used to go to school here myself, you know, when I was a boy, with little Posy Cartwright. Not in this house, to be sure. The old one was pulled down, — some time in the forties, I think it was, eh, Byron? I found the heart-leaves in Stony Creek bottom one day at playtime. Byron here, my body-servant, was with me."

"I wuz bawn de same day Marse Dave wuz bawn, an' ole Marse gin me ter him fer a body-servant," interjected Uncle Bine.

"I must have been about eleven years old at the time. I slipped in the bog, and had to go home in wet clothes, but I sent the heart-leaf to Posy by Byron."

"Yas," said Uncle Bine, taking up the story as his old master relapsed into silence, "an' what you reckin Miss Posy done when I gin her de heart-leaf? She wuz settin' in de grapevine swing long o' 'n'er lil gal. Dey wa'n't mo'n seven er eight year ole, na'r one o' 'em, an' Miss Posy's yaller hair wuz flyin' in de win'. I gin her de heart-leaf an' tole her dat Marse Dave saunt it, an' — 'fo' de Lawd! — she up an' slap me spang on de jaw, an' th'o' de leaf on de groun'. She 'ten lak she gwine ter tromp on it in de bargain; but I done cut my eye on her roun' de cornder o' de schoolhouse, 'caze I knowed she gwine ter pick it up."

"An' did she?" asked Mary Ann Hines involuntarily; then hung her head, blushing red through tan and freckles.

"Yas, chile, co'se she did," chuckled Uncle Bine. He waited a moment; then proceeded, with a sidelong glance at his self-absorbed companion: "Fum dat day ontwel he went off ter collige Marse Dave wuz all de time sp'ilin' his britches wadin' roun' in dat bog a'ter heart-leaves fer Miss Posy; an' when he come back

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fum collige — de fines' young genterman dat ever kep' a pack o' houn's — he fairly hang roun' de Poplars, wher' Mist' Tom Cartwright live', fum mawnin' twel night. Ole Marse say he 'spec' Miss Posy leadin' Marse Dave a dance. An' at las', one night, he rid home fum de Poplars lookin' lak he plum desput. Nex' mawnin' he ax me ter saddle de hosses 'fo' day, 'caze he gwine huntin' down in Stony Creek bottom. I wuz 'bleedged ter go 'hine de stable ter laugh when he come out'n de house 'bout daylight, 'caze how Marse Dave gwine ter hunt 'dout a gun? We rid at a run down ter de Long Ben' o' de creek, an' fus' t'ing I knowed Marse Dave done flung me his bridle an' jump' onter de Flat Rock; an' dar he wuz wadin' th'oo' de bog, in his fine clo's, ter de beeches wher' de heart-leaf grow!

"Hit wa'n't mo'n breakfus'-time when we come ter de cross-road 'twix' Sweet Briar an' de Poplars. Den Marse Dave he check up de gray an' han' me de heart-leaf.

"'Tek it ter Miss Posy Cartwright,' he say. 'I 'm gwine ter wait right here ontwel you come back. Hit 's de turn o' my life, Bine.'

"I lef' him settin' straight ez a saplin' on de big gray, an' I rid on ter de Poplars. Dar wuz Miss Posy walkin' up an' down de gal'ry in her white dress, an' de win' blowin' her yaller hair. She look at me curus-lak wi' her blue eyes when she tuk de leaf. 'Fo' de Lawd, I wuz feared she wuz gwine ter th'o' it ou de groun' an' tromp on it! But she turn her head, fus' dis way an' den dat, an' den she say, sof' an' sassy-lak, 'Mek my compliments to yo' marster, an' ax him do he want *re*-pose fer his *heart*.'

"I ain' sho', but seem lak I heerd Miss Posy call me back ez I onlatch de big gate, but somep'n' inside me aiggd me not ter look roun'. Marse Dave wuz pale ez death when I galloped up ter de cross-road wher' he wuz waitin'. But I ain' no sooner got Miss Posy's words out'n my mouf dan he streck spurs in de gray an' mek fer de Poplars lak a streak o' lightnin'. He done fergot dat his clo's all splesh over mud fum dat Long Ben' bog."

The Colonel was listening now, and he smiled encouragement as Uncle Bine stopped to cough.

"I reckin dass huccum Miss Posy wore heart-leaves stidder white flowers at de weddin'. Me an' Marse Dave went down ter de bottom a'ter 'em on de weddin'-day mawnin'. An' dat huccum every year, when de same day come eroun', Marse Dave useter ride down ter Stony Creek an' wade out ter dem beeches a'ter a heart-leaf. But he never did fetch 'em ter Miss Posy hisse'f. He useter stop in de summer-house an' sen' me inter de house, wher' Miss Posy wuz settin' in de mawnin'-room, wi' de silver bell on de wu'k-table 'longside her. She useter tek de heart-leaf an' look at me out'n dem laughin' eyes an' say, 'Mek my compliments to yo' marster, an' ax him do he want *re*-pose fer his *heart*.' An' 'reckly Marse Dave 'd come bulgin' inter de house an' tek her in his arms! Every year, 'cep'n' endurin' o' de wah, when Marse Dave an' young Marse Cartwright, his onlies' son dat wuz killed in de wah, wuz away fum Sweet Briar, — every year fer up'ards o' forty year, I fotch a heart-leaf ter ole Mis', an' tuk dat same message ter Marse Dave in de summer-house. But I could n't nowise mek out de meanin' o' Miss Posy's message, ontwel, all at once, one day, fetchin' dem words ter Marse Dave, I got de meanin'. It flesh over me in a minit. *Repose*, dat mean *res'*, you know, an' de heart-leaf stan' fer Marse Dave's *heart*. *Does you want res' fer yo' heart?* I bus' out laughin' now ever' time I 'member how de true meanin' o' dem words flesh over me a'ter up'ards o' forty year!" He wagged his head up and down, laughing wheezily.

"Dass de las' time I ever fotch de heart-leaf," he added in a subdued tone, "'caze Miss Posy died dat same year, an' Marse Dave hatter sell Sweet Briar."

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Yes, Sweet Briar, tumble-down and dilapidated in the midst of its shrunken fields, had passed into alien hands. The household belongings — the quaint old furniture which had been handed down from one generation of Overalls to another — had been sold at auction. Posy Weaver longed to tell the last of the Overalls how she herself had bought, out of her first scanty earnings, the little silver bell which used to stand on his wife's work-table. But she could not, somehow. She stood silently looking back over the past few years, — which seemed long in her brief life, — during which Uncle Bine and his old master had lived together in one of the deserted negro cabins at Sweet Briar; keeping up, in the midst of the new and strange generation, their unequal struggle with poverty and sickness, until —

Colonel David Overall's thoughts, it would seem, had been traveling along with hers. "I am told," he said abruptly, but with great gentleness, "that the — the place to which they are taking Byron and me is very comfortable. There is a wide gallery and shade trees, and" — A violent fit of coughing interrupted his speech.

The young teacher leaned her head upon the tire of the wheel and wept silently. The older boys slunk away, ashamed and frightened at the sight of their teacher's tears. The girls turned their heads and pretended not to notice.

A sharp click disturbed the silence. It was the snapping of a string on Uncle Bine's old fiddle.

Tad Luker stooped under the horse's neck and came around to where the schoolmistress was standing. "Miss Po-Posy," he whispered desperately, "I orter go. I'll git a lickin' if I don't. An', Miss Posy, I — I fetched him over the old road so 's to keep offer the 'pike, where folks might ha' seen him on his way to the poorhouse."

Posy gave him a grateful look through her tears, and pressed eagerly between the wheels to murmur something which the children could not hear. But the old Colonel shook his head. "No, no, my dear, I cannot burden an orphaned child like you. It will not be long, for Byron and I are very old. Besides," — he straightened himself with dignity, — "I am told that the county poorhouse is quite comfortable, quite comfortable."

Tad clambered to his seat; he shook the reins, and the old horse pricked up his ears.

"Wait a moment, please," said Colonel David Overall, lifting his hand. "My dear," he continued, looking wistfully down into the girl's flushed and tear-stained face, "would — would you mind standing for a second upon the step?"

She sprang lightly upon the muddy wagon-step.

He laid his hand on her head. "Repose Cartwright! It was my wife's name," he muttered, kissing her on either cheek. And then he turned and laid his arm about Uncle Bine's bowed shoulders.

The wagon rattled away, jolting the old men in their chairs, and displacing the grotesque beavers on their heads. A turn of the red road presently hid them from view, and a moment later the silver bell was calling the scholars of the Stony Creek school to order.

M. E. M. Davis.

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COLA DI RIENZO.

In a series of documents illustrating the sources of Italian history, the Istituto Storico at Rome has recently published a complete edition of the epistles of Nicholas, the son of Laurence, commonly known as Cola di Rienzo. Dispersed in various European libraries, from Turin to Prague, and more or less difficult of access, these letters have always constituted one of the two chief sources of information concerning the career of one of the most extraordinary of human beings. The other is a curious piece of contemporary biography, written in the popular Roman dialect of the fourteenth century, published for the first time at Bracciano in the year 1624, and reprinted in Florence in slightly modernized Italian some fifty years ago. Of this artless yet highly dramatic narrative, the fascinating simplicity of which reminds one almost equally of Herodotus and of Malory's Morte d'Arthur, it is interesting to observe that the results of the most laborious modern criticism — German, French, and Italian — have all tended, as with the work of the Father of History himself, to confirm its historical authority. The amazing facts in the public life of Nicholas, the son of Laurence, his more than mythical triumphs and reverses, were virtually related once for all by this candid old chronicler, whose name we shall never know, and who, all the more because, like Petrarch, he loved the great neo-Roman, and sympathized, up to a certain point, with his vast ambition, deplored and has recorded with naive regret the fatal breaches in his sanity and defections of his conduct.

On the other hand, the subjective and transcendental side of Cola's character, the spiritual beliefs which inspired and upheld him, his deep and abiding mysticism, receive new and very striking illustration from the collocation of his epistles and their arrangement in chronological order; and the strange inner man, who firmly believed that he was called of Heaven to reëstablish in its regenerate and final form the everlasting Roman *imperium*, and to inaugurate the era of the Holy Ghost on earth, who once and again soared skyward on the wind of this titanic project, and perished miserably for his daring, stands forth, by his own showing, a figure at once more human and far more tragic than that tinsel hero of romance apostrophized by Byron, sung by the juvenile Wagner, attired for the stage by the gentle hands of Miss Mitford, and recklessly idealized by Bulwer in The Last of the Tribunes. Thanks, however, to these picturesque and popular authors, the outlines of Cola's history are so well known that a very slight thread of narrative will suffice to connect the extracts which we propose to make from the voluminous writings which have survived him.

How and where he can have acquired the culture which enabled him to produce these writings, and to produce them rapidly and abundantly as occasion required, — the earlier, at least, amid the stress of tremendous action, — must always remain one of the most enticing of the mysteries which involve the beginnings of his career. He was born in 1313, — nine years later than Petrarch, eight years before Dante died in exile at Ravenna; so that this great trio of Italians who woke in the first dawn of modern history, with so proud a consciousness of their national pedigree, and so passionately bent, each in his own way, on reinstating their fallen country in her lost priority, were for a number of years contemporary with one another. Cola, the son of Rienzo, came of the very dregs of the Roman

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people, — of such as have no right even to resent a nickname. His father was a tavern-keeper, and his mother a washerwoman and water-carrier; but he seems never seriously to have questioned that the dregs of Rome, even in her deepest degradation, were better than any so-called nobility of barbaric extraction. We do indeed find him, in the desperation of his latest efforts, inventing, or at least accepting and relating for ulterior purposes to Charles IV. at Prague, a story in which he refers his own origin to a certain period of ten days when the Emperor Henry VIII. had lain hidden from his enemies at Rome in Rienzo's inn by the Tiber, — the latter being absent on a raid with one of the Orsini. The old chronicler tells us this as he tells us most things, in few and earnest words, without approval or apology. It is only Cola's latest biographer, the careful and conscientious Rodocanachi, who falls into the essentially modern vulgarity of pausing to point a sober moral here concerning the weakness of denying a lowly origin.

The river-side inn was situated in that quarter of Rome which was, and remained until yesterday, the lowest of all, — the right bank of the Tiber, just opposite the Ponte Rotto and the great island. The Colonna family, at that period, had fortified with towers and surrounded by palisades their own particular quarter of Rome, extending from the Column of Trajan, whence they took their name, along the line of the modern Corso as far as the Porta del Popolo. The Orsini had done the same for the region about the Castle of Sant' Angelo, which they garrisoned and held. The Savelli were intrenched upon the Aventine, and the Frangipani held the Colosseum. The Emperor was far away in the north; the Pope was at Avignon. The Roman populace, to the probable number of some thirty thousand souls, led a miserably precarious existence around and among the rival camps of the ruffianly lords, and were bitterly oppressed by them all.

A traveler of the fourteenth century,[1] describing the gaunt aspect of the ruins of pagan antiquity at about this time, informs us that the sacred hill of Jove was a wilderness of brambles and manure-heaps; the Tarpeian Rock looked as it must have done in the days of Evander; the Palatine was a mountain of broken and disjointed marbles; and the Forum was divided between pasture ground and vegetable garden. This scene of unparalleled desolation appealed all the more powerfully, no doubt, to the wrathful imagination of the innkeeper's haughty son, because the meaning of it must have burst suddenly upon him, on his return to Rome at the age of twenty, after an absence of some fifteen years. Poor Maddelena, his hard-working mother, had died while he was still an infant, and the boy had been sent to be brought up by relatives in the Abruzzi. He afterward took pains to tell the king of Bohemia, in the same breath — or rather upon the same sheet — with the fable of his own imperial origin, that he lived among the mountains, in those early years, like a peasant among peasants. And how, indeed, should he have lived otherwise? Yet it seems most likely that it was here, at the hands of some benevolent churchman or recluse philosopher, he received that remarkable education which gave him access to all the known literature of his day, including the whole of the sacred Scriptures, and the perfect command of an only too fluent and florid Renaissance Latin.

The place of his retreat was Anagni, immemorial Anagni, then and always one of the most romantic spots that even Italy contains, a very home and haunt of mystery. It was reputed to have been a flourishing and famous

[1] Bracciolini Poggio, Hist. de Varietate Fortunæ.

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town when the Trojans landed, and Marcus Aurelius, in the second century, was overpowered by the solemn aspect of its crumbling monuments, and the indecipherable inscriptions upon its mossy altars. In the dark ages, Anagni had become a papal stronghold; and Cola may very well have imbibed here, along with his Latin accidence and his marvelous knowledge of the Bible, some part of the special abhorrence which he bore the race of Colonna, since it was here that only a few years before Benedict VIII. had been besieged and taken prisoner by them, and subjected to extraordinary personal indignity. It is even more certain that the Roman youth had first heard expounded at Anagni that doctrine of the *viri spirituales*, or men who looked for the immediate coming of the Holy Ghost, with which his name was later to be identified.

A hundred years after the death of St. Francis of Assisi, a large proportion of his more earnest and ascetic followers had embraced that strange theory of an historic succession in the Holy Trinity which was formulated by the so-called Prophet Joachim of Flora, in Calabria, in the impressive statement that as the reign of the Father had ended with the advent of the Son, so the reign of the Son was now passing away before that of the Spirit, of whom St. Francis himself had been the precursor. A doctrine so obviously heretical had of course been condemned from the papal chair, though one of the Popes of the intervening period, Celestine V., was believed to hold it; but its disciples had suffered only just persecution enough to confirm and unite them, and their influence was paramount in all the hill-towns of the Abruzzi.

The death of Cola's father in 1334 seems to have recalled him to Rome, and it was his phenomenal familiarity with the Latin classics which first drew public attention to him there. "Oh, what a quick reader he was!" cries the old biographer. "Forever quoting Titus, Livy, Seneca, Tully, Valerius Maximus! He was the only man in Rome who could decipher the old '*pitaffi*' and turn them into the vulgar tongue. '*If I could but have lived in the days of those men!*' he used to say." And then comes a vivid and significant bit of personal portraiture: "He was a handsome man, but the perpetual smile which hovered upon his lips was just a little *fantastic*."

Some ghostly reminiscence of the ancient forms of municipal government, or at least of the ancient names, had always survived in Rome. There had been a prefect — residing, however, at Viterbo — who was supposed in some especial manner to represent the Holy Roman Emperor. There had been senators, now one, now two, now forty or more; sometimes named by the reigning Pope, sometimes chosen by acclamation — though always, in Cola's time, under intimidation of the barons and their armed followers — in an informal assembly of the people. So long, indeed, as the Pope and his cardinals lived in Rome or its immediate vicinity, they imposed a certain check upon the tyranny of the great nobles, who were most of them of foreign origin; but from the year 1305, when Clement V. took up his residence in Avignon, the state of the Eternal City can only be described as one of anarchy. "Stava in grandissima tremaglia," is the expression of Cola's biographer. To raise her from her profound prostration; to humiliate once for all the insolent oppressors within her walls; to restore to the Roman populace the ideal and the practice of self-government which had once made them supreme; and to bring back their spiritual sovereign to the sacred post which he had deserted, — these were the main features of that grand programme of reform which was beginning to take

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shape in the ardent brain of the son of Laurence the innkeeper. Such he conceived, in its practical aspects and consequences, would be that millennium of the Holy Ghost which the men of the spirit were wont to describe merely as the coming of the *good state*, but which he himself preferred, at this time, to call the *good and ancient state*.

He married a woman of the people, with a small dowry, adopted the profession of notary, and, with that singular, inspired look of his, and the gift of ready and impassioned eloquence which he presently discovered, his person soon became familiar to all classes in Rome. His own feeling toward the nobles had been greatly exacerbated by the murder of one of his young brothers in a street brawl, just after his return from the hills. He had been unable to obtain the punishment of the assassin, who was perfectly well known, but he took a larger vengeance by constituting himself the public advocate of others who had suffered similar wrongs, and in general of all the especially helpless and oppressed.

In 1342, Pierre Roger, of Limoges, became Pope at Avignon, under the title of Clement VI., and an embassy of eighteen prominent Roman citizens, with old Stefano Colonna at their head, and Petrarch as spokesman, to enhance their *éclat*, immediately waited upon the new Pontiff, entreating his return to Rome. They were coldly received, but, by the time they had come back discomfited, it seems to have been thought preposterous by nobody that Cola di Rienzo should have offered to make a second attempt in the same direction, in his own private capacity. He did, at all events, go, unattended, to Avignon, probably in December, 1342, with a double petition; comprising the restoration of the Holy See to Rome, and the proclamation of a general jubilee for the semi-centennial year which was approaching.

The lettered Pope, who had been a doctor of the Sorbonne, seems at once to have been struck and fascinated by the high-flown eloquence and classic lore of the young notary; and Cola was also received with open arms and the most reverential faith and enthusiasm by Petrarch, who had remained at Vaucluse when the formal embassy returned, and whom Cola had seen before, no doubt, but only at a dazzling distance, when, in April, 1340, the poet visited Rome as the guest of his great friends and patrons among the Colonnesi, and received his laurel crown at the dishonored Capitol. For the measure of success which attended Cola's romantic mission let us now apply to the first of his epistles, which was addressed from Avignon to the Roman people in the last days of January, 1343. The style in this instance is excessively figurative and Biblical, that of an initerant preacher rather than an astute politician.

"Let the mountains round about you rejoice, and your hills be clothed with joy. . . . The city of Rome arises from her age-long prostration, and, mounting the throne of her accustomed majesty, she lays aside the mournful robes of her widowhood and puts on the purple of a bride." The "spouse and lord" for whom the city is to be thus adorned is of course the new Pope, who, "compassionating her calamities, ruins, and slaughters," has been "moved by inspiration of the Holy Ghost kindly to open the arms of his clemency, offering grace and mercy to ourselves, redemption to the universal world, and remission of sins to all nations."

The jubilee of universal pardon had, in short, been formally decided, and proclaimed to be celebrated in the year 1350, and at intervals of fifty years for evermore; but as for that other prayer touching the restoration of the papacy, Cola was fain to be content with impressive but less expli-

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cit assurances. "Willingly accepting, moreover, the proffered headship of our city, he [Clement VI.] hath vowed, with ineffable emotion, by word, look, gesture, noble action of the body, and in short by all manner of external signs more animated than I can possibly describe, that he will assuredly visit the Apostolic See after he shall have allayed the scandals of Gaul." This magnanimous intention should be enough in itself, Cola thinks, to entitle the new Pontiff to a statue "in our most venerable city, wherethrough it is unlawful for the Gentiles even to walk till they have unbound the chains of vice and put the shoes from off their feet ; for the place whereon you stand and where you live, dear brethren, is in very truth holy ground."

He adds a formal expression of his own private belief that the grand restoration, both material and spiritual, is far nearer than the world imagines, and signs himself, "Nicholas, the son of Laurence, Roman consul, sole popular ambassador of the widow, the orphan, and the poor, to our lord the Roman Pontiff, of my own motion and by my own hand."

This sounds sufficiently pretentious and visionary, and yet before the date of his next epistle, four years and three months later, Cola's part in the great and seemingly hopeless reformation had been triumphantly accomplished; and that without the shedding of a drop of Roman blood. He had become dictator at Rome under the antique title of Tribune of the people; he had promulgated a concise but excellent code of laws whose execution secured peace and order within the precincts of the long-distracted city; he had worsted, one by one, and signally humiliated for the moment, almost all the great nobles, beginning with Stefano Colonna the elder; while some of the more prominent of the Orsini, the natural enemies of the former, had ranged themselves on his side. His headquarters were now at the Capitol, where he maintained a certain state, having dismantled the fortified posts of the great nobles inside the city walls, and used the wooden beams and other materials which had composed their palisades to strengthen the colonnades of the municipal palace. He had forbidden the exhibition upon gateway or tower of any arms but those of the Pope, for it was still in the Pope's name and as his colleague that he professed to rule; and the papal legate in Italy, Raimond, Bishop of Orvieto, was apparently his willing instrument and close ally. He had organized and equipped, for the protection of life and property in Rome, a strong police force with mounted officers, constituting an admirable nucleus for an army, and under orders to be always in readiness instantly to rally to the Capitol upon the stroke of the great bell. He was even coining money with his own superscription added to the legend "Roma Caput Mundi;" and the private device which he had adopted of a seven-rayed sun, with a star at the end of each ray, was gravely explained by himself as the arms of the family of Boethius Severinus, in whose writings Cola was deeply versed, whom, as the last Roman of the old order, he regarded as his own immediate predecessor, and from whom he had adopted the name Severus, which was now added to that of Nicholas in the signature of all his letters and edicts.

Two only of the great feudal nobles in the states of the Church continued to hold out against the usurper: they were Giovanni di Vico, prefect of Viterbo, and Giovanni Gaetano, Count of Fondi, — "fratricides both, and at all times enemies of God and the Holy Roman Church," Cola described them in writing to the Pope ; and it was principally for the purpose of levying troops to accomplish their reduction that he now addressed a sort of encyclical to the communes of all the cities

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of central and northern Italy, in which he proclaimed the inauguration of the *good state* in Rome, and conjured them to aid him, with money and troops, in extending its millennial blessings to the whole of that noble territory of which Rome was the traditional head.

"Nicholas, severe and clement, Tribune of liberty, peace, and justice, and Liberator of the sacred Roman republic," announces to the commune of Viterbo, for instance, the pentecostal gift of the Holy Ghost which has been bestowed on the city of Rome, and which is destined, if they will but receive it, to be extended "to yourselves and all the faithful people who constitute our members." It had been, in fact, on the feast of Pentecost, May 20, 1347, that Cola had accomplished his bloodless *coup d'état*, after having passed the night of the vigil in hearing masses of the Holy Spirit to the number of thirty, in the church of Sant' Angelo-in-Pescheria. He goes on to give a prolix but perfectly lucid and circumstantial account of the late disgraceful condition of the city, which had even precluded "pious pilgrimages to the shrines of our princes and fellow-citizens, the most holy apostles Peter and Paul, and of the other holy apostles, — the bodies of eight of whom rest in this city, — and of the infinite number of martyrs and virgins, in whose blood the holy city is founded, . . . to the no small detriment of Christendom at large." It is primarily to the "intercession with our Lord and Father Jesus Christ of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, our fellow-citizens, princes, and keepers," that Cola ascribes the happy change which has taken place; whereby the Roman populace itself has been "restored to unity, concord, and the appetite for freedom, and inflamed with a sense of justice ; . . . and as a perpetual sign of good will, and of their own righteous and sacred purpose, this same Roman people, in public and most solemn parliament, has bestowed upon me, unworthy, full and free power and authority both to preserve and yet further to reform the pacific state of the aforesaid city and of the entire province of Rome. Wherefore, I, though I know my shoulders to be weak and unequal to the bearing of so great a burden, yet distinctly perceiving this to be the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes, and trusting to the grace and protection of God and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and resting my hope upon the power of the Roman people and the adherence and suffrage of the whole Roman province, have accepted the aforesaid power and authority with a devout heart and a valiant mind."

Cola goes on to summon the commune of Viterbo to furnish him a military contingent, supplied with "arms, horses, and other accoutrements of war, . . . for the immediate subjugation and treading under foot of the pride and tyranny of sundry rebellious spirits." He likewise requests the appointment of two suitable delegates to the general parliament and council soon to be held at Rome for the purpose of celebrating and confirming the establishment of the *good state;* and also the immediate selection, for his own private behoof, and in token of their love and amity, of a man skilled in jurisprudence "who will take rank from this time as one of the judges of my own consistory, and will receive six months' salary and wages and the usual emoluments."

This letter is dated at the Capitol, May 24, 1347 ; and, considering the fact that one of the recalcitrant spirits mentioned "was the seignior of Viterbo itself, its tenor is sufficiently bold. On the 7th of June, Cola sent to the communes of Perugia, Florence, and Lucca letters couched in almost precisely the same terms, except that in these he describes himself as called of God to the pacification of all Italy, as well as of the states of the Church;

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and in the later letters he appoints August 1 as the day of the great celebration. Four days later, — that is to say, June 11, — we find him prefacing a similar summons to the commune of Mantua with a private note, written entirely in the tone of one potentate to another, and addressed to his "beloved friend, . . . the noble and potent Lord Guido di Gonzaga, ruler of the aforesaid city."

From this time on, throughout all that crowded summer of incredible achievement and dreamlike pageantry, the literary activity of Cola was incessant. There are no less than ten elaborate letters and dispatches addressed to Florence and to other Italian communes. There are two long letters to Clement VI. in Avignon, minutely describing the progress of the revolution, which has all been wrought, the writer still devoutly protests, in the name and for the glory of his Holiness. There is a letter, in some respects the most extraordinary of all Cola's public documents, addressed to those German princes who rank as electors of the Holy Roman Empire, and whom he mentions by name; announcing that confederate Rome, in which term, since the late happy events, all the lesser Italian states are to be understood as included, has resumed her immemorial right of choosing her own Imperator, and summoning, "all and singular, the prelates, emperors, elect and electors, kings, dukes, princes, counts, marquises, peoples, universities," and all others in question, to send delegates before the feast of Pentecost in the ensuing year to a diet to be held "in Rome, in the beloved and the sacrosanct church of the Lateran;" otherwise the assemblage will proceed with its functions "as the law appoints, and the Holy Ghost shall give it grace," without reference to the aforesaid potentates. Finally, there are two private letters, to which we shall presently refer, written, the one to an anonymous friend in the papal court at Avignon, the other to Petrarch at the same place.

On St. John's Day (June 24), Cola had gone in state to the Lateran basilica of that period, clothed in white silk and riding a white horse, and rendered actions of grace for the success which had thus far attended his mission. Two days later, there came from the Pope in Provence an official sanction of the new order, and the formal appointment of Rienzo and the Bishop of Orvieto as joint vicars of Clement in Italy. The expedition against Viterbo was organized, and set out in the first days of July. On the 16th the fortress surrendered. Before the close of that month, deputations, bearing congratulations on the establishment of the *good state*, and offers of material assistance in maintaining it, had arrived in Rome from Siena, Arezzo, Todi, Spoleto, Velletri, Foligno, and many other cities; a letter to the same effect had come from Venice, bearing the great seal of the republic; while the Este from Ferrara, the Gonzaga from Mantua, and the Malatesta from Rimini sent messengers with magnificent presents. The rival claimants to the throne of Naples, Louis of Hungary, and the infamous Giovanna through her paramour and prime minister, Louis of Taranto, were competing for the favor of the Tribune; and the unification of Italy was thus, in very truth, "shown by the fates" for one moment five hundred years before its actual accomplishment.

Could any mortal brain have failed to be turned by so sudden and so giddy a rise? Yet the stately ceremonies and bizarre effects of those August fêtes which Cola had so solemnly advertised were all conceived in a certain spirit of mysticism, and arranged with reference to a deep symbolic significance. On August 1, the great republican anniversary which commemorated the fall of Alexandria in the year 30 B. C., and the inauguration of

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an era of universal peace under Augustus, Cola, after having first plunged into that ancient and still existing font where Constantine the Great was baptized, received the accolade from a Roman nobleman whom he had himself appointed to the office, exhibited himself to the dazzled populace and the delegates of half Christendom as invested with a new and sacred order of spiritual knighthood, and duly performed his vigil in the baptistery of the Lateran. On the feast of the Assumption, a fortnight later, five great ecclesiastical dignitaries waited upon him in Sta. Maria Maggiore, with tribunal crowns of oak, ivy, laurel, olive, and silver; while the same Ludovico Scotto who had dubbed him knight presented him with a yet more sacred emblem in the form of a silver globe surmounted by a cross.

It was in signifying his acceptance of this last offering, no doubt, that Cola pronounced the startling words which sent a thrill of superstitious alarm through the hitherto enthusiastic throng. "Like our Lord Jesus Christ," he said, "I have, in my thirtieth year, delivered the world from her tyrants without the shedding of blood." He was at the apex of his glory, and giddiness fell upon him by the inevitable law. "This day," cried a pious monk upon the outskirts of the crowd to a priest of Cola's own household, "your master is fallen from heaven."

The history of the ensuing months, from that eventful 15th of August to the date of Cola's first disappearance from the Roman scene, is indeed, as we know, a tale of little else than strife and bloodshed. The barons rallied from their temporary consternation and resolutely combined against him, while the Pope recoiled definitively from the support of one whose pretensions had grown so impious as to menace even his own supremacy. Meanwhile, in the letter already noted, to his nameless friend in Avignon, which is dated July 15, the man Cola affords us a rather moving glimpse of his own inner life, and the unquestionable sincerity and disinterestedness of his chimerical purposes. "God, to whom all things are open, knows that it is not through any ambition of dignity, office, fame, honor, or worldly wealth, which things I have ever abhorred as very slime, but through a desire for the common good of the entire republic, our own most holy state, that I have been induced to bow my neck to so heavy a yoke. 'T is God, and not man, who has laid it upon me. He knows what prayers procured me this charge: whether I have distributed favors, honors, and emoluments among my kindred, or heaped up honors for myself; whether I have swerved from truth or temporized with any man; whether I have ever accepted a bribe for myself or on behalf of my heirs, indulged in gluttony or any other delight of the senses, or worn a mask of any kind. God is my witness that what I have done, I have done for the poor and the helpless, the widow and the fatherless. Cola, the son of Laurence, led a far more tranquil existence than does the Tribune." He mentions, a little further on, an attempt upon his life, which, by the mercy of God, he had discovered and foiled; "but as for the rumor," he continues, "which you say has reached you, that I am beginning to be afraid, know that the Holy Spirit, by whom I am sustained and directed, has made my heart so stout that I fear nothing at all; nay, if the entire world and all its inhabitants, both those of the holy Christian faith and the perfidious Jews and pagans, were banded against me, I should not be shaken. For my purpose is, in all reverence toward God and our Holy Mother Church, to die, if need be, for the love and the cult of justice."

Cola's first letter to Petrarch, or at least the first that has been preserved, is dated the 28th of this same month

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of July, "in the first year of the liberated republic." The style, from an evident straining after literary effect, is rather worse than usual; the address is extremely pompous.

"Nicholas, the severe and clement, Tribune of liberty, peace, and justice, and illustrious deliverer of the sacred Roman republic, to that man of shining virtue, the Lord Francis Petrarch, worthiest poet laureate and most dear fellow-citizen, health and plenitude of honor and of the highest joy." He goes on to speak of the "sweet series" of Petrarch's letters to himself, to thank him for his precious encouragement, and to pray him to come and see with his own eyes the dawn of the new day in Rome. "For as a precious gem adorns a ring of gold, so would the glory of your person add grace and honor to our beloved city."

Petrarch did not accept this invitation, but the admiration of the poet and patriot for the saviour of what they both delighted to call their common country, and his impassioned faith in the divine authority of Cola's mission, found expression, during these last days of July, in that finest of all the *canzoni*, which begins with the sublime apostrophe: —

"Spirito gentil che quelle membra reggi,
Dentro alle qua' peregrinando alberga,
Un signor valoroso, accorto e saggio," etc.

Already, however, in the early autumn, we detect a note of hesitation, a subtle breath of warning and almost of reproof, mingling with Petrarch's ascriptions of praise to the emancipator of Rome; nor can he quite repress a sigh on his own account over his inevitable alienation from those lifelong friends and benefactors of his among the Colonna, with whom, as the head and front of the allied barons, the Tribune was now at open war.

Then came the fatal 20th of November, 1347, and that ferocious conflict outside the Porta San Lorenzo, in which twelve great Roman nobles, including six cavaliers of the house of Colonna, were slain.[1] The latter were, Stefano the younger, son of the more famous Stefano; Pietro and Giovanni, his nephews, and Roman senators both; and three sons of the younger Stefano. Cola, as one drunk with slaughter, not merely permitted the persons of the dead to be infamously insulted by his men, but, on the day after the battle, he brought his own young son, Lorenzo, to the scene of it, sprinkled his brow with water from a neighboring pool mixed with the blood of Stefano Colonna, and dubbed him Knight of Victory upon the sodden field. "From that time," says the old biographer, "the Tribune began to lose credit. There were whispers among the people. Men said that his arrogance was not small."

The ghastly tidings met Petrarch at Parma, on his way from France, and at first he would not believe them. The tale had been brought by an itinerant monk of Orvieto, and Petrarch's impulse was to scout it as a fable of the cloister. But his incredulity cannot have lasted long, for within a week after the battle we find him writing to Rienzo in terms of undisguised lamentation and reproach, as well as performing the far more difficult duty of expressing to his friend Cardinal Giovanni Colonna,[2] at Avignon, some portion of his own distressful sympathy and compunction.

[1] We have followed Papencordt and Rodocanachi, as well as the general tradition of the time, in this enumeration of the Colonna victims. The old biographer's account is a somewhat confused one, and the editor of the Epistolario points out that there is no positive proof of the death of more than three of that family. Cola himself, as we shall see, gives the numbers differently in two letters which are otherwise almost identical. But if both these letters were really written, as they are dated, on the day of the battle, some hours may have intervened between them, leaving time for the Tribune to receive a fuller list of the slain.

[2] The youngest of the three Cardinals Colonna of that period.

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The Colonnesi had plenty of crimes to answer for; but no one of them lacked those imposing qualities of race which declare themselves in the hour of supreme misfortune and compel the obeisance of the world, — qualities largely mundane, no doubt, but none the less majestic, to which the Tribune and Liberator, all his disinterestedness and all his inspiration granted, could never pretend. The sorrowful *amende* of Petrarch was accepted with grave magnanimity both by the cardinal and his brother Giacomo, the Bishop of Lombez; and there was no break thenceforth in the affectionate relations between them and the poet. These two ecclesiastics and their father, old Stefano, now in his eighty-third year, with one son of the younger Stefano, were all that remained of their branch to represent that "mass of fiery valor rolling on the foe" which but yesterday had gloried in the name of Colonna. When the venerable head of the house heard of the catastrophe which had befallen his line, his words were few. "God's will be done," he said. "Of the two, it is assuredly better to die than to submit any longer to the tyranny of this peasant;" and at once assuming command of the remnant of the baronial party, he conducted their operations, during the few weeks that intervened between the battle of Porta San Lorenzo and the abrupt disappearance of Cola, with all the vigor of his prime.

The anonymous biographer of Rienzo prays the reader to permit him to pause at this critical point, and relate a striking story which he has encountered in the book of Titus Livy concerning a general whose name was Anitalo di Cartagine. The victory of Canna and the dalliance at Capua are then described with all the zest of one who is conscious of having a fresh and impressive anecdote to tell; "and the point is," adds this engaging historian, "that if Cola di Rienzo, the Tribune, had only followed up his victory and ridden straight to Marino and taken the Castle of Marino, and made an end then and there of Giordano,[1] so that he could never have raised his head again, the people of Rome would still have been free and without tribulation."

But no such vigorous measures appear to have occurred to Rienzo, who indulged instead in a bout of riotous feasting, all the more remarkable from the abstemiousness of his previous habits. He also, as has been already said, wrote two long letters on the very day of the battle, — one to the commune of Florence, and one to Rinaldo Orsino, his ally at Avignon, — describing in terms of rather brutal exultation the circumstances of the fight. In the first of these letters he speaks of only three of the Colonnesi as having fallen. In the second he mentions six, but does not give their names. In both he says that he was visited in a dream, two days before the battle, by Boniface VIII., the implacable foe of that haughty race, who predicted their annihilation at his hands.

There must, however, have fallen upon him, in the next few days, a great revulsion of feeling, perhaps of remorse and distrust of his own mission; otherwise, he could hardly have been so depressed and intimidated as he presently showed himself to be by the tidings that Clement had pronounced his doctrines heretical, and was sending a legate to supersede the governor whom Cola had recently appointed for the Sabine territory. On the 2d of December, the Tribune sent a circular letter to sundry communes in that region, enjoining instant submission to the papal decree. "We love you with a righteous zeal," he wrote, "and we will not forsake you either in tempest or in calm; but you ought not to desire us to remain at odds with the

[1] Orsino. The Colonnesi did not acquire Marino till the following century.

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Holy See on your behalf, especially when this could in no way profit yourselves."

This circular is the last of the original documents belonging to the period of Cola's first ascendency. On the 14th a riot broke out in Rome, fomented by a certain active adventurer who had been raising mercenaries in the papal states for the army with which Louis of Hungary was proposing to invade the kingdom of Naples. It was an insignificant *émeute* enough at the outset, but it seemed to paralyze the Tribune. He caused the great alarm bell to be sounded; but when, for the first time, the troops which he had organized did not rally to the summons, his confidence wholly forsook him, and, after a night of agonized suspense, he addressed his personal attendants in a voice choked with emotion and took solemn leave of them. "I have ruled this people uprightly," were his words, "but through envy they are discontent, and now, in the seventh month of my dominion, I will depart." He had still sufficient *sang-froid* to mount his horse, and order the brazen trumpets which had hitherto heralded his progress through the streets of Rome to be blown once more; "and thus," says the biographer, "with an armed guard and banners flying, he descended *triumphaliter*, and took refuge in the Castle of Sant' Angelo."

If Cola had hoped to be recalled to the Capitol by a spontaneous demonstration of the people, he was disappointed. From Sant' Angelo he withdrew, in the first days of January, to Civita Vecchia, and from thence to Naples, which the king of Hungary entered as conqueror on the 18th of that month. We catch a glimpse of attempted negotiations with the latter, followed by a sharp summons from Avignon for the surrender of Cola to the jurisdiction of the Holy See. Then suddenly, in the awful spring of 1348, there fell out of heaven upon Italy, cutting short all human purposes, obliterating all minor distinctions, the blackness of the great plague. Louis of Hungary abandoned his late conquest and fled to his home in the north, and Cola, like many another of those who escaped the pest, assumed the habit of a monk, entered the third order of the Franciscans, and sought asylum with his co-religionists, the viri spirituales, in the great convent of Monte Majella. We will let him describe in his own words the manner of life in that mountain fastness, the highest peak of the Apennines after the Gran Sasso d' Italia.

"But there are those," he says, by way of contrast to a graphic picture he has just been drawing of the corruption of the Avignonese clergy, "who, having sold all their worldly goods and given to the poor, spurning all manner of soft raiment, and clad simply in two tunics of coarse wool" (precisely the dress, by the way, which the Roman peasant had worn in those very mountains of the Abruzzi a thousand years before), "bare-legged and, so far as possible, bare-footed, sundered utterly from the world, have betaken themselves to wild woods and solitary places, after the manner of the holy fathers. No avarice flourishes among these men, no envy, no ambition, no scandal, but poverty ardently embraced, sincere humility, a joyful patience, innocence and purity, and a life of unmixed charity. For whether they be sons of counts, barons, and other nobles, or men learned in theology, of whom many have rallied hither, and many more will rally, unless they be first pierced by the arrows and slain by the engines of the Church, they are glad to bear upon their shoulders, from far-away farms and castles, through snow and rain and mountain pass," some alms to their companions. "And the command lies upon them that if any one of the order, in asking alms among the farmsteads, should chance

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to encounter abuse or personal violence, he may not taste of the bread he has begged until he has offered a special prayer for the salvation of the violent or blasphemous man. . . . They fast much, but they pray yet more; . . . and if their countenances be not disturbed by mirth, yet are they truly glad and satisfied at heart, and sometimes they work famous miracles. . . . O mortal life that bringest forth immortality! O angelic life, above reproach by any save the friends of Satan! If I had not actually seen these things, my own soul could never have been so moved and drawn by love and longing for them!"

There seems no reason to doubt the sincerity of Cola's self-consecration, nor the profound regret with which he soon found himself summoned, as he believed, of Heaven to detach himself from the contemplative life, and embark once more upon the stormy ocean of this world's affairs. How this happened he shall also tell us. The Vatican codex containing the long discourse from which our last extract comes is entitled, Reply of the Tribune to the Cæsar concerning his Eulogium of Charity. The Cæsar is the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles IV. of Bohemia; for when Cola reappears in the world of action, we find him, to our amazement, transformed into as completely convinced a Ghibelline as ever Dante had been. The transitory dream of an Italian imperium was over; and it is upon the northern potentate that the Tribune now rests his last hope of the purification and pacification of Rome.

Arriving in Prague, a footsore pilgrim, in July of 1350 (after having paid a flying visit to Rome in disguise, and snatched, as it were, the blessing of the jubilee), he was received into the house of a druggist, who was by birth a Florentine, and thence requested and obtained audience of the Emperor. "And these," observes the anonymous biographer, "were his words, and this was his excellent discourse to Charles, the king of Bohemia, grandson of the Emperor Henry, and himself lately elected Emperor by the Pope: 'Most serene prince and glorious ruler of the entire world: I am that Cola to whom God once gave such grace that I was able to govern Rome and her whole territory in justice, liberty, and peace. Tuscany, Campania, and the seacoast acknowledged my authority; I bridled the arrogance of the great; I abolished many an iniquitous abuse. But I am a worm, and a fallible man, and a weakly plant, like another, and God hath willed to chastise me. A rod of iron was in my hand, which I, out of very humility, converted into a rod of wood. The men of might pursue me and they seek my life. In their pride and hatred they have chased me from my dominions, and they remain unpunished. I, who am of your own lineage, a bastard son of the valiant Emperor Henry, betake myself to you, under the shield and shadow of whose wings a man ought surely to be safe; . . . for I have seen a prophecy of Brother Angelo of the Mount of Heaven in Monte Majella, which says that the eagle shall devour the carrion crows.'"

There must surely still have been a mysterious power in Cola's personality and an irresistible fascination about his address, for the royally descended Kaiser, to whom the effrontery of the innkeeper's son in claiming kindred with himself must have been simply astounding, — the creature of Clement VI., who knew that Cola had long since been excommunicated by the latter, — not only received him without rebuke, but requested a written statement of his experiences and his views, which Cola forthwith prepared.

"Most serene Cæsar Augustus," this remarkable document began, "it has pleased your Serenity to invite me to repeat in proper writing what I have already said in your imperial presence,

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and glad am I that in the royal city, where silver and gold are purged from dross,[1] my message also should be carefully tried. For if any error do indeed lurk therein, I would fain see it eliminated by the scrutiny of men wiser than I. Who I am, and what I have done for the defense and safety of churches, monasteries, hospitals, and all the poor and suffering everywhere; what I have been also to the pilgrim and the stranger, and all who desire to live purely and without guile, and what to the tyrants and robbers of Italy, — these things, I say, can by no means be blinked or hidden. The Holy Roman See and all the people of Italy know them; they are as a city set upon a hill. . . . But when, in the fullness of that glory and felicity to which the Lord had raised me, I began to invest myself with the pomps and splendors of this world, I was most righteously chastised of God. The flowers and the fruitage of my high estate fell from me, and I became sterile for a season, like a tree stripped bare by the violence of the wind. . . . For, as I have already explained to your Majesty, I fled from the pursuit of those very foes whom previously, by God's help, I had laid low. By God, not man, was I driven forth, and freely, in view of the whole people in parliament assembled [!], having solemnly laid aside the sceptre of justice and the tribunal crown, I departed, amid the tears of the multitude, and remained in solitude, looking always for the coming of one who should deliver me at once from the stormy tempest and the weakness of my own heart. So dwelt I, passing my time in prayer, among the hermits in the Apennines of Apulia, and I wore the garb of poverty. And when I had thus lived and labored some thirty months, there arrived a certain friar named Angelo, of Monte Vulcano, announcing himself a hermit of the hermits, and revered of many. This man saluted me by my true name, to my great amazement, for my name was not known in that place, and told me that I had now been long enough in the desert for the good of my soul, and that once more it behooved me to be laboring for the world at large, and not for myself alone. He then told me that he had had a direct revelation from Heaven concerning the place of my retreat, and proceeded to open to me the designs of God touching that universal restoration which has been so often predicted by the men of the spirit, and invoked in the prayers of the all-powerful and glorious Virgin." The crowding calamities of the last few years, earthquake, famine, and pestilence, were declared to have been but the wholesome scourges of God, designed for the reformation of the Church and the world; "and in a short time, more especially through the return of the Catholic Church to her state of pristine sanctity, an era of great peace would begin, and that not for the worshipers of Christ alone, but for all Christians,[2] and even for Saracens, who would thus receive the grace of the Spirit at the hands of the one Shepherd immediately to be set over them, for that the era of the Holy Ghost wherein God shall be verily known of man was in truth close at hand. He also told me that, in the furtherance of this great work of the Spirit, God had selected a certain holy man, whom all would be taught of Heaven to recognize, who would cooperate with the Emperor elect in reforming the universal world, and in stripping the pastors of the Church of all their superfluous luxuries and perishable riches." Cola then proceeds

[1] He alludes to a celebrated coinage of Prague.

[2] *Christicolas* and *Christianos*. It would be curious to know the exact distinction between these two in Cola's mind. One can hardly suspect him, in this grave connection, of a pun upon his own name.

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more explicitly to identify the persons who will compose this earthly trinity of the new order. He was himself, of course, that man of God who was to be associated in the government of Rome and of the world with the Emperor Charles, whom he now addresses as "the one hundredth in direct succession from Augustus Cæsar;" while the Pope who should succeed Clement VI. within two years' time, and restore the Holy See to Rome after an exact half-century of exile, would be no other than that Pastor Angelicus of ancient prophecy whom the Catholic Church had been so long expecting, and indeed, for that matter, is expecting still.

The particulars of his alleged imperial birth Cola reserved for a second letter to the Emperor, which must have followed the first almost immediately, and wherein the tale of Maddelena's seduction is told with a gravity and seeming candor that savor almost more of hallucination than of willful deceit. It is to be noted, also, that when, a few months later, in the immediate prospect, as he fancied, of a violent death, Cola addressed to one of the brothers at Monte Sant' Angelo a letter reviewing his career and making general confession of his sins, he expressed penitence for having revealed the secret of his mother's shame, but not at all as if he had slandered her. "If I had only kept quiet about that," are his words, "I could better have borne these things. I attribute it all to my impatience and meanness of spirit. *I pretended afterward that I had spoken figuratively.* For," he naively adds, "*to have been devoured by the archimandrites of the beloved city* will sound much better in the ears of the world than *to have been born out of wedlock*. . . . But I have drunk many cups, and I can drink this too, if it be needful for my salvation."

The Emperor replied briefly and evasively to these long-winded communications, but he did think it worth while to reply, and a mixture of motives, personal and political, appears to have determined him to keep Rienzo near him for a time, notwithstanding the repeated and imperative demands of Clement VI. that he should be sent to Avignon to stand his trial for heresy before the proper authorities there. Cola's vehement denunciations of clerical vice and corruption created something like a party for him in the land of John Huss, and indeed throughout the whole of that region which was so soon to be Protestant Germany; and Charles professed a desire to win him, by gentle means if possible, from the error of his opinions. Cola was therefore subjected to a nominal and at first sufficiently light imprisonment in an ancient fortress overlooking the town of Raudnitz and the river Elbe, a little to the north of the Bohemian capital; while the Archbishop of Prague, Arnest de Padubitz, a man of eminent piety and learning, was entrusted with the business of his conversion. During the ensuing autumn these two had repeated interviews, and a number of written communications passed between them, some if not all of which are included in the present Epistolario. Their controversial interest is considerable, but Cola proved, as might have been expected, a difficult catechumen to instruct. Little by little, as months elapsed, and the rigors of the northern winter began to tell upon a frame already enfeebled by the commencement of organic disease, the tone of lofty confidence which marks the earlier of these letters gives place to one of deep discouragement, and that fixed presentiment of impending death which is expressed in Cola's letter of confession, already quoted, to the monk of Monte Sant' Angelo.

Cola admits at last that he may have exaggerated the importance of his own mission, but never for one moment does he profess himself convinced of doctrinal error. Finally he appears

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himself to have entreated the Emperor to hand him over to the papal tribunal, and so end the wearing suspense of his position in Bohemia; and accordingly, in June, 1352, nearly two years after his arrival in Prague, he was at last sent, under a strong guard, to Avignon.

There is no particular reason for supposing that the cell in the great papal palace there, which continues to this day to be shown as Cola's, was in reality his; but it makes little difference. Into one of the innumerable dungeons which underlie that stupendous fabric Cola was unquestionably thrown, and he lay there for several months before his trial came on. In some respects he was mercifully treated. He was permitted to engage an advocate for his trial; he was allowed his favorite books, namely, the Bible and the History of Livy; and Petrarch, now living in sad seclusion and mourning for his Laura at Vaucluse, appears to have done all he could for his friend and hero of former days. "Consider to what he is reduced," wrote the poet to a friend in Florence,[1] — "that terrible Tribune, before whom the world once trembled, who inspired the weak with confidence and the great with terror. The Emperor has made a present of him to the Pope! I have no words in which to qualify so infamous a transaction." Petrarch also addressed a stirring appeal to the Roman people (unsigned, indeed, but its authorship was sufficiently well known) on behalf of the man to whose genius and devotion they had owed their one brief glimpse, in that generation, of peace and prosperity. Afterwards, when judgment had gone against the heretic and usurper, as of course it was bound to do, the poet actually contrived to delay the execution of his sentence on the curiously frivolous plea of "Rienzo's services to literature;" and thus, as the event proved, he saved his life, and made way for his last brief and lurid apparition upon the Roman stage.

On the 6th of December, 1352, Clement VI. died suddenly, and the choice of the hastily assembled conclave fell upon a man who had very little in common with his luxurious and lettered predecessor. Étienne Aubert, who took the name of Innocent VI., was a born ascetic and a determined reformer. "He was a man of pure life and little learning," says Villani, and his views concerning the insolence of the secular lords and the shameful license of the clergy were much the same as Cola's own. One of his first acts as Pontiff was to order a new trial for the Tribune, reverse the sentence which had been passed upon him, and pronounce him free from all taint of fatal heresy. Later on, the new Pope conferred upon Rienzo the dignity of Roman senator, and in the ensuing year dispatched him to Italy, in the suite of his lately elected legate, the warlike Spanish Cardinal Albernoz, to try the effect upon his own more than ever intractable subjects in the states of the Church of whatever might remain of Cola's old prestige.

Two only of the documents collected in the Epistolario belong to this closing period of Rienzo's career. They are an appeal for aid to the commune of Florence, expressed with much of the old force and fire, and a singular communication, to which we may perhaps refer in another place, addressed to the most modest and yet plausible of all royal pretenders, that claimant of the crown of France who is known in history as Gianni di Guccio of Siena.

After serving during the summer in the army of Albernoz, and assisting at a second capitulation of Viterbo, Cola considered that the time was ripe for him to begin to act independently of his colleague, and once more, and for the last time, he turned his face toward the Mecca of his soul. It seemed at first as though the enthusiasm of the Romans for their Tribune and Liber-

[1] Francesco di Nello, prior of the SS. Apostoli.

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ator had revived in full force. They sent deputations as far as Orte to meet him on his way, and on the 1st of August, 1354, exactly seven years from the day of that pompous fête when all the world had been invited to witness Rienzo's earlier triumph, he entered Rome after a fashion which recalled to one, at least, of the spectators "the return of Scipio Africanus."

But it was not the same Cola who thus came back to the city of his pride and devotion. He was barely forty-one years old, but his frame was bloated and enfeebled by advanced heart disease, and his mind, partly, it may be, from the same cause, more than ever unbalanced and visionary; so that he who had once dared to compare his own work for the people whom he loved to that of the Saviour of mankind might well have remembered, as he passed the gates of Rome, the triumphal entry of our Lord into the city over which he had wept and where he was so soon to be slain. Cola had a populace to reduce to order among whom matters and manners had been going from bad to worse ever since the year of the jubilee. He had a war upon his hands with Stefanello Colonna, the only direct descendant of old Stefano's line, heir to the accumulated hatred of all his race, and their determined avenger. Last, but not least, he found an empty treasury; and the imposts which he proceeded to levy for carrying on the indispensable military operations were instantly and angrily resisted. Stefanello had thrown himself into the citadel of Palestrina, that fortress of his race, over whose dark and crumbling gateway the white marble pillar of the Colonnesi still glances, in hours of sunshine, across the whole breadth of the Campagna, like the flashing of a haughty eye. Cola led in person, as far as Tivoli, a sullen and unwilling army to the assault of this stronghold, but here his troops mutinied and demanded pay for their services of the previous year, under Albernoz, at the siege of Viterbo; and there lies against the Tribune the heavy imputation of having arrested on a false accusation, and treacherously slain, at this crisis, his ally, the *condottiere* Monreale, for the sake of appropriating the enormous booty which this man was known to have deposited with certain bankers in Perugia. If he did indeed sanction this crime, it availed him nothing. The siege of Palestrina had to be abandoned. Cola returned, discomfited, to the Capitol, and it only remains for us to gather from the painfully minute narrative of his contemporary biographer a few particulars concerning the last scene of all in this strange and eventful history.

"It was in October [1354], and the eighth day of the month. Cola was in bed in the morning, when he suddenly heard voices crying, 'Viva lo popolo! Viva lo popolo!' At the sound of these words men began to pour in from the neighboring streets, and as the crowd gathered the tumult increased. Armed bands also arrived from Sant' Angelo and the Column of Trajan" (that is, from the posts of the Orsini and Colonnesi), "as though they had planned to effect a junction; and then the cry changed, and what they said was, 'Death to the traitor, Cola di Rienzo! Death to the traitor who has laid the tax upon us!' But the Tribune made no answer to these cries. He neither caused the great bell to be rung, nor ordered his people to arms. Only at first he said, 'They say, long live the people, and I say so, too. 'T is to save the people that I am here.' But when he found that the cries grew more hostile, and especially when he perceived that he had been abandoned by all except three of those who dwelt within the Campidoglio, — judges, notaries, guards, all had fled to save their own skins, — a terrible doubt seized him. . . . He asked those three what was to be done; then, recovering

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his own courage, he cried, 'By my faith, this thing shall not be!' and he proceeded to put on all his knightly armor, greaves, cuirass, and plumed helmet. He then grasped the banner of the people, and, stepping out alone upon the balcony of the great upper hall, he stretched forth his hand as though he would speak. Doubtless, if they would but have listened to him, he might have changed their temper and defeated their purpose; but the Romans would not hear him. They were like swine. They flung stones, and battered the walls, and ran for brands to set fire to the doors. . . . Then Cola unfurled the standard, and pointed with both hands to the letters of gold and the arms of the citizens of Rome, as who should say, 'You will not let me speak! Yet I am a citizen, and I am of the people, like yourselves, and I love you, and if you will kill me, kill me as a Roman citizen!' But these gentle ways availed him nothing. The senseless populace only raged the more, shouting, 'Death to the traitor!' . . .

"Then the Tribune, in his despair, surrendered himself to chance. Standing in full view behind the railing, he first took off his helmet and then put it on again, which showed that he was wavering between two opinions. The first was the desire to die with honor, sword in hand and fully armed, in the face of all the people, like a magnificent and imperial personage, and this he signified when he put on his helmet; and the second was the longing to escape, and this he betrayed by taking off his helmet. These two desires contended in his mind, but the longing for life conquered; for he was a man like another, and he did not wish to die. And so, hesitating in his mind, he chose at last the most spiritless and shameful part of all. . . . Already the Roman mob, with oil and pitch and wood, had fired the outer door, and now the ceiling of the *loggia* and the second door began to kindle, and all the woodwork, bit by bit, and the cracking noise was horrible to hear. Then it seemed to the Tribune as if he might escape through the fire itself, . . . and he took off his grand seigniorial outer garments and flung aside his armor, and — alas that I should have to tell it! — he cut off his beard and blackened his face, and so disguised went down, . . . and passed the burning door and the stairs and the terror of the falling beams and the inner door in safety, and the fire had not touched him. Only at the last door one stopped him with the cry, 'Whither goest thou?' . . . He was discovered, and there was no help. They took him by the arm and forced him backward over all the stairways, yet without harming him, until they came to that place of the Lions where so many other men had heard their death-warrant. Where he had condemned others, there was he stayed, and there fell upon all a great silence, for at first no man dared to touch him. So stood he for well-nigh an hour, with shorn beard and blackened visage, in his green silk tunic girded at the waist, with his gold-embroidered gauntlets and purple hose, after the fashion of a lord; and he held his arms steadily folded, and merely glanced about him from time to time. Then Cecco del Vecchio seized a beam, and gave him a great blow in the abdomen, and another smote him over the head with a sword, and another and another, but he never moved. He was dead with the first blow, and felt no pain. . . .

"Such was the end of Cola di Rienzo, the great Tribune of Rome, who set himself as an example to the Roman people."

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

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PENELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

THE CITY.

I.

HERE we are in London again, — Francesca, Salemina, and I. Salemina is a philanthropist of the Boston philanthropists, limited. I am an artist. Francesca is — It is very difficult to label Francesca. She is, at her present stage of development, just a nice girl; that is about all. The sense of humanity has n't dawned upon her yet. She is even unaware that personal responsibility for the universe has come into vogue, and so she is happy.

Francesca is short of twenty years old, Salemina short of forty, I short of thirty. Francesca is in love, Salemina never has been in love, I never shall be in love. Francesca is rich, Salemina is well-to-do, I am poor. There we are in a nutshell.

We are not only in London again, but we are again in Smith's private hotel; one of those deliciously comfortable and ensnaring hostelries in Mayfair which one enters as a solvent human being, and which one leaves as a bankrupt, no matter what may be the number of ciphers on one's letter of credit; since the greater one's apparent supply of wealth, the greater the demand made upon it. I never stop long in London without determining to give up my art for a private hotel. There must be millions in it, but I fear I lack some of the essential qualifications for success. I never could have the heart, for example, to charge a struggling young genius eight shillings a week for two candles, and then eight shillings the next week for the same two candles, which the struggling young genius, by dint of vigorous economy, has managed to preserve to a decent height. No, I could never do it, not even if I were certain that she would squander the sixteen shillings in Bond Street fripperies instead of laying them up against the rainy day.

II.

It is Salemina who always unsnarls the weekly bill. Francesca spends an evening or two with it, first of all, because, since she is so young, we think it good mental training for her. Not that she ever accomplishes any results worth mentioning. She makes three columns, headed respectively F., S., and P. Then she places in each the items in which we are all equal, such as rooms, attendance, and lights. Then come the extras, which are different for each person: more ale for one, more hot baths for another; more carriages for one, more lemon squashes for another. (Francesca's column is principally filled with carriages and lemon squashes. You would think she hired the first merely for the purpose of drinking the second.) When she has reached the point of dividing the whole bill into three parts, so that each person may know what is her share, she adds the three together, expecting, not unnaturally, to get the total amount of the bill. Not at all. She never comes within thirty shillings of the desired amount, and she is often three or four guineas to the good or to the bad. One of her difficulties lies in her inability to remember that in English money it makes a difference where you place a figure, whether in the pound, shilling, or pence column. Having been educated on the theory that a six is a six the world over, she charged me with sixty shillings' worth of Apollinaris in one week. I pounced on the error, and found that

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she had jotted down each pint in the shilling instead of in the pence column.

After Francesca has broken ground on the bill in this way, Salemina, on the next leisure evening, draws a large arm-chair under the lamp and puts on her eyeglasses. We perch on either arm, and, after identifying our own extras, we leave her toiling like Cicero in his retirement at Tusculum. By midnight she has generally brought the account to a point where a half-hour's fresh attention in the early morning will finish it. Not that she makes it come out right to a penny. She has been treasurer of the Boston Band of Benevolence, of the Saturday Morning Slöjd Circle, of the Club for the Reception of Russian Refugees, and of the Society for the Brooding of Buddhism; but none of these organizations carries on its existence by means of pounds, shillings, and pence, or Salemina's resignation would have been requested long ago. However, we are not disposed to be captious; we are too glad to get rid of the bill. If our united thirds make four or five shillings in excess, we divide them equally; if it comes the other way about, we make it up in the same manner; always meeting the sneers of masculine critics with Dr. Holmes's remark that a faculty for numbers is a sort of detached-lever arrangement that can be put into a mighty poor watch.

III.

Salemina is so English! I can't think how she manages. She is, in fact, more than English; she is British. She discourses of methylated spirits as if she had never in her life heard it called "alcohol," and all the English equivalents for Americanisms are ready for use on the tip of her tongue. She says "conserv't'ry" and "observ't'ry;" she calls the chambermaid "Mairy," which is infinitely softer, to be sure, than the American "Mary," with its over-long *ā;* she ejaculates, "Quite so!" in all the pauses of conversation, and talks of smoke-rooms, and camisoles, and luggage-vans, and slip-bodies, and trams, and mangling, and goffering. She also eats jam for breakfast as if she had been reared on it, when every one knows that the average American has to contract the jam habit by patient and continuous practice.

As for me, I get on charmingly with the English nobility and sufficiently well with the gentry, but the upper servants strike terror to my soul. There is something awe-inspiring to me about an English butler, particularly one in imposing livery. When I call upon Lady DeWolfe, I say to myself impressively, as I go up the steps: "You are as good as a butler, as well born and well bred as a butler, even more intelligent than a butler. Now, simply because he has an unapproachable haughtiness of demeanor, which you can respectfully admire, but can never hope to imitate, do not cower beneath the polar light of his eye; assert yourself; be a woman; be an American citizen!" All in vain. The moment the door opens I ask for Lady DeWolfe in so timid a tone that I know Parker thinks me the parlor maid's sister who has rung the visitor's bell by mistake. If my lady is within, I follow Parker to the drawing-room, my knees shaking under me at the prospect of committing some solecism in his sight. Lady DeWolfe's husband has been noble only four months, and Parker of course knows it, and perhaps affects even greater *hauteur* to divert the attention of the vulgar commoner from the newness of the title.

Dawson, our butler at Smith's private hotel, wields the same blighting influence on our republican spirits, accustomed to the soft solicitations of the negro waiter or the comfortable indifference of the free-born American. We never indulge in ordinary frivolous conversation when Dawson is serving us at dinner. We "talk up" to him so far as we are able, and before we utter any remark we inquire mentally whether Dawson is likely

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to think it good form. But the other afternoon I had taken tea four times between five and seven o'clock, and went to the dinner table well stimulated and with something of my usual national nonchalance. Accordingly, I maintained throughout dinner a lofty height of aristocratic elegance that impressed even the impassive Dawson, towards whom it was solely directed. To the amazement and amusement of Salemina (who always takes my cheerful inanities at their face value), I gave an hypothetical account of my afternoon engagements, interlarding it so thickly with countesses and marchionesses and lords and honorables that though Dawson has passed soup to duchesses, and scarcely ever handed a plate to anything less than a baroness, he diluted the customary scorn of his glance, and made it two parts condescending approval as it rested on me, Penelope Hamilton, of the great American working class (unlimited).

IV.

Apropos of the servants, it seems to me that the British footman has relaxed a trifle since we were last here; or is it possible that he reaches the height of his immobility at the height of the London season, and as it declines does he decline and become flesh? At all events, I have twice seen a footman change his weight from one leg to the other, as he stood at a shop entrance with his lady's mantle over his arm; twice have I seen one scratch his chin, and several times have I observed others, during this month of August, conduct themselves in many respects like animate objects with vital organs. Lest this incendiary statement be challenged, leveled as it is at an institution whose stability and order are but feebly represented by the eternal march of the stars in their courses, I hasten to explain that in none of these cases cited was it a powdered footman who (to use a Delsartean expression) withdrew will from his body and devitalized it before the public eye. I have observed that the powdered personage has much greater control over his muscles than the ordinary footman with human hair, and is infinitely his superior in rigidity.

I tremble to think of what the powdered footman may become when he unbends in the bosom of his family. When, in the privacy of his own apartments, the powder is washed off, the canary-seed pads removed from his aristocratic calves, and his scarlet and buff magnificence exchanged for a simple *négligé*, I should think he might be guilty of almost any indiscretion or violence. I for one would never consent to be the wife and children of a powdered footman, and receive him in his moments of reaction.

V.

Is it to my credit, or to my eternal dishonor, that I once made a powdered footman smile, and that, too, when he was handing a buttered muffin to an earl's daughter?

It was while we were paying a visit at Marjorimallow Hall, Sir Owen and Lady Marjorimallow's place in Surrey. This was to be our first appearance in an English country house, and we made elaborate preparations. Only our freshest toilets were packed, and these were arranged in our trunks with the sole view of impressing the lady's maid who should unpack them. We each purchased dressing-cases and new toilet articles, Francesca's being of sterling silver, Salemina's of triple plate, and mine of celluloid, as befitted our several fortunes. Salemina read up on English politics; Francesca practiced a new way of dressing her hair; I tuned my guitar and made up a portfolio of sketches. We counted, therefore, on representing American letters, beauty, and arts to that portion of the great English public staying at Marjorimallow Hall. (I must interject a parenthesis here to the effect that matters did not move precisely as we expected; for at table, where most

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of our time was passed, Francesca had for a neighbor a scientist, who asked her plump whether the religion of the American Indian was or was not a pure theism; Salemina's partner objected to the word "politics" in the mouth of a woman; while my attendant squire adored a good bright-colored chromo, and called my guitar a banjo. But this is anticipating.)

Three days before our departure, I remarked at the breakfast table, Dawson being absent: "My dear girls, you are aware that we have ordered fried eggs, scrambled eggs, and poached eggs ever since we came to Dovermarle Street, simply because we cannot eat boiled eggs from the shell, English fashion, and cannot break them into a glass, American fashion, on account of the effect upon Dawson. Now there will certainly be boiled eggs at Marjorimallow Hall, and we cannot refuse them morning after morning; it will be cowardly (which is unpleasant), and it will be remarked (which is worse). Eating them from a glass, in a baronial hall, with the remains of a drawbridge in the grounds, is equally impossible; if we do that, Lady Marjorimallow will be having our luggage examined, to see if we carry war whoops and wigwams about with us. No, it is clearly necessary that we master the gentle art of eating eggs tidily and prettily from the shell. I have seen Englishwomen — very dull ones, too — do it without apparent effort; I have even seen an English infant do it, and that without soiling her apron, or 'messing her pinafore,' as Salemina would say. I propose, therefore, that we order soft-boiled eggs daily; that we send Dawson from the room directly breakfast is served; and that then and there we have a class for opening eggs, lowest grade, object method. Any person who cuts the shell badly, or permits the egg to leak over the rim, or allows yellow dabs on the plate, or upsets the cup, or stains her fingers, shall be fined 'tuppence' and locked into her bedroom for five minutes."

The first morning we were all in the bedroom together, and, there being no innocent person to collect fines, the wildest civil disorder prevailed.

On the second day Salemina and I improved slightly, but Francesca had passed a sleepless night, and her hand trembled (the love-letter mail had come in from America). We were obliged to tell her, as we collected "tuppence" twice on the same egg, that she must either remain at home, or take an oilcloth apron to Marjorimallow Hall.

But "ease is the lovely result of forgotten toil." On the third morning success crowned our efforts. Salemina smiled, and I told an anecdote, during the operation. Accordingly, when eggs were brought to the breakfast table at Marjorimallow Hall, we were only slightly nervous. Francesca was at the far end of the long table, and I do not know how she fared, but from various Anglicisms that Salemina dropped, as she chatted with the Queen's Counsel on her left, I could see that her nerve was steady and circulation free. We exchanged glances (there was the mistake!), and with a hollow laugh she struck her egg a nervous blow with a knife. Her egg-cup slipped and lurched; a top fraction of the egg flew in the direction of the Q. C., and the remaining portion oozed, in yellow confusion, rapidly into her plate. Alas for that past mistress of elegant dignity, Salemina! If I had been at her Majesty's table, I should have smiled, even if I had gone to the Tower the next moment; but as it was, I became hysterical. My neighbor, a portly member of Parliament, looked amazed, Salemina grew scarlet, the situation was charged with danger; and, rapidly viewing the various exits, I chose the humorous one, and told as picturesquely as possible the whole story of our school of egg-opening in Dovermarle Street, the highly arduous and

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encouraging rehearsals conducted there, and the stupendous failure incident to our first public appearance. Sir Owen led the good-natured laughter and applause; lords and ladies, Q. C.'s and M. P.'s, joined in with a will; poor Salemina raised her drooping head, opened and ate a second egg with the repose of a Vere de Vere — and the footman smiled!

VI.

I do not see why we hear that the Englishman is deficient in a sense of humor. His jokes may not be a matter of daily food to him, as they are to the American; he may not love whimsicality with the same passion, nor inhale the aroma of a witticism with as keen a relish; but he likes fun whenever he sees it, and he sees it as often as most people. It may be that we find the Englishman more receptive to our bits of feminine nonsense just now, simply because this is the day of the American woman in London, and, having been assured that she is an entertaining personage, young John Bull is willing to take it for granted so long as she does n't want to marry him, and even this pleasure he will allow her on occasion.

The longer I live, the more I feel it an absurdity to label nations with national traits, and then endeavor to make individuals conform to the required standard. It is possible, I suppose, to draw certain broad distinctions, though even these are subject to change; but the habit of generalizing from one particular, that mainstay of the cheap and obvious essayist, has rooted many fictions in the public mind. Nothing, for instance, can blot from my memory the profound, searching, and exhaustive analysis of a great nation which I learned in my small geography when I was a child, namely, "The French are a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines."

One young Englishman whom I have met lately errs on the side of over-appreciation. He laughs before, during, and after every remark I make, unless it be a simple request for food or drink. This is an acquaintance of Willie Beresford, the Honorable Arthur Ponsonby, who was the "whip" on our coach drive to Dorking, — dear, delightful, adorable Dorking, of hen celebrity.

Salemina insisted on my taking the box seat, in the hope that the Honorable Arthur would amuse me. She little knew him! He sapped me of all my ideas, and gave me none in exchange. Anything so unspeakably heavy I never encountered. It is very difficult for a woman who does n't know a nigh horse from an off one, nor the wheelers from the headers (or is it the fronters?), to find subjects of conversation with a gentleman who spends three fourths of his existence on a coach. It was the more difficult for me because I could not decide whether Willie Beresford was cross because I was devoting myself to the whip, or because Francesca had remained at home with a headache. This state of affairs continued for about fifteen miles, when it suddenly dawned upon the Honorable Arthur that, however mistaken my motive, I was trying to be agreeable. This conception acted on the honest and amiable soul like magic. I gradually became comprehensible, and finally he gave himself up to the theory that, though eccentric, I was harmless and amusing, so we got on famously, — so famously that Willie Beresford grew ridiculously gloomy, and I decided that it could n't be Francesca's headache.

"I don't understand your business signs in England," I said to the Honorable Arthur, "this 'Company, Limited,' and that 'Company, Limited.' That one, of course, is quite plain" (pointing to the front of a building on the village street), "'Goat's Milk Company, Limited;' I suppose they have but one or two goats, and necessarily the milk must be limited."

Salemina says that this was not in the least funny, that it was absolutely flat;

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but it had quite the opposite effect upon the Honorable Arthur. He had no command over himself or his horses for some minutes; and at intervals during the afternoon the full felicity of the idea would steal upon him, and the smile of reminiscence would flit across his ruddy face.

The next day, at the Eton and Harrow games at Lord's cricket ground, he presented three flowers of British aristocracy to our party, and asked me each time to tell the goat story, which he had previously told himself, and probably murdered in the telling. Not content with this arrant flattery, he begged to be allowed to recount some of my international episodes to a literary friend who writes for Punch. I demurred decidedly, but Salemina said that perhaps I ought to be willing to lower myself a trifle for the sake of elevating Punch! This home thrust so delighted the Honorable Arthur that it remained his favorite joke for days, and the poor overworked goat was permitted to enjoy that oblivion from which Salemina insists it should never have emerged.

VII.

The Honorable Arthur, Salemina, and I took a stroll in Hyde Park one Sunday afternoon, not for the purpose of joining the fashionable throng of "pretty people" at Stanhope Gate, but to mingle with the common herd in its special precincts, — precincts not set apart, indeed, by any legal formula, but by a natural law of classification which seems to be inherent in the universe. It was a curious and motley crowd, a little dull, perhaps, but orderly, well behaved, and self-respecting, with here and there part of the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, a ragged, sodden, hopeless wretch wending his way about with the rest, thankful for any diversion.

Under the trees, each in the centre of his group, large or small according to his magnetism and eloquence, stood the park "shouter," airing his special grievance, playing his special part, preaching his special creed, pleading his special cause, — anything, probably, for the sake of shouting. We were plainly dressed, and did not attract observation as we joined the outside circle of one of these groups after another. It was as interesting to watch the listeners as the speakers. I wished I might paint the sea of faces, eager, anxious, stolid, attentive, happy and unhappy: histories written on many of them; others blank, unmarked by any thought or aspiration. I stole a sidelong look at the Honorable Arthur. He is an Englishman first, and a man afterwards (I prefer it the other way), but he does not realize it; he thinks he is just like all other good fellows, but he is mistaken. He and Willie Beresford speak the same language, but they are as different as Malay and Esquimaux. He is an extreme type, but he is very likable and very well worth looking at, with his long coat, his silk hat, and the white Malmaison in his buttonhole. He is always so radiantly, fascinatingly clean, the Honorable Arthur, simple, frank, direct, sensible, and he bores me almost to tears.

The first orator was edifying his hearers with an explanation of the drama of The Corsican Brothers, and his eloquence, unlike that of the other speakers, was largely inspired by the hope of pennies. It was a novel idea, and his interpretation was rendered very amusing to us by the wholly original Yorkshire accent which he gave to the French personages and places in the play.

An Irishman in black clerical garb held the next group together. He was in some trouble, owing to a pig-headed and quarrelsome Scotchman in the front rank, who objected to each statement that fell from his lips, thus interfering seriously with the effect of his peroration. If the Irishman had been more convincing, I suppose the crowd would have silenced the scoffer, for they always manage these

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little matters of discipline for themselves; but the Scotchman's points were too well taken, so trenchant, in fact, at times that a voice would cry, "Coom up, Sandy, an 'ave it all yer own w'y, boy!" The discussion continued as long as we were within hearing distance, for the Irishman, though amiable and ignorant, was firm, the "unconquered Scot" was on his native heath of argument, and the little knot of listeners were willing to give them both a hearing.

Under the next tree a fluent cockney lad of sixteen or eighteen years was declaiming his bitter experiences with the Salvation Army. He had been sheltered in one of its beds which was not to his taste, and it had found employment for him which he had to walk twenty-two miles to get, and which was not to his liking when he did get it. A meeting of the Salvation Army at a little distance rendered his speech more interesting, as its points were repeated and denied as fast as made.

Of course there were religious groups, and temperance groups, and groups devoted to the tearing down or raising up of most things except the government; for on that day there were no Anarchist and Socialist shouters, as is ordinarily the case.

As we strolled down one of the broad roads under the shade of the noble trees, we saw the sun setting in a red-gold haze; a glory of vivid color made indescribably tender and opalescent by the kind of luminous mist that veils it; a wholly English sunset, and an altogether lovely one. And quite away from the other knots of people there leaned against a bit of wire fence a poor old man surrounded by half a dozen children and one tired woman with a nursing baby. He had a tattered book, which seemed to be the story of the Gospels, and his little flock sat on the greensward at his feet as he read. It may be that he, too, had been a shouter in his lustier manhood, and had held a larger audience together by the power of his belief; but now he was helpless to attract any but the children. Whether it was the pathos of his white hairs, his garb of shreds and patches, or the mild benignity of his eye that moved me I know not, but among all the Sunday shouters in Hyde Park it seemed to me that that quavering voice of the past spoke with the truest note.

VIII.

The English Park Lover, loving his love on a green bench in Kensington Gardens or Regent's Park, or indeed in any spot where there is a green bench, so long as it is within full view of the passer-by, — this English public Lover, male or female, is a most interesting study, for we have not his exact prototype in America. He is thoroughly respectable, I should think, my urban Colin. He does not have the air of a gay deceiver roving from flower to flower, stealing honey as he goes; he looks, on the contrary, as if it were his intention to lead Phœbe to the altar on his first half-holiday; there is a dead calm in his actions which bespeaks no other course. If Colin were a Don Juan, surely he would be a trifle more ardent, for there is no tropical fervor in his matter-of-fact caresses. He does not embrace Phœbe in the park, apparently, because he adores her to madness; because her smile is like fire in his veins, melting down all his defenses; because the intoxication of her nearness is irresistible; because, in fine, he cannot wait until he finds a more secluded spot: nay, verily, he embraces her because — tell me, ye amorous fruiterers, poulterers, soldiers, haberdashers (limited), what is your reason? for it does not appear to the casual eye. Stormy weather does not vex the calm of the Park Lover, for "the rains of Marly do not wet" when one is in love. By a clever manipulation of four arms and four hands they can manage an umbrella and enfold each other at the same time, though a feminine mackintosh is well known to be

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ill adapted to the purpose, and a continuous drizzle would dampen almost any other lover in the universe.

The park embrace, as nearly as I can analyze it, seems to be one part instinct, one part duty, one part custom, and one part reflex action. I have purposely omitted pleasure (which, in the analysis of the ordinary embrace, reduces all the other ingredients to an almost invisible fraction), because I fail to find it; but I am willing to believe that in some rudimentary form it does exist, because man attends to no purely unpleasant matter with such praiseworthy assiduity. Anything more fixedly stolid than the Park Lover when he passes his arm round his chosen one and takes her crimson hand in his, I have never seen; unless indeed it be the fixed stolidity of the chosen one herself. There is a kind of superb finish and completeness about their indifference to the public gaze which removes it from ordinary immodesty, and gives it a certain scientific value. I had not at first the assurance even to glance at them as I passed by, blushing myself to the roots of my hair, though the offenders themselves never changed color. Many a time have I walked out of my way or lowered my parasol, for fear of invading their Sunday Eden; but a spirit of inquiry awoke in me at last, and I began to make psychological investigations, with a view to finding out at what point embarrassment would appear in the Park Lover. I experimented (it was a most arduous and unpleasant task) with upwards of two hundred couples, and it is interesting to record that self-consciousness was not apparent in a single instance. It was not merely that they failed to resent my stopping in the path directly opposite them, or my glaring most offensively at their intertwined persons, nor that they even allowed me to sit upon their green bench and witness their chaste salutes, but that they did fail to perceive me at all! Does not this bovine simplicity, this claimance of absolute privacy in the midst of a curious crowd, approach sublimity?

IX.

Among all my English experiences, none occupies so important a place as my forced meeting with the Duke of Cimicifugas. (There can be no harm in my telling the incident, so long as I do not give the right names, which are very well known to fame.) The Duchess of Cimicifugas, who is charming, unaffected, and lovable, so report says, has among her chosen friends an untitled woman whom we will call Mrs. Apis Mellifica. I met her only daughter, Hilda, in America, and we became quite intimate. It seems that Mrs. Apis Mellifica, who has an income of £20,000 a year, often exchanges presents with the duchess, and at this time she had brought with her from the Continent some rare old tapestries with which to adorn a new morning-room at Cimicifugas House. These tapestries were to be hung during the absence of the duchess in Homburg, and were to greet her as a birthday surprise on her return. Hilda Mellifica, who is one of the most talented amateur artists in London, and who has exquisite taste in all matters of decoration, was to go down to the ducal residence to inspect the work, and she obtained permission from Lady Veratrum (the confidential companion of the duchess) to bring me with her. I started on this journey to the country with all possible delight, little surmising the agonies that lay in store for me in the mercifully hidden future.

The tapestries were perfect, and Lady Veratrum was most amiable and affable, though the blue blood of the Belladonnas courses in her veins, and her great-grandfather was the celebrated Earl of Rhus Tox, who rendered such notable service to his sovereign. We roamed through the splendid apartments, inspected the superb picture gallery, where scores of dead-and-gone Cimicifugases (most of them very plain) were glorified by the

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art of Van Dyck, Sir Joshua, or Gainsborough, and admired the priceless collections of marbles and cameos and bronzes. It was about four o'clock when we were conducted to a magnificent apartment for a brief rest, as we were to return to London at half past six. As Lady Veratrum left us, she remarked casually, "His Grace will join us at tea."

The door closed, and at the same moment I fell upon the brocaded satin state bed and tore off my hat and gloves like one distraught.

"Hilda," I gasped, "you brought me here, and you must rescue me, for I will never meet a duke alive!"

"Nonsense, Penelope, don't be absurd," she replied. "I have never happened to see him myself, and I am a trifle nervous, but it cannot be very terrible, I should think."

"Not to you, perhaps, but to me impossible," I said. "I thought he was in Homburg, or I would never have entered this place. Does one call him 'your Grace' or 'your Royal Highness'?"

X.

Just at this moment Lady Veratrum sent a haughty maid to ask us if we would meet her under the trees in the park which surrounds the house. I hailed this as a welcome reprieve to the dreaded function of tea with the Duke, and made up my mind, while descending the marble staircase, that I would slip away and lose myself accidentally in the grounds, appearing only in time for the London train. This happy mode of issue from my difficulties lent a springiness to my step, as we followed a waxwork footman over the velvet sward to a nook under a group of copper beeches. But there, to my horror, stood a charmingly appointed tea-table glittering with silver and Royal Worcester, with several liveried servants bringing cakes and muffins and berries to Lady Veratrum, who sat behind the steaming urn. I started to retreat, when there appeared, walking towards us, a simple man, with nothing in the least extraordinary about him.

"That cannot be the Duke of Cimicifugas," thought I, "a man in a corduroy jacket, without a sign of a suite; probably it is a Banished Duke come from the Forest of Arden for a buttered muffin."

But it was the Duke of Cimicifugas, and no other. Hilda was presented first, while I tried to fire my courage by thinking of the Puritan Fathers, and Plymouth Rock, and the Boston Tea-Party, and the battle of Bunker Hill. Then my turn came, and hastily forming myself upon Ada Rehan in The Taming of the Shrew, whose counterfeit presentment suddenly appeared to me as in a vision, I murmured some words which might have been anything. Then we talked, — at least the Duke and Lady Veratrum talked. Hilda said a few blameless words, such as befitted an untitled English virgin in the presence of the nobility; while I maintained the probationary silence required by Socrates of his first year's pupils. My idea was to observe this first duke without uttering a word, to talk with the second (if I should ever meet a second), to chat with the third, and to secure the fourth for Francesca to take home to America with her. Of course I know that dukes are very dear, but she could afford any reasonable sum, if she found one whom she fancied; the principal obstacle in the path is that tiresome American lawyer with whom she considers herself in love. I have never gone beyond that first experience, however, for dukes in England are as rare as snakes in Ireland. I can't think why they allow them to die out so, — the dukes, not the snakes. If a country is to have an aristocracy, let there be enough of it, say I, and make it imposing at the top, where it shows most.

XI.

Francesca wishes to get some old hall-marked silver for her home tea tray, and

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she is absorbed at present in answering advertisements of people who have second-hand pieces for sale, and who offer to bring them on approval. The other day, when Willie Beresford and I came in from Westminster Abbey, we thought Francesca must be giving a "small and early;" but it transpired that all the silver-sellers had called at the same hour, and it took the united strength of Dawson and Mr. Beresford, together with my diplomacy, to rescue the poor child from their clutches. She came out alive, but her safety was purchased at the cost of a George IV. cream jug, an Elizabethan sugar bowl, and a Boadicea tea caddy, which were, I doubt not, manufactured in Wardour Street towards the close of the nineteenth century.

Salemina came in just then, cold and tired. (Tower and National Gallery the same day. It 's so much more work to go to the Tower nowadays than it used to be!) It was drizzling, so we had a cosy fire, slipped into our tea-gowns, and ordered tea and thin bread and butter, a basket of strawberries with their frills on, and a jug of Devonshire cream. Willie Beresford asked if he might stay; otherwise, he said, he should have to sit at a cold marble table on the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly, and take his tea in bachelor solitude.

"Yes," I said severely, "we will allow you to stay; though, as you are coming to dinner, I should think you would have to go away some time, if only in order that you might get ready to come back. You 've been here since breakfast time."

"Quite so," he answered calmly, "and my only error in judgment was that I did n't take an earlier breakfast, in order to begin my day here sooner. One has to snatch a moment when he can, nowadays; for these rooms are so infested with British swells that a base-born American stands very little chance!"

Now I should like to know if Willie Beresford is in love with Francesca. What shall I do — that is, what shall we do — if he is, when she is in love with somebody else? To be sure, she may want one lover for foreign and another for domestic service. He is too old for her, but that is always the way. "When Alcides, having gone through all the fatigues of life, took a bride in Olympus, he ought to have selected Minerva, but he chose Hebe."

I wonder why so many people call him "Willie" Beresford, at his age. Perhaps it is because his mother sets the example; but from her lips it does not seem amiss. I suppose when she looks at him she recalls the past, and is ever seeing the little child in the strong man, mother fashion. It is very beautiful, that feeling; and when a girl surprises it in any mother's eyes it makes her heart beat faster, as in the presence of something sacred, which she can understand only because she is a woman, and experience is foreshadowed in intuition.

The Honorable Arthur had sent us a dozen London dailies and weeklies, and we fell into an idle discussion of their contents over the teacups. I had found an "exchange column" which was as interesting as it was novel, and I told Francesca it seemed to me that if we managed wisely we could rid ourselves of all our useless belongings, and gradually amass a collection of the English articles we most desired. "Here is an opportunity, for instance," I said, and I read aloud, —

"'*S. G., of Kensington, will post Woman three days old regularly for a box of cut flowers.*'"

"Rather young," said Mr. Beresford, "or I 'd answer that advertisement myself."

I wanted to tell him I did n't suppose that he could find anything too young for his taste, but I did n't dare.

"Salemina adores cats," I went on. "How is this, Sally, dear? —

"'*A handsome orange male Persian cat, also a tabby, immense coat, brushes*

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and frills, is offered in exchange for an electro-plated revolving covered dish or an Allen's Vapor Bath.'"

"I should like the cat, but alas! I have no covered dish," sighed Salemina.

"Buy one," suggested Mr. Beresford. "Even then you'd be getting a bargain. Do you understand that you receive the male orange cat for the dish, and the frilled tabby for the bath, or do you get both in exchange for either of these articles? Read on, Miss Hamilton."

"Very well, here is one for Francesca:

"'*A harmonium with seven stops is offered in exchange for a really good Plymouth cockerel hatched in May.*'"

"I should want to know when the harmonium was hatched," said Francesca prudently. "Now you cannot usurp the platform entirely, my dear Pen. Listen to an English marriage notice from the Times. It chances to be the longest one to-day, but there were others just as jointed in yesterday's issue.

"'On the 17th instant, at Emmanuel Church (Countess of Padelford's connection), Weston-super-Mare, by the Rev. Canon Vernon, B. D., Rector of St. Edmund the King and Martyr, Suffolk Street, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Otho Pelham, M. A., Vicar of All Saints, Upper Norwood, Dr. Philosophial Konrad Rasch, of Koetzsenbroda, Saxony, to Evelyn Whitaker Rake, widow of the late Richard Balaclava Rake, Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple and Bombay, and third surviving daughter of George Frederic Goldspink, C. B., of Craig House, Sydenham Hill, Commissioner of her Majesty's Customs, and formerly of the War Office.'"

By the time this was finished we were all quite exhausted, but we revived like magic when Salemina read us her contribution: —

"'A NAME ENSHRINED IN LITERATURE AND RENOWNED IN COMMERCE, — Miss Willard, Waddington, Middlesex. Deal with her whenever you possibly can. When you want to purchase, ask her for anything under the canopy of heaven, from jewels, *bijouterie*, and curios to rare books and high-class articles of utility. When you want to sell, consign only to her, from choice gems to mundane objects. All transactions embodying the germs of small profits are welcome. Don't readily forget this or her name and address, — Clara (Miss) Willard (the Lady Trader), Waddington, Middlesex. Immaculate promptitude and scrupulous liberality observed. Intellect appeals to intellect in this advertisement.'"

Just here Dawson entered, evidently to lay the dinner-cloth, but, seeing that we had a visitor, he took the tea-tray and retired discreetly.

"It is five and thirty minutes past six, Mr. Beresford," I said. "Should you think you could get to the Metropole and array yourself and return in less than an hour? Because, even if you can, remember that we ladies have elaborate toilets in prospect, — toilets intended for the complete prostration of the British gentry. Francesca has a yellow gown which will drive Bertie Godolphin to madness. Salemina has laid out a soft, dovelike gray and steel combination, directed towards the Church of England; for you may not know that Sally has a vicar in her train, Mr. Beresford, and he will probably speak to-night. As for me" —

Before these shocking personalities were finished Salemina and Francesca had fled to their rooms, and Mr. Beresford took up my broken sentence and said, "As for you, Miss Hamilton, whatever gown you wear, you are sure to make one man speak, if you care about it; but I suppose you would not listen to him unless he were English;" and with that shot he departed.

I really think I shall have to give up the Francesca hypothesis.

XII.

I shall never forget that evening in Dovermarle Street.

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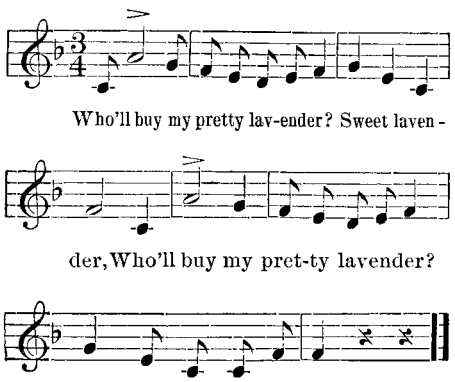
Our large sitting-room has three long French windows, whose outside balconies are filled with potted ferns and blossoming hydrangeas. At one of these open windows sat Salemina, little Bertie Godolphin, Mrs. Beresford, the Honorable Arthur, and Francesca; at another, as far off as possible, sat Willie Beresford and I. Mrs. Beresford had sanctioned a post-prandial cigar, for we were not going out until ten, to see, for the second time, an act of John Hare's Pair of Spectacles.

They were talking and laughing at the other end of the room; Mr. Beresford and I were rather quiet. (Why is it that the people with whom one loves to be silent are also the very ones with whom one loves to talk?)

The room was dim with the light of a single lamp; the rain had ceased; the roar of Piccadilly came to us softened by distance. A belated vender of lavender came along the sidewalk, and as he stopped under the windows the pungent fragrance of the flowers was wafted up to us with his song.



Presently a horse and cart drew up before a hotel, a little farther along, on the opposite side of the way. By the light of the street lamp under which it stopped we could see that it held a piano and two persons beside the driver. The man was masked, and wore a soft felt hat and a velvet coat. He seated himself at the piano and played a Chopin waltz with decided sentiment and brilliancy; then, touching the keys idly for a moment or two, he struck a few chords of prelude and turned towards the woman who sat beside him. She rose, and, laying one hand on the corner of the instrument, began to sing one of the season's favorites, — The Song that touched my Heart. She also was masked, and even her figure was hidden by a long dark cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head to meet the mask. She sang so beautifully, with such style and such feeling, it seemed incredible to hear her under circumstances like these. She followed the ballad with Händel's "Lascia ch' io pianga," which rang out into the quiet street with almost hopeless pathos. When she descended from the cart to undertake the more prosaic occupation of passing the hat beneath the windows, I could see that she limped slightly, and that the hand with which she pushed back the heavy dark hair under the hood was beautifully moulded. They were all mystery, that couple; not to be confounded for an instant with the common herd of London street musicians. With what an air of the drawing-room did he of the velvet coat help the singer into the cart, and with what elegant abandon and ultra-dilettanteism did he light a cigarette, reseat himself at the piano, and weave Scotch ballads into a charming impromptu! I confess I wrapped my shilling in a bit of paper and dropped it over the balcony with the wish that I knew the tragedy behind this little street drama.

XIII.

The singing had put us in a gentle mood, and after a long peroration from Mr. Beresford, which I do not care to repeat, I said very softly (blessing the Honorable Arthur's vociferous laughter at one of Salemina's American jokes), "But I thought perhaps it was Francesca. Are you quite sure?"

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He intimated that if there were any fact in his repertory of which he was particularly and absolutely sure it was this special fact.

"It is too sudden," I objected. "Plants that blossom on shipboard" —

"This plant was rooted in American earth, and you know it, Penelope. If it chanced to blossom on the ship, it was because it had already budded on the shore; it has borne transplanting to a foreign soil, and it grows in beauty and strength every day: so no slurs, please, concerning ocean-steamer hothouses."

"I cannot say yes, yet I dare not say no; it is too soon. I must go off into the country quite by myself and think it over."

"But," urged Mr. Beresford, "you cannot think over a matter of this kind by yourself. You'll continually be needing to refer to me for data, don't you know, on which to base your conclusions. How can you tell whether you're in love with me or not if — (No, I am not shouting at all; it's your guilty conscience; I'm whispering.) How can you tell whether you're in love with me, I repeat, unless you keep me under constant examination?"

"That seems sensible, though I dare say it is full of sophistry; but I have made up my mind to go into the country and paint while Salemina and Francesca are on the Continent. One cannot think in this whirl. A winter season in Washington followed by a summer season in London, — one wants a breath of fresh air before beginning another winter season somewhere else. Be a little patient, please. I long for the calm that steals over me when I am absorbed in my brushes and my oils."

"Work is all very well," said Mr. Beresford with determination, "but I know your habits. You have a little way of taking your brush, and with one savage sweep painting out a figure from your canvas. Now if I am on the canvas of your heart, — I say 'if' tentatively and modestly, as becomes me, — I've no intention of allowing you to paint me out; therefore I wish to remain in the foreground, where I can say 'Strike! but hear me,' if I discover any hostile tendencies in your eye. But I am thankful for small favors (the 'no' you do not quite dare to say, for instance), and I'll talk it over with you to-morrow, if the Englishmen will give me an opportunity, and if you'll deign to give me a moment alone in any other place than the Royal Academy."

"I was alone with you to-day for a whole hour at least."

"Yes, first at the London and Westminster Bank, second in Trafalgar Square, and third on the top of a 'bus, none of them congenial spots to a man in my humor. Penelope, you are not dull, but you don't seem to understand that I am" —

"What are you two people quarreling about?" cried Salemina. "Come, Penelope, get your wrap. Mrs. Beresford, is n't she charming in her new Liberty gown? If that New York wit had seen her, he could n't have said, 'If that is Liberty, give me Death!' Yes, Francesca, you must wear something over your shoulders. Whistle for two four-wheelers, Dawson, please."

That was my last London experience, for I went into exile a few days later, determined to find out whether I was a woman wholly in love with a man, or an artist wholly in love with her art.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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IN A WINTRY WILDERNESS.

NORTH of the Sandwich Mountains, inclosed by a circle of sombre peaks, there once lay a beautiful lake. Centuries ago its outflowing stream, now called Swift River, cut so deeply between the spurs of Chocorua and Bear mountains that the greater part of the lake drained away into the Saco at Conway, leaving its level bed a fair and rich-soiled intervale.

By the road upon which the lake went out man in time came in, and founded in the bosom of the spruce-grown mountains a small but comparatively prosperous settlement. Having seen this hidden valley in summer, and taken account of its rare beauty and its remoteness from the wearisome machinery of the world, I yearned to know its winter charms, feeling sure that they would surpass those of summer as the fairness of snow surpasses the fairness of grass. Accordingly, in the latter part of December, 1891, I went by rail with a friend to Chatauque Corner, and thence by sleigh up the weird pass between Chocorua on the south and Moat and Bear mountains on the north, gaining at nightfall a warm haven in one of the snug farmhouses in the middle of the intervale.

The township of Albany knows no priest or physician, squire or shopkeeper, and in its coat of arms, if it had one, the plough and rifle, axe and circular saw, would be quartered with bear and porcupine, owl and grouse. From the head of the intervale the people are forced to travel nearly thirty miles to reach and bring home their mail and groceries. In spite of these drawbacks, the permanent residents are intelligent, thrifty, well housed, and well informed of the world's doings. Though their only road to the outside is long and rough, they let no moss gather on it in summer, and no snowdrifts blockade it in winter.

Setting out for this far valley in midwinter, I felt something of the explorer's thrill as he turns towards the unknown, and leaves home and comforts behind. The distant and the difficult of attainment are always seen by the mind through a golden haze, and although no fair Lorna drew me to her rescue, and no lawless Doones barred my way through the grim passes which led to the valley, romance and the spice of danger seemed mingled with my enterprise. As the journey progressed, and one stage of it after another slipped past, unreal gave way to real, and commonplace supplanted marvelous. Even when night fell, as we entered the valley, the light which gleamed afar through the spruces told of hospitality as truly as the sleigh's ample furs spoke of comfort, and the keen wind of health.

We reached the valley on the evening of Saturday, December 19, and enjoyed every moment of our stay, which was prolonged until Saturday, the 26th. From my journal, written on the evening of each day, I take the following account of two of our tramps over the snow and through the dark and chilly forests.

Wednesday, December 23, dawned under a damp sky. Tripyramid kept on his nightcap, and patches of mist clung to the dark precipice of Passaconaway. The mountains looked higher and more threatening than on previous days, and they seemed closer to us than when the sun shone. A whisper of falling drops and settling snow ruffled the morning calm. Nevertheless, patches of blue sky showed in the west, and once or twice a silvery spot in the clouds suggested the sun's burning through. We went first to see our favorite flock of birds at the cattle trough in the pasture. They were there in full force, nearly if

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not quite a hundred strong. They allowed me to come within about twenty feet of them, and to watch them narrowly through my glass. Rather more than half were red crossbills. Of the remainder, two thirds were pinefinches, and one third goldfinches. No redpolls were to be seen. The coloring in the crossbills was amazingly diverse. There were very brilliant males with cinnabar tints wherever such color is ever found. From this maximum of intensity their coloring graded downward through partial red markings on the one hand, and through gradually fading red markings on the other. I saw one bird with red on his rump only. The fading from red to yellow yielded many gradations of red and yellow or orange down to pure gold. The brown birds were the more numerous, and they seemed to have various combinations of light and dark, with now and then suggestions of bright tints. In some individuals the mandibles crossed in one way, and in others the opposite way. In size the crossbills varied widely. Often, in glancing quickly at a group, I mistook the smaller, duller birds for pinefinches. A dozen times in as many minutes the flock whirled upwards and round and round, showering the air with their delicious medley music. Generally from three to six old birds remained in one of the two spruces near the fence by the trough, and a sharp call from them brought the flock down again like a fall of hail.

When we had walked a mile up the valley a shower struck us, and we waited a few moments under the shelter of an old house, from which the wall boards had been removed. We heard sweet bird notes, but could not locate the singers. When we turned to go, however, a flock of sixteen snow buntings rose from a field where they had been feeding in the yellow grasses, and vibrated away with merry calls until swallowed up in fog and rain.

The wasting of the snow under the hot sun of Monday and the cloudy sky but mild air of Tuesday had left many plants and dried flower stalks exposed to view. Plum-colored masses of berry bushes encroached upon the wide expanse of snow, as headlands reach out into a calm sea. Tiny forests of wiry grass reared their heads above the snow. In color they were what is called "sandy." Goldenrod and aster stems, holding aloft dry and brittle suggestions of long-lost flowers; the heads of brunella, looking like chess castles, and of the Indian pipe, upright and pineapple-shaped; and many delicate hairlike stems, from which all trace of leaf and flower had departed, broke the evenness of the snow fields, and were beautiful in an unassuming, unconscious, unintentional way. Indeed, many of them had never shone with beauty before. In summer, submerged in the wilderness of green things which crowd the unploughed intervale, they could not have been found by the eye of any one in chance passing. But in winter, the time of their nominal beauty gone, they lingered in their old age, and looked more beautiful in their bleached simplicity than those summer flowers which never gave them a chance to reveal what was in them.

At the end of the intervale, instead of plunging into the woods where our barred owl lived, we turned southward towards the foot of Passaconaway. The rough road led through the forest to a sawmill under the shoulder of the first ridge of the mountains. Downes Brook had been partially dammed to form a pond, upon which hundreds of logs lay awaiting their fate. At the foot of the dam stood the mill. Its lower story was an engine room. A steam engine of considerable power worked four saws, a planer, and an endless chain used to draw in logs from the ice. At the dam end, these logs were being drawn in upon the floor, measured and

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marked. Then they went to the first and largest saw, which cut off their slabs, reduced them to boards or planks, and sent them along to the second saw to have their ends squared. From the second saw they went to the third, where their sides were made equal, and thence through the planer, out at the lower end of the mill, down a chute to a platform where they were piled ready to be hauled away. The fourth saw was used to cut the slabs and edge-cuttings into the right lengths for fuel; for not only the engine demon in the under story fed on wood, but all the people in the intervale burned slabs. About twelve men were employed in the upper part of the mill, some Americans, some French Canadians, and some Irishmen. One young Frenchman was a picture of dirty beauty and health. His jet-black hair, reeking with oil, was plastered in a curve over his forehead. His mustache was curling, and his snapping eyes, dark skin, rosy cheeks, and powerful but rather gross body made a striking picture for a day laborer.

Leaving the mill, with its distracting noise, we ascended the main logging road towards Passaconaway. It follows Downes Brook southward, now clinging to one hillside, then crossing the ice-bound torrent by a rude but massive bridge of spruce logs to stay for a while on the opposite bank. On each side the timber had been cut and hauled away. The survival of the unfittest is the rule in the forest after the lumber thief has been through it. He leaves the crooked, the feeble, and the diseased trees, and packs around their roots the fertilizing branches and tops of the logs which he hauls away. On our way up we met several teams coming down the slippery, sloppy road. Two strong Canadian horses, low sleds, three great logs chained together and to the sleds, and an oily, tobacco-chewing French Canadian made up a team. We stopped and talked to one driver, who said that if the snow went off they would keep on with their hauling, using the runners on the bare ground. While he chatted with us he fed his nigh horse on pieces of chewing tobacco, which the horse took from his fingers or bit from the plug. We were told later that this is a common form of attention for the drivers to show their favorite horses. The horse swallowed the tobacco. About half a mile above the mill we came to the logging camp. There was a compact log stable, a log smithy manned by a sturdy Frenchman in moccasins who spoke very little English, and a living-house made of slabs covered with tarred paper well battened down. The house stood on a ribbon of ground between the road and the steep edge of the torrent. Entering through a low shed at the southern or upper end of the shanty, we found ourselves in the kitchen and dining-room. The room contained two cook-stoves, and three long, narrow board tables with benches facing them. The tables were set for thirty-five men, allowing about twenty inches of space for each man. We were welcomed by the cook, a New Englander, who boasted of having cooked in lumber camps for twenty years. He prided himself on his bread, and cut a loaf to show its quality. I never ate better bread anywhere. The dishes on the table were simple, — tin plates, tin cups, bottles of vinegar, pitchers of maple syrup, tins holding mountains of yellow butter, and plates piled high with "fried holes," as doughnuts are graphically termed. Baked beans are a staple dish, but I noticed a barrel of pork at the door, and lying on the woodpile a big bundle of codfish and a side of beef certified as good by Hon. Jere. Rusk.

The sleeping-room of the camp was not attractive. It was dark, hot, stuffy in odor, and overcrowded. Rude bunks, three tiers deep, lined the side walls. The men turn into these pens with their clothes on, often wet with rain or snow. Teamsters are roused at four A. M.; the

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rest of a "crew" somewhat later. In winter, four A. M. and midnight are equally gloomy, and if either is colder it is the morning hour. The cook said he could remember but one case of serious illness in his logging camps. The grip, he said, seldom kept a man from work more than one or two days. He expressed great fondness for birds, and spoke of the daily visits of crossbills, and in some years of moose birds. "They know their friends, as most dumb beasts do," he declared, and went on to tell of a terrible storm of snow and sleet which came one winter, threatening death to his pets. "I just opened my camp doors and called and whistled to my birds, and in they came, dozens of 'em, until every beam and perch in the camp was full of 'em."

We strolled up the road for a mile or more beyond the camp. At several points deposits of logs had been made at the sides of the road. Several hundred logs lay in each pile. Near by, hemlock bark was stacked in long rows, flanking the road. We crossed the torrent twice on spruce bridges, and each time gained a magnificent view of Passaconaway. It was framed in black clouds, rushing masses of vapor, and dark hillsides still laden with forests. In the foreground was the foaming stream, boulder-choked, bounding towards us. From this side Passaconaway shows no peak; it is simply a somewhat worn cube, to whose precipitous faces the forests cling and the snows freeze. Its coloring is dark in any light, but as we saw it through the gathering storm of that late December day a more forbidding mountain mass could hardly be imagined. It was so near us, yet so high above us; so black, so cold, so lonely, yet so full of nature's voices, the wailing of wind, the cruel rush of waters, the weird creaking of strained trees. The stream, with its greenish waters hurling themselves over the boulders, and fretting against the ice sheets projecting from the banks, seemed like a messenger rushing headlong from the mountain to warn us back from impending danger.

Resting for a while under the shelter of a giant hemlock, we called the birds. Two or three chickadees and two kinglets came to us, but they were subdued by the storm and shy about getting wet. Then we walked briskly homeward, the rain falling in earnest during the latter part of the way. A snowy fog rose from all parts of the valley, spreading most rapidly from the western end. The flat fields of snow vanished first; then the damp veil crept up the dark spruces and hid their tops; and finally mountain peak after mountain peak surrendered to the rising tide, and we were left alone in the dense fog, with only a narrow circle of steaming snow around us. As the day wore on, rain fell faster and harder, the wind rose, it grew colder, and the blackness of the winter night would have been terrible but for the peace and comfort within doors. On such a night, the deer in their "yards" must shiver with the chilling dampness; the grouse must find the snow too wet to sleep in; and foxes and rabbits, if they leave their dens and forms at all, must regret the hunger which drives them out. Where are the crossbills and siskins? I wish that I knew and could find them out, and take a friendly look at their ruffled feathers, their heads tucked under their wings, and perhaps dozens of their plump little bodies snuggled together in a dark, dry spruce.

Christmas Day was warm, cloudy at best, densely foggy at worst. Soon after breakfast we were swinging westward up the valley road, determined to find Sabba Day Falls, or perish in the attempt. As we passed the crossbill feeding-ground, no birds were in sight, but a moment later, high in the air, we heard bird voices. Looking skyward, we saw a flock of from one to two hundred birds whirling round and round, like ashes drawn upwards over a fire. They were

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at a very great height, and were gradually rising. As they increased their distance they disappeared and reappeared several times; then they vanished wholly, swallowed up in the high air. I think they were our crossbills, goldfinches, and siskins, and that they were soaring in search of fair weather, perhaps intending to migrate to some other favorite haunt. Christmas Day is not a time when one expects much color in a White Mountain landscape, but the warm air, the moisture, and the contrasts against snow below and fog above combined to produce and to make evident a great deal of exquisite tinting in the shrubs of the fields and the forests of the mountain spurs. As we strode up the line of yellow mud which made the road, our path was bordered by shallow snow, from which sprung an abundant growth of hardhack and spiræa. Taken in masses, their stems made a rich maroon, somewhat dull near by, but warm and deep when seen across an acre of snow. A foot or two higher than these small shrubs were viburnums and small cherry and maple trees growing along the skirts of the forest. Their general tone was also dull red, though somewhat brighter than the spiræa. The next band of color was ashy mottled with dark green, and made probably by young birches, poplars, beeches, and hemlocks. Then came a belt of fog mingled with snowy smoke from the sawmill, and above that a broad band of ashes-of-rose color, formed by the upper branches and twigs of the common deciduous trees. Above all were the spruces, always dark except when the piercing eye of the sun reveals the wonderful golden olive which they keep for him alone.

The smoke of the sawmill showed that the timber-eater finds no time for remembering the birthday of Jesus. Teams were moving as usual, carrying the green lumber down to the railway. The men employed to demolish our forests are poorly paid. A dollar a day and board is what the French Canadian receives here. Board is called fifty cents a day, and the married workman with a houseful of children lives on that sum. We passed the home of a French Canadian known in the valley as Bumblebee. The house is twelve feet long by ten feet deep. The ridgepole is twelve feet from the ground. The chimney is a piece of stovepipe. The walls are made of boards, battened, and the roof is unshingled. Bumblebee has five children, the eldest being eight. His wife's mind is affected. The standing timber, the mill, the lumber railway, and many of the dwellings and small farms belong to non-residents, whose only object is to shear the mountains, squeeze the laborers, and keep Congress from putting lumber on the free list.

Not far beyond Bumblebee's one-room house we entered the primeval forest. We were following the trail through the snow made by us on Sunday. When a quarter of a mile in, we were surprised to find a bear track crossing our path at right angles. The huge brute had passed that way on Tuesday or Wednesday, judging by the condition of the snow. On reaching the spot where we had aroused a barred owl on Sunday, we hid under some small hemlocks, thereby getting a thorough sprinkling, and I hooted. After my third attempt, I saw a great bird fly through the woods to a point only a hundred yards distant. In a moment or two I hooted again, and then made the fine squeaking noise which a mouse makes. The owl came nearer, and at once began hooting. During nearly ten minutes, in which we kept up a lively exchange of hoots, he varied his notes in several ways, sometimes keeping on, without pausing, from one series of hoots to another. I never heard a more talkative owl. At last he flew into a tree so near us that I could see him clearly through my glass. As he hooted, his throat swelled and pulsated. He searched the trees and the ground

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with his keen dark eyes. When at last he saw me, I seemed to feel the force of his glare. Then he turned his head to the left and flew away with long, soft sweeps of his wings. At a distance he resumed his hooting, which we could hear for some time, as we strolled on up Sabba Day Brook. What we had supposed to be the river, on Sunday, proved to be Sabba Day Brook itself. The water was high, most of the ice had gone, and all the small brooks poured in liberal streams. In one pool I observed a small trout. At last we heard the thunder of the falls, and looked forward eagerly to see them. The stream seemed to issue from the solid rock, for directly across the channel rose a cliff of dark granite, crowned with black spruces and one or two pines whose lofty tops were pale in the fog. As we drew near, the majestic beauty of the place became apparent. At the foot of the black cliff was a deep pool full of strange colors, — greens, olives, and white. The waters in it were restless, rising and settling back, but forever washing the sides of their basin. Four gigantic icicles hung from the top of the cliff, extending to the bottom. One of them, at its lower end, touched a flat shelf of rock, and so became a graceful column supporting the overhanging mosses from which it started. Another adhered to the rock all the way, and was a crystalline pilaster. The other two were free throughout the whole of their thirty feet of length, and tapered to needle points threatening the pool below. The colors in the pool were in fact borrowed from the mosses and ferns which grew in masses at the sides and upon the top of the cliff. Living in perpetual dampness, these exquisite plants flourish and become perfect examples of their kind. The trailing fern fronds were as green and as clean in outline as in summer. They sprang from beds of mosses wonderful in tints. Some were golden olive, others pale green, and still others blood red. Pressed against the upper edge of the black cliff, they were like a garland of bright flowers on the forehead of some sullen warrior.

The water did not pour into this pool from the cliff, but came to it through a narrow flume or gap in the solid rock, which had been concealed from us as we ascended the stream by the high wooded bank opposite the cliff. On reaching the edge of the pool, in the chill shadow of the black rock, we looked up the flume between narrow walls of dark gray granite, and saw, thirty feet or more beyond, another pool, into which was pouring from the left a great sheet of water. This fall, coming from a point fifty or sixty feet above us, and on the extreme left of the flume, had its side towards us; yet, after its green waters struck the upper pool and struggled there awhile, they came through the flume as their only outlet. Clambering up the right hand or north bank, we gained a point where we could see all the details of this strange cataract.

Sabba Day Brook above the falls flows nearly due east. It strikes a rocky hillside, and is deflected to the left by a sharp curve, so that it runs due north. In this direction it has worn a sloping passage to the edge of the falls. Dropping fifty feet into a great pot-hole, it turns abruptly to the east and flows out through the flume into the green pool, past the black ledge, and then, turning slightly towards the north, hurries on from basin to rapid on its way to the intervale. Standing on a shelf of snow-covered rock overhanging the angle in the fall, we first looked up at the water leaving its level above and hurrying towards its leap, and then down at the boiling pool below and the dashing water in the flume. These falls must be beautiful in summer, with sunlight playing in the leaves, blue sky lending color to the water, and rainbow tints gleaming in the uprising spray. They were also beautiful to-day, — Christmas Day, — when the

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loneliness of winter was brooding over the mountains, when ice and snow mingled in the surroundings of the falls, and when the gay coloring of the summer forest was replaced by the sombre tones of leafless trees. In summer some trace of man might have jarred upon the perfect solitude of the spot, and made it seem less pure. As it was, standing in the untrodden snow, surrounded by the fog, the wild stream, the ice-sheathed rocks, I felt as one might if suffered to land for a while upon some far planet, strange to man, and consecrated to eternal cold and solitude.

We turned away reluctantly, and entered the old forest which stands between Sabba Day Brook and Swift River, a quarter of a mile to the north. The rumble of the falls grew fainter and fainter, then ceased. Blue jays flew through the treetops; a great hawk floated by above the trees; kinglets and a brown creeper lisped to us; chickadees, nuthatches, downy woodpeckers, and a great flock of singing siskins came in answer to our whistles; and red squirrels scolded us from their tree-strongholds. When we reached Swift River, we found it broad, still, and without a log or stones to cross upon. Having on water-tight hip-boots, I waded the stream, bearing my companion upon my shoulders. Entering a swamp on the further shore, we observed fresh hedgehog tracks. In one place the fat beast had lain down in the snow, and some of his soft quills had frozen to his bed and pulled out when he trundled his body along again. At every labored step he left the print of his body in the snow, making a track as conspicuous as a man's. In a tangle of yew branches he had paused and nibbled bark from several stems. After following his trail a hundred yards or more, we lost it in a spruce thicket where the snow had melted.

At the extreme western end of Swift River intervale stands a hill, seven or eight hundred feet high, having long sloping lines and a pointed top. It is called Sugarloaf. Its sides are covered with as fine a growth of ancient trees as it is often one's fortune to find in New England. As this growth includes few spruces, hemlocks, or pines, it has escaped the timber fiends. There are among its trees giant yellow birches, saffron-colored in the mist; beeches a century old, with trunks moulded into shapes suggestive of human limbs strong in muscles; rock maples eighty or ninety feet high; and hemlocks with coarse bark unbroken by limbs until, a hundred feet from the hillside, a mat of their interwoven branches finds the sunlight. The cultivated fields and pasture lands of the intervale are singularly free from rocks. Here and there a great boulder can be found, but it is conspicuous in its loneliness. On this hillside, however, boulders of all shapes and sizes are strewn. Most of them are about the size of a load of hay. They are covered with showy lichens and the greenest of green mosses. Selecting one at the very summit of the hill, we searched under its overhanging sides for dry leaves and twigs. Then we broke an old stump into pieces, and tore the curling bark from a prostrate birch. All this material was more or less damp, but by patience we secured a little bed of coals which soon dried the rest of our fuel, so that before long a bright blaze and a warm glow gladdened our eyes and comforted our chilled bodies. Then came our cheery Christmas dinner in the primeval forest, upon a snow-covered hillside, under the projecting face of a great rock, beneath which we sat, with a ruddy fire crackling in front of us. Never Christmas dinner went straighter to the right spot.

While we were resting and enjoying our fire, a flock of sweet-voiced pine grosbeaks came to neighboring treetops, a white-bellied nuthatch hung head downwards from a beech trunk, and two downy woodpeckers called uneasily to each other. At last we extinguished our fire, and de-

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scended the hill. Five grouse flew noisily from the hillside. Through the trees we could see the white ice on Church's Pond, and towards it we made our way. The pond is the last remnant of the great lake which in distant ages filled the whole of this intervale. Even now an area twenty times as large as the lake adjoins its water, and is almost level with it; being covered with sphagnum, laurel, pitcher-plant, and other bog growth, and offering very uncertain footing. Reaching the pond, we circled around it on the ice, cautiously keeping close to the shore, although a yoke of oxen could probably have blundered across without danger. While we were on the lake the sunset hour passed, and a dense fog crept down upon the serrated spruce forest which borders the water. Three pine grosbeaks flew into the advancing mists, talking in gentle music to one another. One was left on a dead tree in the bog, and uttered a plaintive cry again and again. Leaving the ice, we struck across the frozen bog, now and then breaking through the soft places, but generally finding ice or roots to sustain our weary feet. As we progressed, we gathered an armful of club-mosses and a bunch of checkerberry plants bearing their gay fruit. The fog closed in around us, and the air became chilly. Not a mountain could we see. It was a relief to strike firm soil, though it was only a few inches higher than the bog. Presently we came to the river, and for a second time I shouldered my friend and took him over dry-shod. After doing the same, a few moments later, at Sabba Day Brook, we gained the end of the intervale road, near Bumblebee's hut. It was now growing dark, yet a mile of yellow mud still lay before us. Colors had faded; the graceful outlines of the forest were dimmed; nothing but the martial spruces remained with us, drawn up in stiff lines beside the road.

When we reached home, the Christmas greens and checkerberries were made by our inexperienced fingers into a cross, a wreath, and a long strip for festooning. These we presented to the three-year-old Lily of the intervale, whose ideas of Christmas had been obscured by the fact that no one had given her any presents. These offerings made matters better with her, and I fancied that she pommeled her four kittens less mercilessly than usual, as she gazed at the Christmas greens, and said many times to her grandmother, "Man dave dose to Diddy, he did."

Frank Bolles.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.

THE sudden death of Professor Freeman, last March, was a great calamity to the world of letters. Although his achievements in the field of historical writing had been so varied and voluminous, yet some of his most important themes — some of those which had been slowly ripening and most richly developed in his mind — were still awaiting literary treatment at his hands, and at the time of his death he had just finished the third volume of a colossal work which was still in its earlier stages. His end was premature, and it is with a keen sense of bereavement that we take this occasion to pay a brief word of tribute to so dear and honored a teacher.

Edward Augustus Freeman, son of John Freeman of Redmore Hall, in Worcestershire, was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, August 2, 1823. His life was always purely that of a scholar and teacher, and a chronicle of its events would consist chiefly of the record of

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books published and offices held at the university of Oxford. He was graduated at Trinity College in 1845, and remained there as a Fellow until 1847. In 1857, 1863, and 1873 he served as Examiner in Modern History. In 1880 he was chosen honorary Fellow of Trinity, and in 1884 Fellow of Oriel. In the latter year he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History, succeeding Bishop Stubbs in that position. It is not necessary to enumerate the honorary degrees which he received from Oxford and Cambridge, and from universities in various European countries. At the time of his death he was a member of learned societies in nearly all parts of the world. For many years he had been a Knight Commander of the Greek Order of the Saviour. He had also received honors of knighthood from Servia and Montenegro. In 1868 he was a candidate for Parliament, but failed of election, and that seems to have been his sole venture in the world of politics. His travels upon the continent of Europe were many and extensive. When at home he lived in rural seclusion, — "far from the madding crowd," — upon his estate at Somerleaze, near Wells and its noble cathedral; only in these latter years he made a home for himself, during the Oxford terms, at St. Giles in that city.

From the very beginning Mr. Freeman's historical studies were characterized on the one hand by philosophical breadth of view, and on the other hand by extreme accuracy of statement, and such loving minuteness of detail as is apt to mark the local antiquary whose life has been spent in studying only one thing. It was to the combination of these two characteristics that the preëminent greatness of his historical work was due. We see the combination already prefigured, and to some extent realized, in his first book, A History of Architecture, published in 1849, although this can hardly be called such a work of original research as the books of his maturer years. Two years afterward appeared the learned Essay on the Origin and Development of Window Tracery in England, a work which I do not feel able to criticise, but which I am sure is very charming to read. I believe that this book was followed by at least three others in the same department, Architectural Antiquities of Gower, The Antiquities of St. David's, and The Architecture of Llandaff Cathedral, but I have never seen them. In the preface to the essay on window tracery Mr. Freeman alludes to Rev. G. W. Cox as his "friend and coadjutor in many undertakings," and I have heard of a volume of poems "by G. W. C. and E. A. F." published in those days, but I know no more about it. It is to be hoped that these early works, which have become very scarce, will now be collected and reprinted.

When, after these publications on architecture, Mr. Freeman began publishing books and articles on ancient Greece and on the Saracens, I presume there were many of his readers who thoughtlessly assumed that he had changed his vocation; he must more than once have had to answer the stupid question why he had gone over from architecture to history. But in his broad philosophical view the evolution of architecture was never separated from the course of political history; and the effect of these early studies in architecture, which were indeed never abandoned, but kept up with enthusiasm in later years, was to give increased definiteness and concreteness to his presentation of historical events. When I use such a word as "evolution" in this connection, I do not mean that Mr. Freeman was in any sense a "disciple" of the modern evolution philosophy. There is nothing to show that he ever gave any time or attention to the study of that subject, or that he had any technical knowledge even of its terminology. Whether consciously or unconsciously, however, he

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was an evolutionist in spirit. From the outset he was deeply impressed with the solidarity of human history, and no student of political development in our time has made more effective use of the comparative method.

From 1850 to 1863 Mr. Freeman's published writings were chiefly concerned with Mediterranean history viewed on the broadest scale in relation to all those movements of progressive humanity which have had that great inland sea for a common centre. Here came those brilliant essays on Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy, Homer and the Homeric Age, The Athenian Democracy, Alexander the Great, Greece during the Macedonian Period, Mommsen's History of Rome, The Flavian Cæsars, and others since collected in the second series of his Historical Essays. To this period also belongs the little book on the History of the Saracens, based upon lectures given at the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh.

From these Mediterranean studies may be said to have grown two of Mr. Freeman's three great works, — both of them, unfortunately, left incomplete at his death, — the History of Federal Government and the History of Sicily. Mr. Freeman was remarkably free from the common habit — common even among eminent historians — of concentrating his attention upon some exceptionally brilliant period or so-called "classical age," to the exclusion of other ages that went before and came after. Such a habit is fatal to all correct understanding of history, even that of the ages upon which attention is thus unwisely concentrated. Mr. Freeman understood that in some respects, if not in others, the history of Greece is just as important after the battle of Chæronea as before; and he became especially interested in the history of the Achaian League and other Greek attempts at federation. Thence grew the idea of studying the development of federal union as the highest form of nation-building, beginning with its germs in the leagues among Greek autonomous cities. The enterprise was arduous, involving as it did the determination of obscure points in the history of many ages and countries, more particularly Greece, Switzerland, and America. The first volume, containing the general introduction and the history of the Greek federations, was published in 1863, a stalwart octavo of 721 pages. It bore upon the title-page a motto from The Federalist, No. XVIII., — "Could the interior structure and regular operation of the Achaian League be ascertained, it is probable that more light might be thrown by it on the science of federal government than by any of the like experiments with which we are acquainted." This book is of priceless value, and if Mr. Freeman had never published anything more, it would have entitled him to a place in the foremost rank of historians. It deals thoroughly with a very important portion of the world's history to which no one before had even begun to do justice. Its admirable philosophical spirit is matched by its keen critical insight and its minute and exhaustive control of all sources of information. Its narrative, moreover, is full of human interest. Yet it never became a popular book. It was hard to make people believe that the Achaian League could be interesting, and in order to realize the philosophical value of the whole story most readers would need to have the later portions of it set before their eyes.

But this noble work, in some respects the grandest of the author's conceptions, was never completed. The first volume was all that ever was published. For this fact I have sometimes heard Americans offer a grotesque explanation. The volume published in 1863, in the middle of our civil war, bore the title History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achaian League to

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the Disruption of the United States. This title gave offense in America. It was too hastily taken to indicate that the author wished well to the Southern Confederacy, and regarded its independence as an accomplished fact. There can be no doubt that the title was ill chosen; but to suppose, as some people did, that chagrin at the success of the Union arms prevented Mr. Freeman from going on with his book was simply ridiculous. It was not anything that happened in America, but something that happened in Europe, which caused him to defer the completion of his second volume. That volume was to deal with federal government as exemplified in Switzerland and otherwise in Germany; and the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria marked the beginning of organic changes in Germany which Mr. Freeman was anxious to watch for a while before finishing his book.

He therefore turned aside and took up the third of his three great works, — the only one that he lived to complete, — the History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results. Upon this subject he had thought and studied for nearly twenty years, or ever since the time when he was publishing works on architecture. As one turns the leaves of these stout volumes, each of seven or eight hundred pages, crowded with minute and accurate erudition, one marvels that the author could carry along so many researches and of such exhaustive character at the same time. Alike in Greek, in German, and in English history, along with abundant generalizations, often highly original and suggestive, we find investigations of obscure points in which every item of evidence is weighed as in an apothecary's scale, and in all these directions Mr. Freeman was working at once. When it came to publishing, volume followed volume with surprising quickness. Turning aside in 1866 from the second volume of the Federal Government when a large part of it was already written, Mr. Freeman brought out the first volume of the Norman Conquest in 1867, the second in 1868, the third in 1869, the fourth in 1871, the fifth more leisurely in 1876. The proportions of this work are eminently characteristic of the author's historical perspective. In order to understand the Norman Conquest, a survey of all previous English history, and especially of the struggle between Englishmen and Danes, is essential; and the first volume carries us in one great sweep from the landing of Hengist to the accession of Edward the Confessor, while the early history of Normandy also receives due attention. We now enter the region of proximate causes, which require more detailed specification, and the second volume takes us through the four-and-twenty years of Edward's reign. His death hurries the situation to its dramatic climax, and the whole of the third volume is devoted to the events of the single year 1066. The completion of the Conquest down to the death of the Conqueror is treated with less detail, and the twenty-one years are comprised within a volume. Finally, in summing up the results of the great event, the last volume covers two centuries, and leaves us in the reign of Edward I., the king who did so much to make modern English history the glorious tale that it has been. In finishing his work upon these proportions, Mr. Freeman encountered many points in the reign of William Rufus that needed fuller treatment, and so in 1882 he published in two volumes the history of that reign as a sequel to the Norman Conquest. Taken as a whole, the seven volumes give us such a masterly philosophic analysis and such a picturesque and vivid narrative of the history of England in the eleventh century that it must be pronounced the monumental work upon which Mr. Freeman's reputation will chiefly rest.

While these volumes were in course of publication, there was scarcely a year

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when its busy author, from his vast wealth of knowledge, did not bring out some other book. Sometimes it was what men count a slight affair, such as a textbook, albeit the textbook is perhaps the hardest kind of book to write well; sometimes it was a brief monograph or course of lectures; sometimes a collection of earlier writings. There was an Old English History for Children (1869), a Short History of the Norman Conquest (1880), and a General Sketch of European History (1873). The Growth of the English Constitution was suggestively treated in a small volume (1872). There was a History of the Cathedral Church at Wells (1870), and there was a collection of Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly from Italy (1876), followed by Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice (1881). In these two last-named volumes, illustrated chiefly from the author's own drawings, one sees that his interest in Diocletian and Theodoric was scarcely less keen than in Alfred of Wessex or William the Norman. No other modern traveler has done such justice to Istria and Dalmatia. "I am not joking," he writes, "when I say that the best guide to those parts is still the account written by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus more than nine hundred years back. But it is surely high time that there should be another." Mr. Freeman's accurate knowledge of southeastern Europe and its peoples, coupled with his wide and comprehensive study of the contact between Christians and Mussulmans in all ages, led him to take very sound and wholesome views of the unspeakable Turk and the everlasting Eastern Question; and in 1877, when public attention was so strongly directed toward the Balkans, he published a lucid and graphic little volume on The Ottoman Power in Europe. This book was a companion to the History of the Saracens, above mentioned, and the two together make as good an introduction to Mussulman history in its relations to Europe as the general reader is likely to find.

Among the host of side works which were issued during these years, two call for especial mention. In the lectures on Comparative Politics, given at the Royal Institution in 1873, Mr. Freeman analyzed and described the different forms assumed by Aryan institutions among Greeks, Romans, and Teutons. This book is his most distinct attempt to make his central theme the career of an institution, such as kingship or representative assemblies, rather than the career of a state or a people. In the History of Federal Government, the two kinds of treatment, analytical and synthetical, were combined in a way that would, I think, have made that his grandest work, had it been completed. In the lectures we get an able analysis and comparison, full of fruitful suggestions, and in our author's happiest style. There is not the originality of scholarship here that we find in Sir Henry Maine, nor do we find the breadth of view that can be gained only when the barbaric non-Aryan world is taken into account. Such breadth was not to be expected twenty years ago, and before the path-breaking work of the American scholar Lewis Morgan. Mr. Freeman's outlook was confined to the Aryan domain; but he did not attempt more than he knew. His task was conceived with so clear a consciousness of his limitations, and every point was so richly illustrated, that the Comparative Politics remains one of his most useful and charming books.

The other work calling for especial mention is The Historical Geography of Europe, published in 1880. Its object was "to trace out the extent of territory which the different states and nations of Europe have held at different times in the world's history; to mark the different boundaries which the same country has had, and the different meanings in

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which the same name has been used." Such work is of great and fundamental importance, because men are perpetually making grotesque mistakes through ignorance or forgetfulness of the changes which have occurred upon the map; as, for example, when somebody speaks of Lyons in the twelfth century as a French city, or supposes that Charles the Bold invaded Swiss territory. Historical writings fairly swarm with blunders based upon unconscious errors of this sort, and nowhere did Mr. Freeman do better service than in pointing them out on every possible occasion. No writer has so effectively warned the historical student against that besetting sin of "bondage to the modern map." His exposition of historical geography is a book of purest gold, and no serious student of history can safely neglect it.

In 1881 Mr. Freeman visited the United States, and gave lectures on The English People in its Three Homes and The Practical Bearings of European History, which were afterward published in a volume. After returning home he published Some Impressions of the United States (1883), a very entertaining book because of the author's ingrained habit of comparing and discriminating social phenomena upon so wide a scale. Gauls and Illyrians, Wessex and Achaia, come in to point each a moral, and show how to this great historian the whole European past was almost as much a present and living reality as the incidents occurring before his eyes.

In the same year, 1883, Mr. Freeman published his English Towns and Districts, a series of addresses and sketches in which he had from time to time embodied the results of his antiquarian and architectural studies in many parts of England and Wales. It is a book of rare fascination as illustrating how largely national history is made up of local history, and how it is impossible to understand the former correctly without paying much attention to the latter. In further illustration of the same point, Mr. Freeman projected the well-known series of monographs on Historic Towns, to which he himself contributed the opening volume, on Exeter (1886).

Having been called to the Regius Professorship at Oxford in 1884, Mr. Freeman's next publications were university lectures on Methods of Historical Study, The Chief Periods of European History, Fifty Years of European History, Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain, Greater Greece and Greater Britain, and George Washington the Expander of England (1886–88). Meanwhile, the colossal work on Sicily was rapidly assuming its final shape. This topic obviously touched upon Mr. Freeman's other two chief topics at two points. Ancient Sicily was part of that Greek world which he had so thoroughly studied in connection with the beginnings of Federal Government. Mediæval Sicily was one of the most important of the Norman's fields of activity. But the thought of writing the history of that fateful island did not come to Mr. Freeman as an afterthought suggested by his other two great works. On the contrary, the conception of the historic position of Sicily was among the first that stimulated his philosophic mind to undertake comprehensive studies. The contact between the Aryan and Semitic civilizations along the coasts of the Mediterranean is surely the most interesting topic in the history of mankind, as the reader will at once admit when he reflects that it involves the origin and rise of Christianity. But, restricting ourselves to the political aspects of the subject, how full of dramatic grandeur it is! How stirring were the scenes of which Sicily has been the theatre! There struggled Carthage first against Greek, and then against Roman; and in later times the conflict was renewed between Arabic-speaking Mussulmans and Greek-speaking Christians, until the Norman came to assert his sway over both, and

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to loosen the clutch of the Saracen upon the centre of the Mediterranean world. The theme, in its manifold bearings, was worthy of Mr. Freeman, and he was worthy of it. His design was to start with the earliest times in which Sicily is known to history, and to carry on the narrative as far as the death of the Emperor Frederick II. and the final overthrow of the Hohenstaufen dynasty. The scheme lay ripening in his mind for nearly half a century, and its consummation was begun with characteristic swiftness and vigor. Two noble volumes were published in 1891, and the third was out of the author's hands by the end of last January. But for a death sadly sudden and premature there was no reason why the whole task should not have been soon accomplished. The author seems to have fallen a victim to his superabundant zeal and energy. He had always been a traveler, visiting in person the scenes of his narratives, narrowly scrutinizing each locality with the eye of an antiquarian, exploring battlefields and making drawings of churches and castles, running from one end of Europe to the other to verify some mooted point. It was, I believe, on some such expedition as this that he found himself, last March, at Alicante, where an attack of smallpox suddenly ended his life.

To the faithful students of his works the tidings of Freeman's death must have come like the news of the loss of a personal friend. To those who enjoyed his friendship even in a slight way, the sense of loss was keen, for he was a very lovable man. Some people, indeed, seem to think of him as a gruff and growling pedant, ever on the lookout for some culprit to chastise; but, while not without some basis, this notion is far from the truth. Mr. Freeman's conception of the duty of a historian was a high one, and he lived up to it. He had a holy horror of slovenly and inaccurate work; pretentious sciolism was something that he could not endure, and he knew how easy it is to press garbled or misunderstood history into the service of corrupt politics. He found the minds of English-speaking contemporaries full of queer notions of European history, especially in the Middle Ages, — notions usually misty and often grotesquely wrong; and he did more than any other Englishman of our time to correct such errors and clear up men's minds. Such work could not be done without attacking blunders and the propagators of blunders. Mr. Freeman's assaults were not infrequent, and they were apt to be crushing; but they were made in the interests of historic truth, and there were none too many of them. Like "Mr. F.'s Aunt," the great historian did "hate a fool;" and it is clearly right that fools should be silenced and made to know their place.

Not only foolishness and inaccuracy did Mr. Freeman hate, but also tyranny, fraud, and social injustice, under whatever specious disguises they might be veiled. In matters of right and wrong his perceptions were rarely clouded. He never could be duped into admiring a charlatan like the late Emperor of the French. Upon the Eastern Question he wielded a Varangian axe, and had his advice been heeded, the Commander of the Faithful would ere now have been sent back to Brusa, or beyond. But while in politics and in criticism he could hit hard, his disposition was as tender and humane as Uncle Toby's. Eminently characteristic is the discussion on fox-hunting which he carried on with Anthony Trollope some years ago in the Fortnightly Review, in which he condemned that time-honored sport as intolerably cruel.

Mr. Freeman was very domestic in his habits. When not traveling, he was to be found in his country home, writing in his own library. When he was in the United States, it amused him to see people's surprise when told that he did not live in a city, and did not spend his

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time deciphering musty manuscripts in public libraries or archives. He used to say that, even in point of economy, he thought it better to dwell among pleasant green fields and consult one's own books than to take long journeys or be stifled in dirty cities in order to consult other people's books. His chief subjects of study favored such a policy, for most of the sources of information on the eleventh century, as well as upon ancient Greece, are contained in printed volumes. Now and then he missed some little point upon which a manuscript might have helped him. But one cannot help wishing he might have stayed among the quiet fields of Somerset instead of taking that last journey to Alicante.

It was chiefly with the political aspects of history that Freeman concerned himself, not in the old-fashioned way, as a mere narrative of the deeds of kings and cabinets, but in scientific fashion, as an application of the comparative method to the various processes of nation-building. I do not mean that his narrative was subordinated to scientific exposition, but that it was informed and vitalized by the spirit and methods of science. In pure description Freeman was often excellent; his account of the death of William Rufus, for example, is a masterpiece of impressive narrative. In description and in argument alike Freeman usually confined his attention to political history, except when he dealt in his suggestive way with architecture and archæology. To art in general, to the history of philosophy and of scientific ideas, to the development of literary expression, of manners and customs, of trade and the industrial arts, he devoted much less thought. I have heard that he did not fully approve of his friend Green's method of carrying along political, social, and literary topics abreast in his History of the English People. Few will doubt, however, that in this respect Green's artistic grasp upon his subject was stronger than Freeman's.

It is some slight consolation for our bitter loss to know that many of the great historian's books were in large part written long before he felt the time to be ripe for completing and publishing them. Some of the unfinished portions may be brought toward completeness and edited by other hands. In this way I hope we may look for one or two more volumes of the Sicily, and perhaps for the second volume of the Federal Government, dealing with the Swiss and other German federations. Probably no other Englishman, few other men, of our time knew anything like so much as Freeman about the history of Switzerland. I once or twice begged him to make haste and finish that volume, but desisted; for it was evident that Sicily was absorbing him, and an author does not like to be pestered with advice to turn aside from the work that is uppermost in his mind.

John Fiske.

SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I WAS on a visit at an old country house in the south of England. The owner, or, as he liked better to call himself, the family tenant, was an old Indian civil servant, past work, but not past the enjoyments of old age, and especially those which he could share with the young. And as he loved his bit of Chaucer, he would apply to himself the description of the Clerk, —

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

He used to call me "Mr. Foster," be-

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cause, he said, I reminded him of a friend of his youth, Mr. Foster in Peacock's Headlong Hall, or at least of Peacock's explanation of the name as that of the lover of light; and

"We were a pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two."

We had breakfasted in a parlor the oak paneling and carved mantelpiece of which, the squire said, were among the embellishments of the old manor place made by Building Bess of Hardwick, to one of whose four husbands the house belonged when built. After breakfast we walked together down the steps of the terraces, and through the avenue of huge lime-trees and oaks, which my host told me were all planted by the same great lady. My thoughts wandered from that imperious dame to her still more imperious mistress, Queen Elizabeth, and from Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare, and so to the Forest of Arden and to the park of the king of Navarre. It was in the leafy month of June. The air was fragrant with honeysuckle and sweetbrier growing along the banks of a brook hidden from sight, but telling of itself by the pleasant noise of a little waterfall into which it was breaking; and the musical hum of unseen insects was all around, occasionally broken into by the cooing of a wood pigeon hidden somewhere in the trees. We stopped under a great oak, and sat down in the shade, on a mossy seat formed by the roots of the tree.

"What are you thinking of?" said the squire, who had been silent since he had finished pointing out the works of the lady I have named.

I answered that I was thinking this was the oak in the branches of which Berowne lay hid while he listened to the talk of the king and his other lords.

"I am glad to hear you call him, as Shakespeare himself did, 'Berowne.' I respect as well as like the Cambridge editors, but I cannot conceive why they should substitute the spelling of the Second Folio, which has no authority, for that of the Quarto and the First Folio."

My old friend seemed inclined to be warm on this point, so I turned the subject by saying, "I know you do not make much account of internal evidence, but do you not think there is something in the case of Love's Labour's Lost to show that it was one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays?"

The Squire. I can seldom find that the so-called internal evidence as to the date of any book is more than critical, that is more or less ingenious, conjecture. Where are you to stop if, after finding all the buoyancy and brightness of youth in this play, you go on (like Hallam, if I remember rightly) to discover a disappointed, it may be melancholy, and even a misanthropical Shakespeare in Hamlet and Timon, drawn from the experiences of manhood and old age?

Foster. I confess that internal evidence is for the most part like a circle in the water,

"Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

Yet does not the circle start from a real stone thrown in?

The Squire. Or from some bubble rising from we know not where? Yet I am inclined to yield to you here, and to make an exception in favor of the indications that this was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of Shakespeare's plays. Ferdinand and Miranda, Romeo and Juliet, are even more perfect representatives of the youth and maiden than are Berowne and Rosaline; yet while these last require only that the poet's pen should be dipped "in ink tempered by love's sighs," it may have been that the others could not have been depicted but by an eye

"That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Besides, "I too once lived in Arcady," and I should like to hear what you have

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still to say of the idea, or, as I suppose people would now call it, the motive of Love's Labour's Lost, and what it may possibly tell us of the poet himself, and so of its probable date.

Foster. I can hardly pretend to add anything to what Coleridge has already said on the subject.

The Squire. There is, indeed, not much more to be said when Coleridge has spoken, and his words have come down to us; yet — forgive the impertinence — a dwarf on a giant's shoulders may see farther than the giant himself.

Foster. Artists say that a portrait, while it must be true to nature and a likeness of the individual whom it represents, must, if it be a true work of art, show the idea, or motive, either of calm repose or of the animation of the moment in which one characteristic expression is passing into another. And the motive of this play may, I think, be said to be youth at the moment of passing into manhood and womanhood. Boys and girls become dignified men and women before our eyes; and it is love which makes the magic change, — a change which Berowne describes in words so burning yet so pure and chaste, so passionate yet spiritual, that I, at least, can never read or repeat them too often: —

"Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks, the voice' of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent."

The Squire. They are indeed perfect; and we may well say with Berowne that when such "love speaks the voice' of all the gods make heaven drowsy with the harmony." Does not Coleridge say that this speech is that of the very god of love himself? But go on.

Foster. The ladies in the play, as in nature, are at first inclined to make fun of the serious ardor of their admirers, till the whole scene becomes a tilting-match or tournament of wits, in which — again with truth to nature — the ladies get the better, and the men confess themselves "beaten with pure scoff." But love is becoming lord of all with the ladies, too. Another transition is marked when the princess exclaims, "We are wise girls to mock our lovers so!" Then come the tidings of the death of her father, the king of France. In a moment the electric spark crystallizes that life of fun and joyousness. The generous and noble-minded youths and maidens become, as I have said, dignified men and women, and turn to the duties of real life, though agreeing that the new is still to be linked with the old. If the poet had told us the real ending, he would have called the play Love's Labour's Won, and so anticipated the answer to a still vexed question of Dr. Dryasdust.

The Squire. Well done! I wish every one knew, and then he would prize this play as you do. Speaking in the name of Shakespeare, you stir the blood of chilled age, and make me say "the dead

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are not dead, but alive." But how does all this prove the early date of the play?

Foster. You yourself said just now that you were inclined to recognize a distinction between the creations of Ferdinand and Miranda and Romeo and Juliet and those of Berowne and Rosaline. I think this is so, and that we must not look in this play for the expression of that mature genius which we find in the later works. But of the genius itself, not yet mature, we have abundant tokens; and here is, in truth, one especial charm and interest of this play. How pleasant it is to look at the portraits of Milton, the child, the youth, and the man, and to trace the lineaments of moral and intellectual as well as physical beauty in their successive developments, — the child surviving in the man, and the man fulfilling the promise of the child! And though no such portraiture of Shakespeare's face in youth exists for us, we have the portrait of his mind in its successive stages of growth, if we follow Ben Jonson's advice and

> "looke
> Not on his picture, but his Booke;"

and again: —

> "Look, how the father's face
> Lives in his issue; even so the race
> Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
> In his well turnèd and true filèd lines."

The Squire. You remember that Ben Jonson said something on the other side, — that he wished Shakespeare had blotted a thousand lines.

Foster. Yes, but the reconciliation is obvious as we read; for we know Shakespeare does write with an accuracy as well as profoundness of thought which must have been the fruit of the highest intellectual training and culture; with an ease and a fluency of utterance which sometimes verges on carelessness and negligence of language, and shows especially when the poet is under the influence of his love of fun. But his play of Love's Labour's Lost is remarkable for its careful accuracy of thought and word even in its fun, and indicates how much Shakespeare must, in the days of his earliest compositions, have studied the logical use of language, even when he is employing it to express the most fanciful conceits or the most soaring imaginations. The play is full of instances of this careful composition, with its regular balance of thoughts, words, and rhymes in the successive lines. This use of language is perfect in its kind; yet how different it is from that of The Tempest, Othello, or Hamlet! Surely the difference between the youthful and the mature genius is plain enough.

The Squire. Yes, and you have made a good defense — or explanation shall I call it? — of Coleridge's saying that this play is like a portrait of the poet taken in his boyhood. And let me confess to you that when I was young I myself wrote an argument in the same sense, endeavoring to show, by an analysis of Berowne's speech against learning, how exactly it must have represented Shakespeare's own experiences and conclusions as to the relations between the study of books and the knowledge of life, when he first came up to London with his small Latin and less Greek.

Then we got up, and walked to the wooden bridge which crossed the brook just above the waterfall; and I saw the small red and blue dragonflies and one great brown one — so formidable looking, though so harmless — darting to and fro over the water; and a kingfisher shot, flashing in the sunlight, from a hawthorn bush upon the bank.

Edward Strachey.

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REMINISCENCES OF A GERMAN NONAGENARIAN.

It is only in round numbers that Julius Fröbel can be called a nonagenarian; but as he is still enjoying a hearty old age in his home at Zurich, whence he sends forth his memoirs in two volumes,[1] and as, with mental faculties unimpaired, he has every prospect of filling out a life of more than fourscore years and ten, the reader will pardon the convenient license of the term. He was born early in 1805, at the obscure Thuringian village of Griesheim, in the petty principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, where his father occupied the humble position of vicar in the parish church, and held advanced rationalistic views in theology. The whole family shared these progressive opinions, and one of Fröbel's earliest and most vivid recollections is of fierce encounters, often resulting in bruised heads and bloody noses, with orthodox peasant boys who resented his denial of the personal existence of the devil as a dangerous innovation, which they opposed by knock-down arguments, the only form of reasoning in which they were adept. His mother was a woman of remarkable intelligence and force of character, well up in Biblical literature, and a vigorous theological controversialist; but her strongest passion was for politics. She was an eager reader of newspapers, and her lively interest in the events of the time ceased only with her death at eighty years of age.

In the education of his children the father followed the pedagogical system advocated by Pestalozzi; but, unfortunately, he died when the eldest son, Julius, was only nine years old. His salary as country parson had always been small, and his scholarly tastes and necessities led him to buy more books than his pecuniary circumstances warranted; and to the occasional protests of his more practical wife against such expenditures he was accustomed to reply, "I bequeath my library as a treasure to my children." As a financial investment this so highly prized treasure finally proved to be little better than a "salted" silver mine. A few of the rarest volumes were sold to the library of the ruling prince at Rudolstadt; the rest were packed in boxes, and stored in the attic of a house which was soon afterwards destroyed by fire.

That the sons of a clergyman should enter the university and study a learned profession was rendered necessary by their social position. However severe the stress of poverty, they would have regarded it as a degradation to go into trade or to earn their living by mechanical labor. So strong was the force of this tradition that it would never have occurred to Fröbel's sons or to their friends that they could engage in vocations so unworthy of their family. But it was deemed no disgrace to prepare themselves for their predestinated calling by means of private charity; and when the boy Julius entered the gymnasium of Rudolstadt he "boarded round" in several families, and received a weekly allowance of money from other benefactors. He confesses that at first this mode of life made him feel like a beggar, but the welcome he met with soon put him at his ease, and rendered this eleemosynary itinerancy really enjoyable. He was not only well fed, but also supplied with pocket money with a liberality that tended to demoralize a youngster who, like Lord Strut, had never been "flush in ready." His ample funds enabled him to become a regular frequenter of the theatre, and now and then he was taken behind the

[1] *Ein Lebenslauf.* Aufzeichnungen, Erinnerungen und Bekenntnisse von Julius Fröbel. Two volumes. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1890.

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scenes by the hairdresser of the troupe, in whose house he lived. His experience in this respect led him to the reflection, in after life, that nothing is more detrimental to the proper development of the character than early familiarity with the stage, either before or behind the footlights, and independently of the moral or immoral tendency of the plays. This injurious influence he not only felt in himself, but also observed in others, and tells how, at Munich, he had in his service a young man who was thoroughly orderly, useful, and trustworthy, until he happened to play the harmless part of a monkey in The Magic Flute, after which he was utterly worthless.

Fortunately, when Julius was twelve years of age, he was removed from the sphere of these dissipations and sent to Keilhau, near Rudolstadt, where his famous uncle, Frederic Fröbel, had just established his General German Educational Institute. Frederic Fröbel's motto, which he was never tired of repeating, was, "All-sided evolution from within;" and the only means of attaining this end and of promoting the symmetrical growth of mind and body was by living near to nature, and "following the course marked out by the Creator in the education of the human race." The fundamental idea of his pedagogics was to develop as completely as possible each individual as a human being, and not to prepare him for this or that profession or vocation. His aim was not to turn out lawyers, doctors, divines, mathematicians, mechanics, scholars, or specialists of any kind, but to "make microcosms;" although man merely as a microcosm would doubtless prove to be the most useless creature on the face of the earth, and scarcely self-supporting. He would be as fatally out of place as a megatherium, and perish for lack of a suitable environment. In this scheme of varied discipline and harmonious development no mental faculty or physical member should be neglected. One of the exercises of the pupils was to move the little finger while holding the other fingers perfectly still. Julius declares that he succeeded, by practice, in acquiring the power of moving every joint of each finger independently of all the other joints and fingers; but as he had no intention of becoming a prestidigitator, his skill in this particular was of no perceptible use to him in his subsequent career, and was finally lost altogether. In fact, the pedagogical system here pursued was the very reverse of that of the Jesuits. "The sacrifice of the intellect" or of any of its capacities for the sake of securing the unity of the church or the safety of the state Fröbel would have denounced as sacrilege.

Frederic Fröbel is characterized by his nephew as "one of the most notable men of his time," both in outward appearance and in qualities of mind. No intelligent person could see the photograph taken from his bust without wondering who the man was that looked like that. His long, straight hair, parted in the middle and falling on his shoulders, gave him the air of an Oriental priest or prophet. His features were regular, and his profile was quite classical in its symmetry; his expression was keen and Puritanic. By the inmates of the institute he was revered as a being far above ordinary mortals, and his utterances were received as a voice from on high speaking with the authority, if not the ambiguity, of an ancient oracle. He was endowed with an extraordinary gift as an educator, and in another age and among another people would probably have been the founder of a religion. His power of kindling enthusiasm, even in the dullest minds, was marvelous; so that Keilhau acquired considerable celebrity for the pedagogic-climatic cure of the most obstinate cases of youthful doltishness and indocility.

After taking the doctor's degree at Jena, Julius Fröbel went to Berlin, where he had the good fortune to win

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the esteem and friendship of Alexander von Humboldt, through whose recommendation he was appointed teacher of geography in the Industrial School of Zurich, and shortly afterwards promoted to the professorship of mineralogy in the university which had been recently founded in that city. In 1840, he established there, in connection with Ruge, Siegmund, Follen, and others, a Literary Bureau, which made a specialty of the publication of radical works in politics and theology: a popular edition of Strauss's Life of Jesus, Bruno Bauer's Christianity Rediscovered (Das Neu Entdeckte Christenthum, regarded by the orthodox as new-fangled rather than new-found), historical writings like Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years, and pamphlets and poems of a revolutionary and republican tendency, of which Herwegh's Gedichte eines Lebendigen attained an immense popularity, and gave their author a wide reputation as the German "bard of freedom." The Zurich publishing house thus became the chief centre of agitation in Europe, and not only were its issues carefully excluded from Germany, but the Swiss authorities, in servile obedience to the wishes of their monarchical neighbors, made every effort to suppress it by a vigorous exercise of the censorship and an outrageous abuse of the judicial power.

In 1843 business affairs brought Fröbel to Paris, where he met Arago, Lamennais, Cabet, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Lamartine, and other prominent personages. He formed no high opinion of Louis Blanc's abilities. Lamennais impressed him as a man worthy of all esteem and reverence, with a peculiar expression of countenance, such as he afterwards detected in the features of Döllinger. Cabet was busy with the project of a new religion for his Icaria, and eager in gathering materials for it from all quarters. He had hardly been presented to Fröbel when he began to examine him on this subject, setting down the answers in a notebook. "Do you believe in a God?" "Yes." "Personal?" "No, universal." "Universal, — very good." And thus the interrogatories went on. Montalembert gave Fröbel a letter of introduction to Lamartine, whom he called on at his country seat near Macon, and found arrayed in a voluminous silk dressing-gown and reclining on a sofa, with a young lady reading to him, and a secretary with pen in hand ready to catch and preserve any casual inspiration. The great poet excused this attitude by saying "Je souffre" with the affectation of an old coquette. The whole tableau was purposely arranged as a piece of sentimental posing.

Fröbel had a characteristic experience with Flocon, the editor of La Réforme, at whose request he wrote an article on political parties in Switzerland, in the course of which he spoke of Professor Bluntschli as belonging to the romantic and reactionary Berlin school of jurists. To this perfectly accurate statement the sub-editor added "ce misérable qui a été condamné pour escroquerie et pour vol." When called to account for this interpolation, the sub-editor admitted that he had inserted the objectionable words "pour arrondir la phrase." "What!" exclaimed Flocon indignantly, "pour arrondir la phrase? Are you crazy?" "Eh bien, mousieur," replied the subordinate, "ce misérable est un ennemi de la France; il m'a paru juste de le flétrir." This defamation of an able and honorable publicist because he was supposed to be an enemy of France proves that patriotism often is what Dr. Johnson affirmed it to be, "the last refuge of scoundrels."

In the same year Julius visited Leipsic and Berlin, and had at Potsdam a pleasant interview with Humboldt, who, in the course of the conversation, asked whether he had any interesting works in press. Fröbel mentioned Bruno Bauer's Christianity Rediscovered. "A

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dangerous title," declared Humboldt. "Besides, there is not much to discover: a bit of naive cosmogony, a bit of primitive mythology, a bit of questionable metaphysics, and a more or less crude morality. — these are found in every religion without much searching." To Fröbel's statement that the Literary Bureau did not aim to be merely subversive, but to prove the inefficiency of the censorship and to contribute to its abolition, Humboldt replied: "There you have to contend with a stupidity that is hard to overcome. I am old, but you are still young, and will live to see the ignominious end of the whole system now prevailing here. The great misfortune in German history is that the movement of the Peasants' War did not succeed." "I could hardly believe my ears," adds Fröbel, "when hearing such opinions expressed in a room adjoining the royal apartment in the Potsdam palace, by a man who was the chamberlain and daily companion of the king. How deeply the great naturalist must have felt the degradation of his position as courtier, if he avenged himself by such utterances!"

In 1846 Fröbel settled in Dresden, where he associated almost exclusively with authors and artists, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Among other things, he began the composition of a great historical drama in the form of a trilogy, of which, however, only the first part, The Republicans, was finished and put on the stage. The scene was laid in Geneva at the time of Bonnivard, under the oppressive rule of the Dukes of Savoy. Geneva, under the equally despotic *régime* of Calvin, was to be the scene also of the second part, The Libertines. The third part was to be called The Puritans, and the action was to be transferred to New England. He also wrote a play entitled The Prussians in Africa, in the style which Offenbach's operettas have now made familiar to frequenters of the *opera buffa*.

Fröbel was a prominent participant in the revolution of 1848, as journalist and member of the Frankfort Parliament, and gives lively descriptions of the course of events, as well as of the "cranks" and self-seeking demagogues with whom his political activity brought him in contact.

After the gradual disintegration of the Frankfort Parliament and the total collapse of the revolution, Fröbel took refuge in Switzerland, about the last of June, 1849. Early in July, he made a tour on foot through the Bernese Highlands and over the Gemmi to Lake Leman, and took passage at Villeneuve on a steamer for Geneva. A young American on board fell into conversation with him, and said, "You are going to the United States, and I will give you a letter to my father in Philadelphia." To Fröbel's assurance that he had no intention of going to America, the young man replied: "Oh, yes, you will. What can you do here in Europe? You are no longer suited to this hemisphere." At Geneva Fröbel received the letter of introduction, in which he was spoken of as one of the "literati" who wished to found a republic in Germany, and which he had the pleasure of presenting, less than a year later, to the father, a wealthy merchant of the Quaker city, by whom he was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained.

The strong reactionary tide that had now set in throughout all Germany defeated his plan of settling down as a publicist in Hamburg, and on September 29 he left Liverpool in an American sailing-vessel, and arrived in New York November 9. Captain Doane, who had shown him many kind attentions during the voyage, remarked, as they were sailing up the bay: "Now we are in the United States, and I hope you will find a new home here. As a refugee you are perhaps without means until you can secure some position. If I can serve you with a small sum of money, it will

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give me great pleasure." Fröbel thanked him for his generosity, and assured him that he had enough for his present needs. "If you have money," replied the captain, "so much the better; but every new-comer in this country has to pay for his experience, and often at a very dear rate. Here is the address of my sister in Connecticut, through whom letters are sure to reach me. If you ever need help, let me know. Are you familiar with our coinage? That is absolutely necessary. Look here," he continued, putting some pieces in Fröbel's hand: "that is an eagle, and worth ten dollars; that 's a half-eagle; that 's a dollar; that 's a dime, of which ten make a dollar; and that 's a cent, the hundredth part of a dollar." Fröbel thanked him for the information, and returned him the money. "No," said the captain, drawing back his hand, "you must keep them; otherwise you might forget." Fröbel could not return the gift without hurting the feelings of the warm-hearted man who had taken this delicate way of attaining his purpose, and replied, "I shall prize these coins as a souvenir of Captain Doane."

Unfortunately, we have not space to recount at length the adventures of Fröbel in America, which form one of the most fascinating portions of his autobiography. Of course he fell in with many fellow-exiles, and gives some ludicrous examples of their crude and mostly condemnatory judgments of American institutions, formed within a few hours after landing. One day he met on the street a Saxon revolutionist, a quondam colleague in the Frankfort Parliament. "You here?" exclaimed Fröbel. "When did you arrive?" "Last week," was the reply. "Is n't there a disgraceful state of affairs in this country? And they call this a republic! I tell you what, there 's got to be a change."

Fröbel declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, and several prominent Americans wished to procure for him a professorship in some institution of learning, but he declined their kind offer with thanks. His experience in Germany had filled him with intense disgust for "the vapid theorizing and pedagogical arrogance of men like Dahlmann and Gervinus," who were after all the best of their class, and he was firmly resolved not to bear the professorial title in the New World. A rabid radical, Dr. Esselen, who died an inmate of an American insane asylum, had once publicly accused him of aristocratic tendencies because he had been seen wearing kid gloves on the streets of Frankfort. But the fact that he began life in New York as a soap-boiler proves that he was not above any honest kind of manual labor. It is equally to his credit that when he afterwards took part in politics he did not imitate some native partisans by carrying into it the kind of "soap" that corrupts instead of cleansing what it touches.

It was impossible, however, for a man of Fröbel's ability and energy to hide himself permanently in an obscure basement, behind caldrons of boiling grease and potash, and we find him soon afterwards in Washington, associating with President Taylor, Vice-President Fillmore, Senator Seward, Professor Henry, Dr. Bache, Lieutenant Maury, and other persons eminent in political and scientific circles. There he met also an Austrian refugee, the Hofrath Gritzner, who was apparently in high favor, and consequently in high feather, and condescended to let Fröbel into the secret of his success. "Here," he said, "there is one way to the goal, although you are probably, unlike myself, too scrupulous to take it: it is through the Jesuits, and the way to the Jesuits is through the ladies."

Fröbel accepted an invitation from Professor Rogers to visit him at the University of Virginia, and made an extended tour through the Old Dominion,

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charmed with the beauty of the country and the genial hospitality of the inhabitants, which appear to have cast a glamour upon his perceptions of the peculiar institution. It is just to add that a subsequent journey through the South, from Charleston to New Orleans, imparted a darker hue to the somewhat rose-colored view of slavery obtained in Virginia. The Charleston Hotel, which had the reputation of being a first-class house, was so dirty that it was hardly habitable, and nowhere in the city was there any trace of the elegance and the superior taste upon which the Southern aristocrats prided themselves. The through passengers were chiefly Northerners, but the people who entered the train in Georgia and Alabama were "a loud, swaggering, rough, and seedy-looking set, each with a slave carrying an old hat-box and other shabby baggage, the very picture of beggarly grandeeship." At that time Fröbel could have bought a hundred square miles of land near Warm Springs for five thousand dollars, and a few years later he was offered a large estate near Harper's Ferry, if he would only live on it and induce German immigrants to settle there. This tempting offer, which was made by Mr. Mason, then American minister to France, and his son-in-law, Archer Anderson, was, after mature deliberation, declined, since Fröbel could not conscientiously advise his countrymen to make their home in a part of the United States which he thought must sooner or later be the theatre of a fierce civil war.

In 1850, when the project of a Nicaragua ship canal began to be agitated, and a stock company had been formed in New York for piercing the isthmus, Fröbel, on the recommendation of E. G. Squier, was invited by the Nicaraguan government to visit the country and report on its natural resources, and especially its mineral treasures. With this scientific mission he united also the function of correspondent of the New York Tribune, then owned by Horace Greeley, and edited by Charles A. Dana. To this journal he had been already a frequent contributor, and as Dana once handed him a fifty-dollar check in payment for a single communication, Fröbel remarked, "You are very generous." "We are never generous," was Dana's reply, "and never pay for an article more than it is worth." Fröbel gives an admirable account of Nicaragua, politically, socially, geologically, ethnologically, and indeed from every point of view, and interweaves the narration with striking incidents of travel, personal adventures, intrigues of British diplomatists, outrages of American filibusters, and other tragic or humorous episodes.

On his return to New York, in September, 1851, he was offered the directorship of a Nicaragua gold-mining company; but he declined the honor, his geological knowledge convincing him that the enterprise was an intentional or unintentional swindle. His political affiliations were with the Whigs, whose principles he advocated in the press, and thereby incurred the ill will of the majority of his German compatriots, who, misled by a name, had not yet discovered that American democracy at that time was the servile instrument of an arrogant oligarchy. He took a lively interest in the reformatory enthusiasms of the period, vegetarianism, spiritualism, Fourierism, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual as proclaimed by Josiah Warren and Stephen Pearl Andrews, and practically exemplified in the Free Love League, whose members, nevertheless, seemed for the most part to be distinguished for a purity in their private lives which was wholly inconsistent with their public profession of principles, and rendered Horace Greeley's assertion of the necessity of "compulsory morality" quite superfluous.

In the spring of 1852, a New York firm, which had an extensive overland

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commerce with Texas, northern Mexico, and California, asked him to accompany one of their trading expeditions as accountant and paymaster, an opportunity which he gladly seized, because it would enable him to travel across prairies and through primeval forests, and to observe savage and pioneer life in the far West. The caravan started from Independence, Missouri, and after a day's journey plunged into the wilderness at a point where there was a division of the road with a guidepost pointing on the one hand the "Way to California," and on the other the "Way to Oregon." "Imagine," adds Fröbel, "a guidepost at Frankfort on the Main showing the 'Way to Russia' and the 'Way to Turkey'!" Independence was then the frontier station of civilization, and harbored eccentric characters of almost every nationality. Fröbel mentions one American there, a man of considerable culture and importance, who regarded the Chinese form of government as the model for America and for the world, and who hoped that with the completion of the Pacific railroad, then already projected, the ameliorating influence of Chinese civilization would be widely felt. "American culture," he observed, "is the primitive culture of mankind, but corrupted and degenerated, whereas in China it has kept itself pure. The regeneration of America, therefore, must come from China, and be effected by the introduction of the patriarchal democracy of the Celestial Kingdom." Americans of to-day would hardly accept this crotchet as an adequate solution of the Chinese question, or be brought to believe that their redemption and restoration as a people must come to them from Chung-Kuë, "the realm of the middle."

The feature of this border town that struck Fröbel most forcibly was the curious contrast between the keen commercial character and the zealous religious life of its inhabitants. Methodists formed the predominant sect, and were divided into two hostile camps, Northern and Southern, each of which used the Bible against or in favor of slavery. The Northern church excluded slaveholders from its communion, but the negroes belonged to the Southern church. "It is the will of God," said a sable preacher, "that we blacks should be slaves, but in the next world we shall be white and free," — a pathetic prospect which did not diminish their present value as chattels, and with which their masters were glad to have them console themselves. The prevailing notion among the negroes was that the bad ones would be condemned to be apes after death; but by good conduct in the simian state they would ultimately become negroes again, gradually turn white, grow wings, and enjoy other beatitudes. This naive and primitive eschatology is probably of African pagan origin, since the psychical affinity of man with monkeys, and the belief that the latter are human beings undergoing punishment for their misdeeds, are conceptions common to many native negro tribes.

Fröbel gives graphic descriptions of life on the plains, and interesting observations, as a naturalist, of the regions extending from Independence to Chihuahua, and from Galveston to San Francisco; and the record of his impressions of California and the Californians forty years ago is a valuable contribution to the history of a rare transition period in American civilization, and an admirable study of American character under exceptional and peculiarly trying circumstances. His judgment in this respect is, on the whole, very favorable. He declares that society in San Francisco at that time was more agreeable and animating, and contained a proportionately greater number of highly cultivated, truly humane, and really companionable persons, men of remarkable intelligence, uncommon energy, large experience of the world, and tried qualities of mind and heart, than any city of the Old

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World. "Every Californian regarded himself, and not without reason, as belonging to the *élite* of the human race; and although this was true in a bad as well as in a good sense, I found the good predominating over the bad in a wonderful degree, and had occasion to observe in Californian life the rise and growth, the organization and ennoblement, of human society through sheer stress of necessity."

Soon after his arrival, Fröbel aided in establishing, and edited during his sojourn there, a German Whig paper, the San Francisco Journal, which did good service in opposition to the California Demokrat, a sheet conducted in the interests of Catholic propagandism, and also of slavery extension, by one Dr. Löhr, who advocated the formation of a slave State out of southern California.

On the eve of his leaving San Francisco a public dinner was given in Fröbel's honor, and a cane of the strawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*) presented to him, the head of which was of massive gold cut in six facets, two bearing inscriptions, and the other four adorned with the figures of a gold-digger, a Mexican horseman swinging a lasso, a Chinaman, and an Indian, carved in high relief; even the iron point was made of metal obtained from Californian gold-sand. Some gentlemen also gave him as a souvenir a large piece of native gold in octahedral crystals of rare beauty. On the 20th of September, 1855, he sailed through the Golden Gate for New York via Panama, as the invited guest of the Nicaragua Steamship Company. The passengers, he says, were on the whole the most cultivated persons he had ever met with on shipboard. "I shared my cabin with a former governor of Oregon and a lawyer from San Francisco, whose instructive and entertaining conversation shortened the days and hours of the passage. Jurists, judges, physicians, prominent merchants, some with their wives, formed the remaining elements of the society, in which a cheerful tone, good breeding, and mutual civility prevailed. The vessel, in its arrangement and administration, was a model of neatness, order, and decency absolutely unknown to the Old World. Under such circumstances the sea voyage was a source of unalloyed pleasure."

One of the first letters received by Fröbel after his arrival in New York, in 1849, brought the sad news of the death of his wife at Zurich, where he had left her with their only child, while he sought a home for them in the New World. In consequence of this event, his son, then eleven years of age, was sent to him under the care of a kindly stranger. He was educated in America, partly at Cambridge, where he studied natural science under Agassiz, whose friendship Fröbel enjoyed. He was appointed to the professorship of chemistry and pharmacy in the University of New York, and died many years later in that city.

On his return from San Francisco to New York in 1855, Fröbel made the acquaintance of a German widow named Mördes, the daughter of Count von Armansperg, well known as Greek chancellor under the reign of King Otto I. The first husband of this lady was a young jurist and revolutionist, and the newly married pair, in consequence of the events of 1849, made their wedding journey as political refugees to Texas, where the husband died of cholera. Caroline von Armansperg (as she is called in the autobiography) now wished to return to Bavaria, and sailed from New York in a vessel laden with cotton, which was struck by lightning in the waters of the West Indies and slowly burned, notwithstanding every effort to extinguish the fire in the cargo. After three days of fearful anxiety the ship's company were taken off by a passing vessel, and landed in Charleston. At another time Caroline took passage from New York, and went on board, but lost

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her courage, and was put ashore, forfeiting her fare. The ship sailed, and was never heard of again. The death of her father and the settlement of the family estate improved her condition financially. A Saxon lawyer, residing in New York, urged her to place her funds in his hands for investment, and to go to Panama for her health, well knowing that she would probably never survive that treacherous climate. Fortunately, she rejected this offer, and was still in New York, devoting herself to the education of her son, when she met Fröbel and became his wife. Her boy, who had never known his own father, legally assumed Fröbel's name combined with that of his mother, William Fröbel-Armansperg.

After extended journeys through the southern part of the United States and in Central America, Fröbel and his wife set sail for Europe, and landed at Havre July 9, 1857. Both of them, each independently of the other, had gone through essentially like experiences, and become completely changed as the result of eight years of eventful and decidedly vicissitudinous life.

I once fell into conversation with an evidently well-to-do and wide-awake German in the famous museum at Nuremberg. He was a Nuremberger by birth, but had spent the greater part of his active life as a merchant in New York, and had now come, with wife and child, to visit the place of his nativity. To my remark that it must be pleasant for him to see the quaint and picturesque old city again, he replied, with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, "Oh, yes, but it is small potatoes!" This pettiness appeared to Fröbel's "Americanized eyes" the most conspicuous feature of life in Paris, where he spent his first twelve days in Europe, and where, as he observes, "Americans like to make their home, but, as a rule, not to the advantage of their character." Voluntary expatriation tends to denationalize and denaturalize them, so that "they cease to be good Americans without becoming Europeans," and pay a heavy ransom for the pleasures they enjoy by losing all earnest aims and worthy purposes. Many faces in the United States may show the effects of a wearing and too often grinding life; but it is a life of serious work, and not of dissoluteness, and has nothing in common with the faded features and shabby finery of the boulevard *flaneur* sporting a red pink as the cheap substitute for the bit of red ribbon which every Frenchman is ambitious to have in his buttonhole.

In Germany, this sense of estrangement was aggravated by petty annoyances on the part of the police, and Fröbel resolved to pass the winter of 1858–59 in London, and to return in the following spring to the United States. Meanwhile, he published at Leipsic Amerika, Erfahrungen, Reisen, und Studien (two volumes, 1857–58), and early in 1859 an English edition of the same work, in somewhat abridged form, under the title Seven Years' Travel in Central America, Northern Mexico, and the Far West of the United States, was issued by Bentley in one large volume, with excellent illustrations. Fröbel also printed at Berlin what Humboldt called a "timely and suggestive treatise" on Amerika, Europa, und die Politischen Gesichtspunkte der Gegenwart, in which he called attention, on the one hand to the growing power of the United States as a political factor hitherto overlooked by European statesmen, and on the other hand to the fact that Russia, by its expansion in Asia, was becoming more and more a colossal empire foreign to Europe. The corollary to these demonstrations was the necessity of the unification of Germany and the confederation of the states of western Europe as an efficient member of the great political triad in which Christendom was gradually organizing itself, and as the only means of preserving the

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balance of power between these "mighty opposites."

In England Fröbel met Lothar Bucher, afterwards well known as a diplomatist and publicist in confidential relations with Bismarck, and was introduced by him to David Urquhart, the oddest fish, perhaps, in all the shoals of British eccentrics, whose hatred of the United States was so intense that he would not tolerate an American pine or fir tree in his park, but put himself to immense trouble and expense to acclimate deodar cedars from the Himalayan Mountains. In his way he was as hobbyhorsical as his ancestral kinsman, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, who published in 1652 a book called Pantochronochanon, in which he attempted to trace the house of Urquhart back to Adam, although he never did such a good piece of literary work as Sir Thomas's translation of Rabelais. One of his whimseys was the notion that by proper diet and discipline from infancy a person could be made proof against physical injury, and perfectly insensible to pain. To this end he fed his boy, then five years of age, on milk, and used to pinch his arm at table, in the presence of guests, asking, "Do you feel any pain?" to which the child gave the almost sobbing reply, "No," turning red and pale under the torture. When Fröbel declined to take a bath before dinner, Urquhart grew angry and insolent. "You wish to be a political reformer!" he exclaimed. "First reform yourself; and so long as you have not accomplished that, give up your foolish talking and writing."

The sudden death of Fröbel's mother-in-law, Countess Armansperg, necessitated his return to Germany, where old ties of friendship were renewed and his former interest in German politics revived. At Schwalbach, where his wife had been ordered to take the baths, he met ex-President Franklin Pierce, whom he had always held in slight esteem, but whom now, when no longer the pliant tool of a party, he found to be a far more sensible politician and honorable character than one would have expected from his general reputation. Once they visited Heidelberg together, and as they were walking up to the old castle Fröbel remembered that he had left his pocketbook at the hotel, and went back to fetch it, while Pierce proceeded on his way. On reaching the ruins, Fröbel was accosted by a stranger, who said: "Perhaps you are looking for President Pierce? You will find him on the terrace." "In fact I am looking for President Pierce," replied Fröbel, "but how did you come to suspect it?" "Well," answered the stranger, "you seemed to be seeking for somebody, and President Pierce up there was apparently waiting for somebody, and so I thought he must be the one you wanted." Fröbel joined Pierce on the terrace and related the incident. Pierce laughed, and said: "The same man addressed me, and inquired whether I were President Pierce; and to my inquiry as to how he arrived at this correct supposition, he replied, 'I read in the papers that General Pierce, ex-President of the United States, had just come from Spain, where he had greatly admired the Alhambra, and was now traveling on the Rhine; and as I saw a stranger contemplating with evident pleasure the ruins of our old castle, and perhaps comparing them with the remains of Moorish architecture, I surmised that he must be President Pierce.'" "What talent," exclaimed Fröbel, "for historic combinations, happy hypotheses, and conjectural politics!"

At Heidelberg, in 1862, Fröbel made the acquaintance of Dr. Chapman, editor of the Westminster Review, who in the course of a political discussion spoke of the "tyrannical governments of Germany." Fröbel replied that there was no longer any tyrannical government in Germany. "But there are no representations of the people," retorted Chap-

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man. Fröbel pointed to a hewer of wood on the street and said, "That man is not only a voter, but may be also elected a member of the Parliament of this country, which in this respect is far in advance of England." "Why then are you discontented?" asked the English Liberal. "In Nicaragua," says Fröbel, "a man once showed me a cow, and inquired if I had ever seen such an animal before; when I assured him that there were cows in Europe, he expressed his wonder that in that case people should emigrate to Nicaragua." Dr. Chapman seems to have entertained an equally naive conception of parliamentary government as the *ne plus ultra* of blessedness. To his incredibly silly question Fröbel answered, "We are discontented because we demand a political power that shall correspond to our greatness and preëminent culture as a nation, and enable us to rebuke all foreign arrogance."

It was Fröbel's firm conviction that his fatherland could secure this desirable position among European nations only through the realization of the so-called German Trias, consisting of Austria, Prussia, and a federation of the smaller German states acting as one body. It is not necessary to enter into the details of this complex and clumsy scheme, the defects of which were recognized even by its most earnest advocates, who accepted it as the best that could be attained under the circumstances. The executive power was to be vested in a directory of three sovereigns, namely, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia as hereditary members, and a third member to be chosen by the remaining federated German rulers from their own number. There was also to be a federal constitution, a federal assembly, and a federal court of justice, the proposed organization of which is fully described in Fröbel's second volume.

Fröbel was furthermore of the opinion that Austria should take the lead in this movement, and compel the other states to join in it. Here he confesses that he made a fatal mistake. "I held Prussia to be weaker, and Austria and France stronger, than they proved to be. I did not assume that Prussia had either the energy or the will to solve the German problem. Even now I might be tempted to affirm that except for Bismarck, then as little known to the world as to myself, I should have been right; although it might be said in reply that Prussia alone was capable of producing a Bismarck, and that is really true."

Laboring under this delusion, Fröbel naturally entered the Austrian service; and although Ritter von Schmerling was minister of state, and Count Rechberg was minister of foreign affairs, the man whom an Austrian court-martial had sentenced to death in 1849 was for three years (1862–65), without portfolio or official recognition, the real director of Austrian politics. A semi-official journal, Der Botschafter, was established, for the purpose of promoting what was called the "great German" or Trias project, to prepare Austria for taking the initiative in this direction. It is hardly necessary to state that the whole scheme was a dismal failure, due in a great measure to party intrigues and petty dynastic pretensions, as well as to the conceited incompetency and personal venality of Austrian politicians. A single incident will suffice to illustrate the latter point. As Fröbel was about to retire, declaring that he was tired of "threshing empty straw," Baron Gruben urged him to remain, and promised that he should be put in an agreeable position, in which "the sheaves should not turn their stubble ends towards him;" thus interpreting Fröbel's discontent as an expression of regret that he had not been able to derive pecuniary profit from his patriotic labors.

Fröbel was in Munich soon after the accession of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and witnessed with disgust the excessive ad-

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ulation which turned the head of that young and enthusiastic romanticist on the throne. Thus Professor Löher, the director of the state archives, spoke of the wholly inexperienced and mentally unripe monarch in the most extravagant terms, falling into a fit of ecstasy and a muddle of mixed metaphor: "He is as daring and towering as an eagle, and as innocent as a lily. He is accessible to every great idea, and it is astounding how much he has studied without its being noticed." This was the sort of incense that was constantly going up in the presence of the king, inflaming his vanity and clouding his intellect, until he began to believe that all knowledge and wisdom came to him, like his crown, by the grace of God. He soon showed a longing for autocratic power, and could not see why a being divinely endowed and inspired, as his courtiers affirmed him to be, should not be invested with absolute authority. Once, at Aschaffenburg, he declared to his uncle, the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, that the position of the Emperor of Russia was the only one worthy of a sovereign. "In that case," was the reply, "your royal Majesty, my most charming nephew, would have to work often and vigorously at the pump" (*öfters tüchtig anpumpsen;* that is, raise the wind by frequent loans). Of all the persons who flattered the Bavarian king for their own selfish purposes, Wagner was, in Fröbel's opinion, the least mercenary, since he pursued ideal and artistic rather than purely personal ends. His rivals for the royal favor did everything they could to discredit him; and when Ludwig relieved the composer of his heavy burden of debt by the payment of forty thousand florins, the minister Pfistermeister had the whole sum counted out in silver coin and conveyed in a cart to Wagner's house, in order to attract the attention and to excite the indignation of the people. Wagner became the victim because he refused to be the sport of political intrigues. "His character was not lacking in weak points, which made him unenjoyable to many persons; but it was a delight to see how he maintained his footing on the slippery ground of his position in Munich, and kept his integrity under dangerous temptations."

Fröbel states on the authority of Count Rechberg that as early as 1846 a party in Mexico wished to have an Austrian prince, one of the sons of the Archduke Charles, proclaimed Emperor of that country. Metternich, however, refused to consent to the scheme except on conditions which could not be complied with. The movement that placed Maximilian on the Mexican throne in 1864 was started by Spain, and taken up by Napoleon and the Duke de Morny partly as a means of checking the growing power of the United States, and partly as a financial speculation. In this connection, Rechberg spoke of Maximilian as "a fantastic buffoon, without dignity or force of character," and described Charlotte as "a vain, conceited, and arrogant person, boundlessly ambitious, utterly heartless, and always calculating."

Our autobiographer saw Bismarck for the first time December 14, 1868, and again in the following spring. In these interviews, the Prussian statesman set forth his ideas with great frankness, and solicited Fröbel's criticism. He deemed it impolitic to proceed too rapidly with the work of German unification, and thought that Italy was still suffering, and would continue for a long time to suffer, the consequences of her error in this respect. "We must not require that the great objects which we are striving after shall be attained in our lifetime. The south of Germany must join the north of its own free will, even if it takes thirty years." As to Austria, he would deal gently with her, and gratify her wishes so far as possible, as a man humors the whims of an exacting and capricious woman to whom he is bound for better or for worse; but when indul-

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gence is abused and conciliation fails, harsh measures must be adopted. "Between the velvet hand and the naked sword there is for me no middle." On the visitor's taking leave, the chancellor accompanied him through the second anteroom, where Fröbel was about to pass through a door on the right, when Bismarck motioned to him to go straight on, and added: "I accompany many persons to this point; the civilians uniformly turn to the right, the soldiers always go straight ahead. But you will find your way in politics all the better for that. Good-by!" "In this respect," remarks Fröbel, "Bismarck seems to have combined the soldier with the civilian."

A short time afterward Fröbel was in Paris, and breakfasted with the minister Ollivier, who, in discussing French and German affairs, said: "I will tell you the secret of French politics. War with Prussia is inevitable. We assume that a few days after the declaration of hostilities a battle will be fought, and of course we shall be victorious. French prestige will be saved; peace will follow; Prussia will be permitted to do as she pleases in Germany, and France will be content with Belgium and a rectification of her eastern frontier." "But suppose the French should not win the first battle?" interposed Fröbel. "In that case," replied Ollivier, "the Emperor would never return to Paris."

A few days later Fröbel called upon Prince Napoleon, at the latter's request. The topic of conversation was the national unity of Germany, which the prince admitted to be a necessary result of the natural evolution of European politics, and not to be prevented. "But Prussia," he added, "is not the same thing as Germany, and the German nation is a dangerous nation. 'So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,' — that 's what you are always singing." "It is a long time since I have heard that song," replied Fröbel, "and the principle of nationality is no longer understood by us in a linguistic sense. Quant à moi — je dirais que le principe de nationalité n'est autre chose que la démocratie dans le droit international." The prince accepted this definition, and turned the conversation to the eventuality of Franco-German hostilities, which he thought might be avoided by a slight regulation of boundaries, with a small addition of territory, hinting that Belgium would be a sop sufficient to appease the appetite of the French "dogs of war." He expressed great admiration for Bismarck as "the only statesman of the present day," and believed that he would have the will and the wisdom to preserve peace. "One must be either the accomplice or the decided enemy of a power like Prussia. We have been neither the one nor the other. But it is not I who make French politics," he remarked, with a shrug, and intimated that the Emperor would be responsible for any disaster arising from this source.

In April, 1873, Fröbel was appointed consul-general of the German Empire at Smyrna, and it is significant of the strictness of the German civil service regulations that this man, though sixty-eight years of age, of acknowledged political capacity, and the personal friend of Bismarck, was obliged to pass the prescribed examination before he could receive this office, for which every one knew him to be preëminently qualified. Indeed, it was at the imperial chancellor's earnest request that he consented to become a candidate for the position.

We shall not attempt to follow Fröbel in the varied experiences and vivid records of his Oriental life, first in Asia Minor, and afterward in Algiers. In the summer of 1888 he retired from active service, after the death of his wife, and has since lived with his adopted son in Zurich, where fifty-five years before he had begun his scientific, journalistic, and political career.

In many respects his memoirs are

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more interesting even than those of Talleyrand, because they describe persons and events that are nearer to the present generation, and reveal the motive forces of great political movements, in the wake of which we are now sailing, and by whose heavy surge and rolling swell we are still strongly affected.

E. P. Evans.

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THERE is perhaps no class of books which feels the whiffs of fashion so quickly as illustrated books. Almost every year sees a new movement in style; and if a happy success finds imitators the next year, something of the value seems lost with the novelty. Yet, in spite of the apparent rule of caprice, one who has observed books of this sort for several successive years may discover one or two consistent principles in practice, and it is a pleasure to point out the steady advance toward what may be called happy marriages between art and literature.

These marriages have not always been fortunate. Sometimes the one, sometimes the other, of the high contracting parties has insisted upon being the better half; the blending of two lives into one has been a rare event; the golden wedding of such a pair is a literary jubilee. Such a celebration has recently been had over Pickwick. It is not very far away from the time when another golden wedding was observed, where, however, the external bond was more conspicuous than the spiritual alliance, for Turner's illustrations to Rogers's Italy will be studied and enjoyed long after Rogers ceases to be read.

We suspect that the success in such matings is every year coming to be due more to the matchmakers than formerly; that with the development of the book manufacturing and publishing from a commercial into an industrial state, from a trade almost into a profession and an art, the chances are greater for an intelligent ordering of all parts of a book into a harmonious whole. The greater variety of means also helps in the same direction. The application of photography and chemical processes in manifold combinations is giving the artist greater freedom in reproduction; and though the adjustment of the several materials employed in reaching the result is far from perfect, the paper especially being offensively obtrusive in its share of the business, the complexity of the entire process is calling for a degree of thought and patient skill which can accomplish excellent things under the guidance of a cultivated taste. It is clear that a haphazard conjunction of favoring constituents cannot be counted on.

One or two general observations may be made on the group of books which contains the most conspicuous examples of American book-making this season. They are for the most part books to hold with ease. In one or two instances the original publication in magazine form has determined the size and shape, but there is an evident disposition on the part of publishers to consult the interests of the library rather than of the drawing-room. Instead of ungainly quartos and folios we have dignified octavos and crown octavos and more companionable sixteenmos, to use a hybrid but convenient term. Again, there is a marked tendency toward the illustration of books, both in prose and verse, which are established favorites. Thus, the wealth of Mr. Crane's fancy has been called in to decorate the already classic

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fancy of Hawthorne's Wonder-Book.[1] That mellow autumnal dream of Curtis's youth, a book which may have lapsed a little out of common notice, but has the affection of the middle-aged who read it when they were dreamers, and comes unexpectedly to remind one of the Curtis who lived before Civil Service Reform laid its commands on him, Prue and I,[2] is handed over to an artist who has felicitously made himself a contemporary of the youth of the writer in his conceptions, while retaining the touch of the latest penciler. Dr. Holmes, who has made his verse vivid with his own picturesque phrase, and has awakened images in his readers' minds which must have a common likeness, since he has stamped them effectively with his genius, finds not so much an interpreter as a companion artist in Mr. Howard Pyle, who has set three of the poet's most popular poems in frames of filigree with a whole commentary of pictures.[3] Hawthorne and Holmes belong in the classic period of our literature. Curtis connects the older and younger men, and the succession is happily represented in two books by Mr. Warner and Mr. James. The former, whose reputation even through his fiction is likely to be that of a saunterer, a looker-on, a delicate appraiser of human worth, is seen in his book of Eastern travel,[4] which follows in the wake of Hawthorne's The Marble Faun and Our Old Home; the fair page and general decorous form being accompanied by well-chosen photogravures of scenes noted in the traveler's sketch. Mr. James, who may be said to have been the first really to lay an Atlantic cable in literature, very properly enjoys his honors in an illustrated edition of Daisy Miller.[5] Thus, five of the most notable holiday books of the season are, with a single exception, works of American authors illustrated by American artists or by mechanical processes developed here; and it may be taken as something of a favorable omen that the English artist who treated the Wonder-Book so handsomely was our guest when he did so, and that the very important element of success in his work, the reproduction of his designs in color, was American.

There can be no doubt that we owe much of the substantial progress which we have made in book illustration to the opportunity afforded by our best illustrated magazines. The life of any one number is brief; the magazine itself offers happy dispatch by constantly nominating a successor. Yet continuity and accumulation of interest are studied, and the serial feature of magazine publication is quite as conspicuous as the occasional or monthly. The distribution of expense is an important consideration, and it is quite certain that but for this form of original publication the book-buying public would be deprived of many valuable illustrated works. It is not always easy to say whether the book was projected and then split up into magazine fragments, or the magazine papers were planned and then combined into a book. Some such factitious unity as the latter appears to mark The Great Streets of the World.[6] Broadway, Piccadilly,

[1] *Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. With sixty designs by WALTER CRANE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[2] *Prue and I.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated from drawings by ALBERT EDWARD STERNER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

[3] *Dorothy Q.*, together with *A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party* and *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With illustrations by HOWARD PYLE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[4] *In the Levant.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Illustrated with photogravures. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[5] *Daisy Miller* and *An International Episode.* By HENRY JAMES, JR. Illustrated from drawings by HARRY W. MCVICKAR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

[6] *The Great Streets of the World.* By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, ANDREW LANG, FRAN-

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Boulevards of Paris, the Corso of Rome, the Grand Canal, Unter den Linden, the Névsky Prospékt, — these are all great arteries of city life, and the writers who struggle more or less successfully with the problem of a literary representation of humanity on the run are trained men who execute commissions entrusted to them. It is noticeable that the artists make more of the people in the streets than of the distinctive street architecture, and thus the general effect of the book is more harmonious. Yet the pictures have a curious air as if they all had a common denominator with a view to greater uniformity and less fractional appearance. We must think that this book with its miscellaneousness is rather a temporary affair, that its parts were at their best in the magazine with its more agreeable page, and that it does not contribute greatly to the establishment of settled principles in American fine book-making.

Whatever may have been the original purpose in the case of Mr. Cole's reproductions of Italian art: whether the series was projected as a whole and then given piecemeal in The Century Magazine, or whether, having set Mr. Cole agoing in the important task of applying the most admirable practice of wood-engraving as exercised in America to the interpretation of the greatest works of pictorial art, the conductors then collected the successive parts into a whole, the result is equally effective. The reader of the magazine had from time to time the pleasure of a very close acquaintance with single masterpieces, and the buyer of the book[1] in which they are collected may study them in association. It is quite certain that but for the opportunity afforded by magazine publication this masterly series would not have been executed, and it is not the least service rendered by The Century Magazine to general culture in America that such a series should have been for several years familiarizing people with great works of art, and helping to erect those standards which make the appreciation of modern works more sure and more intelligent. This stately volume marks the high water of American engraving skill, and gives an imperishable dignity to engraving on wood. The flexibility of the material has long been recognized, but when Bewick was showing what could be done on another scale, such work as Mr. Cole's was in the hands of the engravers on steel.

It is much to have at this season two such books as this and Mr. Crane's Wonder-Book, not only to register the successes of American book-making, but to point the way to further advance. They are positive contributions to the stock of the world's beautiful things; they are beyond the caprice of fashion, for though Mr. Crane's inventions have a touch of archaism, and archaism may be a fashion as well as contemporaneity, they have beauty and delight in loveliness at their centre. Taste grows by what it feeds on, and a public whose eye has been trained by such examples will fortify publishers in their resolution to put still more thought into the construction of their illustrated books.

cisque Sarcey, Isabel F. Hapgood, W. W. Story, Henry James, Paul Lindau. Illustrated by A. B. Frost, W. Douglas Almond, G. Jeanniot, Ettore Tito, Alexander Zezzos, F. Stahl, Ilya Efimovitch Répin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

[1] *Old Italian Masters.* Engraved by Timothy Cole. With Historical Notes by W. J. Stillman, and Brief Comments by the Engraver. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

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PHASES OF THOUGHT AND CRITICISM.

BROTHER AZARIAS has undertaken, and has well accomplished, a rare and admirable task.[1] The Catholic of true cultivation and of gracious refinement of intellect, the Catholic who is, moreover, devoted to the technically religious life, may not infrequently express in print his views upon topics which more immediately concern the cause of his church. But in such cases he must usually speak for his own circle, or else with distinctly apologetic purposes. In our day and country, we seldom have occasion to learn how the world of specifically literary interest looks when seen through his eyes. Brother Azarias here writes as a Catholic, and as a member of an educational order of his church, nor does he ever let us quite forget this fact in the course of his book. But he also writes as a man of letters. The methods that he chooses are those of the scholar and the sensitively appreciative critic rather than those of the apologist. The author causes his actual purpose of edification to win its way all the better because he pleasantly veils many of its devices from the reader's consciousness. And it is all the more a recognition of his skill when we find that, while we indeed never forget his clerical attitude, we are throughout kept in such a mood that, even as lovers of pure literature, we would not wholly forget that attitude if we could. The theologian and the man of letters are very seldom, in these pages, unduly divided or confounded, whether in person or in substance. Brother Azarias is confessedly not only an admirer, but in some sense a spiritual child, of Newman. The disciple has learned not ill the master's art. As a consequence, Brother Azarias will remain in our minds as a man whose words may be expected to be well worth hearing, whenever and however he chooses to utter them.

The volume before us contains a series of papers connected by one delicate but never invisible thread of thought. They all illustrate certain "phases," or, otherwise, methods of thought; or again, to speak yet a little more specifically, they briefly characterize certain noteworthy attitudes of mind towards the more "spiritual" problems of life, as these attitudes are illustrated by a few men and books of established literary fame and of very various age. The chief illustrations in question are furnished by Emerson, by Newman, by the author of the Imitation of Christ, by Dante, and by the Tennyson of In Memoriam. The book is opened by a very brief essay, defining a certain Fourfold Activity of the Soul. Then follows a study, On Thinking. Then Emerson and Newman are compared. Thereafter, the Principle of Thought, Literary and Scientific Habits of Thought, the Ideal in Thought, and the Cultivation of the Spiritual Sense are the titles of essays which lead to the culminating papers of the book, namely, those on the Spiritual Sense of the Imitation and on the Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia. The paper on In Memoriam has somewhat the effect of an anti-climax. The Conclusion very gracefully gathers into one the various threads of the discourse. The peacefully contemplative air of the whole work is one of its pleasantest features. Our author is indeed not speaking as one in a cathedral, oppressed by the solemnity of the place; but we are constantly aware that he has indeed spent time in such surroundings, and has there learned that art of repose, which, curiously enough, the devout acquire al-

[1] *Phases of Thought and Criticism.* By BROTHER AZARIAS, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

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most as infrequently, in our modern life, as do the worldlings. The position from which he actually speaks is just now taken at the teacher's desk; but he prefers to be persuasively reasonable in tone rather than authoritative. It is very often impossible to agree with him unless you are a Catholic; it is never possible to disagree with him with any feeling of passionate opposition, however far you are from him in doctrine. In his company you are in no mood to be ardent in controversy. This is the place for taking counsel together, and not for wrangling. Eternity is long, and one is already in sight of its ocean. The view has a gentle and calming effect. Whoever it is that is right in his views, to get at the truth is to be at peace.

The Fourfold Activity of the Soul, with whose characterization the book opens, is defined as constituted by the Reason, the Moral Sense, the Æsthetic Sense, and the Spiritual Sense. These four "may be said to cover the whole of the soul's operations," and "in the harmonious development of all four activities is the complete culture of the soul to be effected." As for the Reason, or the power of thinking (in which Newman's Illative Sense is expressly included by our author), the cultivation of it demands an abandonment of "that mental lethargy in which we are all of us disposed to live." "Routine knowledge," and a "routine manner of imparting that knowledge," are to be condemned. It is especially the "professor" who is too often "under the influence of this spirit." "In the lecture room he is often content with retailing to his class some view of his subject which he adopts from a certain book without taking pains to inquire into its correctness." But "an inquiring mind may one morning awaken to the absurdity of what generations have handed down as a truth not to be gainsaid." A similar acceptance of unreasonable authority is to be found in case of many schools of philosophy and of art criticism. Truth and prejudice must be distinguished. "True criticism, be it in literature or in art, is all-embracing." "Confine not your thoughts in the narrow cell of a petty prejudice or the slough of indolence, when you can roam through the free air of the Infinite. Therefore discipline your minds. Be not too credulous. There is a wise as well as a foolish skepticism."

Meanwhile, however, the Reason which is thus to "roam through the free air of the Infinite" has her own kind of constraint. She is bound to know, and therefore to submit to, the truth, because herein alone she finds her freedom. The "light by which our mind apprehends and pronounces upon truth is in some sense a participation in the Uncreated Light that contains in itself the eternal principles of things." "Such an aspect of our thinking brings us nearer to God. The light of his Divine countenance is stamped upon us. It guides our reason; it strengthens our understanding; it illumines our thoughts." And so, if one must not be credulous, one may not reasonably be agnostic as to divine truth. It is the nature of truth to be thus divine, and of us to know the "Uncreated" truth, whereof some is apprehended by the light of nature, some by revelation. The unity of natural and revealed truth is certain, of course, for our author, *a priori*. Apparent conflicts are themselves due to the "passing phase" of our own inadequate insight.

Meanwhile, the uncreated truth is manifested to us not only through revelation and through human science, but also by means of art, whereof our author, in chapter vi., gives a theory which he illustrates by means of the myth of the Platonic Phædrus. The theory itself is founded on that well-known Platonic-Aristotelian metaphysic whereof Catholic philosophy has long since given its christianized version. "Nature recognizes the ideal. She has her types, and works by them. As genius is a

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reality, distinct from and causative of the species, so is each of nature's types a reality, distinct from the concrete thing fashioned after it, and causative thereof. Hence it is that, in the animal, and even in the vegetable world, we daily witness reversions to older types and the reproduction of ancestral traits of character." "The prototype of all created types" we "find existing in the Word. Here is the source and fountain-head of the ideal." "God contemplates these types. By the Word they were made real in the order of created things." Art, therefore, is the portrayal of such types; and "the created ideal in each individual mind is enlightened and vivified by the uncreated ideal dwelling in the Word. This illumination of the ideal is the expression of the beautiful." "It is the mission of the artist to rend the veil of accidents and accessories in which the ideal is shrouded, and present it to us in all its beauty and loveliness. And the beauty reflected therefrom lights up the folds and inner caverns of our souls, and reveals therein a recognition of this ideal, and reflected from our innermost souls is the image of him from whom we come, and who is our Home."

When a man has this sort of opinion about art, its value for his work as a critic lies in the way in which he applies his speculation, and not in the mere profession of it. As applied by Brother Azarias in his literary studies in the present book, this theory above all very naturally sets him looking in each case for his author's fundamental ideas, and particularly for fundamental religious ideas. For the personalities of authors Brother Azarias has in several cases a very warm fondness, and likes to illustrate personal traits by pleasant anecdotes; but the more careful psychological analysis of character detains him little. His method is in fact very remote from the one usually called psychological. He fears whatever looks like merely destructive analysis. Central ideas, however, as embodied in the works of his authors, he tries first of all to define by a pretty careful scholarly analysis of the historical relations of the men in question. The sources used by the author of the Imitation are, for instance, summarily described with much learning and in a very useful way on pages 98 and 99. From sources Brother Azarias is wont to proceed to the analysis of texts, returning from time to time to a mention of sources in a fashion whose erudition is never obtrusive, and yet always large.

Among the principal ideas in whose expression he finds most interest, the distinctively "mystical" conceptions play a large part. Brother Azarias is no stranger to the mystical mood. It is well to come as near as one can to contemplating the Word as it is in itself in the simplicity of its highest form. Where the artist helps one to do this most directly, he most completely fulfills the purpose of art. To be sure, one is all the while a Catholic, and must remember that the Church has well-founded objections to certain forms of mysticism. It is well, then, with all one's gentle tolerance of mood, to remember that outside the Church there have flourished unwise doctrines, — crudities of the cabalists, and the like, — which have pretended to get their warrant from direct insight into eternal mysteries. Art which treats of mystical experiences must therefore be scrutinized with great caution, in case its source is not Catholic, and accepted with perfect confidence only when the Church is quite sure to approve.

Here, of course, our good Brother's personal, or, as one may say without disrespect, his clerical equation makes itself felt. The critic who stands outside of Catholic circles may perhaps fail to grasp the real depth of the religious experiences of the Imitation. To such a critic the mystical contemplation embodied in the famous rhapsody on the

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Divine Love will perhaps seem an inactive sort of absorption, with an even dangerous element of hypnotic fascination about it. This critic will therefore call the Love of the Imitation only a one-sided expression of the religious mood of mankind. Brother Azarias, in such a case, will chastise the erring critic's ignorance with a certain beautiful tenderness of earnest rebuke, and will insist that in the Imitation the whole spiritual man is nourished by the direct presentation of the absolute truth (pages 114, 115). But then will come to us Tennyson, and will tell us of his own vision and revelation from the Lord, as the same was granted to him through the mediation of a certain "living soul," which, as he says, was "flashed on mine" during the great night scene in the In Memoriam. Hereupon our Brother (page 227) must in his turn become the doubting critic. Tennyson's experience has somehow not the right flavor. "His trance is not to be confounded with the ecstasies of a Francis of Assisi or a Theresa of Jesus. These are of a supernatural character, and the fruition of grace." Poor Tennyson's trance "is of a purely natural character. It is a psychic fact. One mode of concentrating thought aids another. The fact that the poet had been from his youth in the habit of depolarizing the organs of his brain, and of thus suspending the activity of the sensory nerves, prepared him for similar results by any other mode of concentrating thought."

The only possible comment upon this fashion of comparing "spiritual gifts" is an immediate reference to St. Paul's quite final observations concerning those persons whose good fortune it was to edify themselves, and to speak mysteries in the spirit. The extremely solid, hard sense of those Pauline observations, and the apostle's appeal to the test of spiritual utility to the brethren as the only means for determining whose gift was the more serviceable, can surely do no injustice either to Tennyson, who has served his thousands, or to the author of the Imitation, who has comforted his tens of thousands. And as for so much of the experience or of the expression of either as had to do with the inscrutable inner mystery of each man's soul — well, the apostle's words are final as to that matter also. How vain to consider, then, what particular seer it may be who (one must pardon here the rude comparison) shall have broken the mystical record!

In all the foregoing, we have been, as a fact, quite unable to exemplify or to demonstrate wherein the actual charm of Brother Azarias's work lies. This charm the reader must judge through direct acquaintance with his pages. The views mentioned in the foregoing analysis may seem to some of our readers abstruse enough as well as trite. It is their application and the author's whole person and manner which give them both their character of literary novelty and their strong immediate interest.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Chorography. The American Siberia, or Fourteen Years' Experience in a Southern Convict Camp, by J. C. Powell. (H. J. Smith & Co., Chicago.) The title of this book is a misnomer. Mr. Powell relates in a straightforward way various incidents that came under his notice while in charge of convicts working on railroads or getting out turpentine. The convicts were sometimes negroes, sometimes whites, and for the most part were guilty of murder. The gangs were treated with harsh disci-

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pline, and there is a monotonous succession of escapes, chases, captures, and punishments. The recital is made in a plain, unadorned, and smooth style, but for what purpose it is hard to see. — The German Emperor and his Eastern Neighbors, by Poultney Bigelow. (C. L. Webster & Co.) Mr. Bigelow had the advantage of a schoolboy friendship with the Emperor, and the sketch which opens the volume is a lively account of the boy. Other sketches treat of German affairs, and the author's experience across the Russian frontier and in Roumania. The book is fresh, contemporary, and pungent. — The Gospel of Good Roads, by Isaac B. Potter. (The League of American Wheelmen, New York.) A forcible, homely letter, well illustrated, pointing out the defects in our American road-building, showing what is done to-day in Europe, and suggesting modes of reform. Some of the actual steps taken in different parts of the country are very encouraging. — The Danube, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, by F. D. Millet; illustrated by the author and Alfred Parsons. (Harpers.) A more varied picture of life could hardly be found than that to be descried from the flood and the banks of the Danube in its long course, and this book, which is the record of a canoe trip, reflects the successive scenes the more perfectly that it is crowded with animated sketches of human figures, bits of landscape and architecture, and scenes from rural life. The traveler has little to say about Vienna, and there is no historical padding to speak of, but a pleasant narrative of adventure and bright sketches of life. — Spanish Cities, with Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier, by C. A. Stoddard. (Scribners.) An unpretentious orderly narrative of travel by a good observer and trained writer, who indulges in few reflections, but occupies himself with telling simply and with little show of emotion what interested him on his leisurely journey. — Holidays in North Germany and Scandinavia. Notes on Hamburg and the Hanseatic Towns; Rügen and the Baltic Coast, Brunswick, the Harz Mountains, Hildesheim, Berlin, and the Saxon Switzerland; and a Trip in Denmark and Southern Norway. Edited by Percy Lindley. (The Author, 30 Fleet St., London.) All this in less than a hundred oblong pages, with pictures on nearly every page. It is difficult to see what place it fills in the field of guidebooks. — First Report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) It is not often that one takes up so entertaining a government publication. The board was created by President Harrison to bring into some kind of system the great variation in spelling of geographic names in this country. The board has formulated certain general principles by which it is governed, and has adjudicated about two thousand cases. Its decisions will determine governmental usage, and there can be little doubt that the authority will make itself felt in time in popular usage. — A Little Swiss Sojourn, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) A light sketch of life in the neighborhood of Vevay, with a mingling of the grave and the gay which comes naturally to a writer who does not forget when he is most serious that there is humor in the situation, nor when he is most trifling that the too too solid earth is not always in a gaseous state. — The West from a Car Window, by Richard Harding Davis. (Harpers.) Mr. Davis is so frank in admitting the limitations under which he reports the frontier line of our civilization that one is prepared at the start to give full credit to him in what he does report, and soon disregards criticism altogether, and takes delight in the companionship of so manly, outspoken a comrade and so skillful a reporter. What a journalist would say cleverly Mr. Davis says with an instinct for genuine literary art, so that his book, rapid as it is, is like the quick sketch of a true painter. — Our Life in the Swiss Highlands, by John Addington Symonds and his Daughter Margaret. (A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.) Mr. Symonds, as is well known, lives summer and winter at Davos, pursuing his historical studies. This volume holds the sketches, long and short, which he has made of the country life about him, the people, the landscape, the homely round of peasant occupations. His daughter's work is sprinkled in, and partakes very much of the character of her father's writing, though it is perhaps less self-conscious. The book is a very agreeable picture of Swiss life as seen familiarly by a resident, who brings to his task a cultivated mind and the foreigner's curiosity. — Play in Provence, being a Series of Sketches

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written and drawn by Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. (Century Co.) A little volume of light travel, which owes its charm mainly to the bright bits of actual life jotted down in notebooks and expanded in form. Mr. Pennell has the light touch which belongs to such a theme. Mrs. Pennell's work is more deliberately airy. — South-Sea Idyls, by Charles Warren Stoddard. (Scribners.) A new edition of a piquant book of vagrancy which has the air of a later Melville; not so robust as the earlier, but with something of the same charm of lawlessness and art. — A Family Canoe Trip, by Florence Watters Snedeker. (Harpers.) One of the Black and White series, abundantly illustrated with small half-tone camera pictures. The woman of the party describes jauntily the trifling adventures met with on a trip from New York up Lake Champlain. — A Trip to England, by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) A vest-pocket volume, to be read through in a couple of hours, in which an English exile sets out to give the impressions made upon him on a return to his old home; but his desire to be comprehensive leads him into more commonplace than we should have expected. He seems to write for people who do not know England.

Poetry. Summer-Fallow, by Charles Buxton Going. (Putnams.) It is a pleasure to come upon a little book of verse so full of simple content in simple expression of tender, healthy sentiment. There is no strain after the impossible, no frantic clutching at mysteries of life, but pure enjoyment in the best that a fair life gives. — The Dream of Art, and Other Poems, by Espy Williams. (Putnams.) A number of poems which have the appearance of ease and smoothness, but really trip the reader up repeatedly. By the bye, we wonder who the famous poet was whom Mr. Williams saw cross the close-cropped college green in Cambridge, "and round his neck a faded worsted tie." The sonnet is rather interesting, and more direct and vivid than some of the poet's work. — A second edition of Mrs. Moulton's Swallow-Flights (Roberts Bros.) is welcome. Ten new poems are added, and the whole is expressive of this poet's true feeling, of her unusual skill in verse, and, may we not subjoin, of the mortuary tedium which sometimes follows her too persistent choice of one theme. — Songs about Life, Love, and Death, by Anne Reeve Aldrich. (Scribners.) There is much dramatic force in these verses, but it is expended mainly along one line. The moan over life which springs so constantly to the lips of a young writer impresses one as a rather unhealthy note, since it centres so steadfastly in one person, the dramatist's assumed self. But there are frequent gusts of strong passion, and there is much originality in some of the situations, as well as grace in expression. — Poems of Gun and Rod, by Ernest McGaffey; illustrated by Herbert E. Butler. (Scribners.) These poems are at the opposite scale, — the clever, easy versifying by an enthusiastic sportsman of the joys of outdoor life in search of game. Occasionally a line rings out with something of nature's voice in it, and the objective character of the verse comes as a relief to a reader overburdened with the tears of most contemporary poetry.

Philosophy and Science. Among the recent issues of the United States Department of Agriculture (Government Printing Office, Washington) is an account of the investigations at the Rothamsted Experimental Station in the form of six lectures by Robert Warington. The station is the celebrated one established by Sir John Bennet Lawes on his estate, about twenty-five miles north of London, where agricultural experiments are carried on, on a vast scale. The first lecture gives an interesting description of Rothamsted, and the work done there; the remaining lectures are devoted to nitrification, drainage, and similar subjects. Other issues are: The Fermentations of Milk, by H. W. Conn, with special reference to the needs of the dairy industry; and a section of Insect Life, devoted to the Economy and Life-Habits of Insects, especially in their Relation to Agriculture, which has been in course of publication for some time under the editorship of C. V. Riley. This publication is in all but name a miscellany or magazine, containing regular papers, notes, correspondence, proceedings of societies, and the like. The department also issues Organization Lists of the Agricultural Experiment Stations and Agricultural Schools and Colleges in the United States. — The Speech of Monkeys, by R. L. Garner. (Webster.) Mr. Garner has entered with enthusiasm upon the difficult task of understanding and interpreting the speech of

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inferior animals, chiefly monkeys, and in this book records his progress thus far. In pursuing his studies, he has been led to the conclusion that the intelligence of these animals is more considerable than has been supposed, and that their range of expression is greater. Inasmuch as he recites his individual experience, the book is in effect a series of interesting encounters with animals, and incidents illustrative of their character and acquirements. — Volcanoes, Past and Present, by Edward Hull. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume in the Contemporary Science series. Mr. Hull's attempt is to bring all volcanoes, extinct, dormant, and active, under a uniform law. Under that law as illustrated by scientific observation, he is disposed to think that not only are we in an epoch of comparatively low volcanic activity, but that volcanic action is likely to become less powerful as the world grows older. The book is well illustrated. — Physics, Advanced Course, by George F. Barker. (Holt.) Professor Barker notes the changed aspect of physical science in the preponderating reference to the phenomena of energy over the phenomena of matter, and is governed accordingly in his treatment of the whole subject. More than half his book is devoted to Æther-Physics, which constitutes the fourth division ; the preceding parts after the Introduction being Mass-Physics and Molecular Physics. His aim has been "to avoid making the book simply an encyclopædic collection of facts on the one hand, or too purely an abstract and theoretical discussion of physical theories on the other."

Economics and Sociology. The Question of Silver, comprising a Brief Summary of Legislation in the United States, together with a Practical Analysis of the Present Situation, and of the Arguments of the Advocates of Unlimited Silver Coinage, by Louis R. Ehrich. (Putnams.) A volume in the Questions of the Day series. Mr. Ehrich is strongly opposed to the free coinage of silver, and advocates a genuine bimetallism. — Commercial Crises in the Nineteenth Century, by H. M. Hyndman. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume in the Social Science series. Mr. Hyndman, who is well known as a vigorous writer, passes in review nine commercial crises, beginning with 1815 and closing with 1890, covering in fact what may hereafter be known as the "age of steam," with its revolutionary change of industrial conditions. His examination leads him to the conclusion that the capitalistic system with its train of competition is responsible, and that the remedy lies in the coöperative system by which labor becomes the equivalent of money. — Farming Corporations, by Wilbur Aldrich. (W. Aldrich & Co., New York.) The reader is attracted at once to this book by the directness with which the author sets about his work, and the freedom from doctrinaire writing displayed. Mr. Aldrich believes that our farms, if they are to be recovered from the blight now on them, must be conducted upon coöperative or associative principles, — that is, that all the farms in any given locality should combine and secure the benefits of saving which come from coöperative methods ; and to make his meaning clear he sketches at once the plan of such a corporation in a somewhat unpromising quarter in Maine with which he, as a farmer's son, is familiar. The book is an eager study, and might profitably be taken up for discussion by farmers' clubs. Its tone is healthy, and whether or no the fertile mind of the author has really developed a practicable scheme, there is a manly character to the book, for the idea is based on work, and not on producing something out of nothing.

History and Biography. History of the New World called America, by Edward John Payne. (Macmillan.) The title of this work, of which we have as yet only the first volume, is significant, for Mr. Payne sets out on no less a task than to relate the rise and growth of the western continent as a congeries of republics destined to a mighty career, and to a new development of the dominant forces of Europe. Hence he studies to connect the discovery of America, which is as far as he gets in this volume, with the historic development of Europe. America is the greatest product of the Renaissance, in his view. Further than this, he undertakes to lay the foundation of American history in an explication of the society existing here, but chiefly in Mexico and the Andes region. Upon these two bases, the greater European transmission and the lesser native American stock, he means to build his structure. His introductory pages show the sweep of his plan. It is pretty big, and Mr. Payne appears to have patience and the philosophic spirit.

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His special training seems to have been in an acquaintance with Spanish and adulterated American languages. Some things, as his treatment of the Norse discovery, lead us to think that he has made his theory before he has found all his facts. He is pretty positive where others are content with conjecture, and he is extraordinarily content with obsolete authorities. — America: its Geographical History, 1492–1892. Six Lectures delivered to Graduate Students of the Johns Hopkins University, with a Supplement entitled Was the Rio del Espiritu Santo of the Spanish Geographers the Mississippi? By Walter B. Scaife. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) Dr. Scaife applies himself to the same problem which has been discussed by Dr. Winsor and Mr. Fiske, but enlarges the scope of inquiry. He seeks to show how the Atlantic coast was developed in the consciousness of Europeans, and then how, step by step, the whole map of the country was constructed. There is an interesting lecture on the Geographical Work of the National Government, and the supplement gives the author's reasons for distinguishing the Rio del Espiritu Santo from the Mississippi. Barring an occasional flight of rhetorical fancy, the book is readable and bright. — A recent number of Johns Hopkins University Studies is Quakers in Pennsylvania, by Albert C. Applegarth (the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore), in which Quaker customs, the attitude of Friends toward the Indians and negro slavery, and Quaker legislation are well summarized from a variety of sources. — Assassination of Lincoln. A History of the Great Conspiracy. Trial of the Conspirators by a Military Commission, and a Review of the Trial of John H. Surratt. By T. M. Harris. (American Citizen Co., Boston.) General Harris was a member of the commission, and in this octavo volume, availing himself of stenographic reports and of his own memory and judgment, he reviews the whole subject, with a view to substantiating the charge that the men actually engaged in the plot were planning and working with the knowledge and acquiescence of Davis and his associates. It is a charge which can be but indirectly proved, apparently, upon the testimony which he offers. — Autobiographia, or, The Story of a Life, by Walt Whitman. (Webster.) It is no secret, we believe, that we owe this admirable selection from Whitman's prose writings to Mr. Arthur Stedman, who has deftly woven together the passages which are reminiscential or annalistic into a consecutive narrative. Both the largeness and the tenderness of Whitman's nature are expressed in the pages, and if the reader cannot escape the sense of a certain attitudinizing, why, that is largely the result of prose which does not offer the dramatic screen of poetry. — The Memorial History of the City of New York from its First Settlement to the Year 1892, edited by James Grant Wilson. (New York History Co.) Two volumes of history are before us, constructed upon the general plan adopted by Dr. Winsor when treating of Boston, and bringing the work down to the close of the War for Independence. Two more volumes are to complete the work. — The Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper (John Wilkins of Stanstead, Essex), edited by Arthur H. Byng and Stephen M. Stephens. (Macmillan.) A unique book, and one that has a curious interest as a character-study, even to a reader who cares little for sport, especially under the rather artificial conditions prevailing in England. Poachers have been usually more the objects of popular regard — at least in books — than gamekeepers, and it is well to have the other side of the subject so truthfully and forcibly presented. We can fully trust Wilkins's naive tribute to his own bravery, but his humanity and freedom from vindictiveness in dealing with law-breakers are equally palpable. He gives at some length his experiences as an expert in dog-training, which may be summed up in his dictum that the only successful method to be used in all cases is "kindness, patience, and perseverance." The editors' silly notes, mostly written with humorous intent, could well be spared, as well as all the illustrations except the portrait of the writer. — Gossip of the Century: Personal and Traditional Memories, Social, Literary, Artistic, etc. (Macmillan.) Two big volumes numbering over a thousand pages. The type is large, and easily suggests that the book will be read most satisfactorily by the old. It is not merely that the reminiscences cover many persons and events to be recalled only by the old, but the garrulous style and the rather

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pointless character of many of the anecdotes adapt it to those who are not easily impatient in their reading. Croker, Queen Caroline, Wellington, Canning, D'Orsay, Sir William Gore Ouseley, George Eliot, Bulwer, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Procter, Thomas Day, Lord Erskine, Rubini, Tamburini, Alboni, Mario, Lablache, Fanny Elssler, Paganini, Charles Matthews, Fanny Kemble, Macready, Ristori, Rachel, Eastlake, Raeburn, Landseer, Martin, Rosa Bonheur, Sir Francis Chantrey, Lord Houghton, — these are a few of the crowd which gathers in the two volumes. The portraits have many of them the air of being copies from lithographs. The lack of accent in the pictures frequently corresponds with a similar lack in the characterizations. Nevertheless, one would be a very exacting reader who could not amuse himself for much more than an hour over the work. — Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Harpers.) A delightful volume of humane gossip intermingled with wise and kindly comment. Mrs. Ritchie, to be sure, writes a little as if she were fulfilling an agreeable commission. For her more spontaneous work of a similar sort one must go to her Witches' Cauldron. But if we are to have *personalia* of the living (and Tennyson and Browning are but just dead; the former not dead, indeed, when the papers were first printed), commend us to one of Mrs. Ritchie's good taste. The illustrations are very interesting. — The Messrs. Lippincott have brought out in eight volumes what is the first really good American edition of Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. They have followed the text of the revised and enlarged edition, and the books are well printed, with a sufficiently open page. The interesting series of portraits contained in the best English edition are here reproduced, more or less satisfactorily, by a photo-engraving process. It would not have been amiss, in this issue of the work, to add a note in regard to its dual authorship. No less than twenty of the thirty-four biographies it contains were written by Miss Elizabeth Strickland, though she would never allow her name to appear on the title-page. The marked differences in the style and manner of the two sisters must often have puzzled discriminating readers. Notwithstanding the writers' limitations and literary shortcomings, and the Jacobitism which colors all the later memoirs, they had in an eminent degree the historic sense, a genuine passion for historic research, and they collected and edited much valuable and sometimes exceedingly interesting historic material, which no student of English history can afford to overlook. The unusual favor accorded to this work by the general reader has helped to popularize the study to which its authors devoted their lives. — The Career of Columbus, by Charles Elton. With map. (Cassell.) A popular narrative in which a good deal of use is made of contemporary history. Mr. Elton uses all the little incidents which have been connected with Columbus and works them up with interest, but there is considerable of the "we may suppose" style in the treatment of the obscure parts. — Primitive Man in Ohio, by Warren K. Moorehead. (Putnams.) A detailed and fully illustrated survey of the actual results of the investigations among the mounds of the Ohio Valley. Mr. Moorehead has made his studies and collected his facts with no preconceived theory by which to determine the results, and his book thus is a contribution to the subject. Incidentally, he brushes away a good many illusions which have been indulged in regarding the race buried in the mounds. — London, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) Mr. Besant shows in this book, as in more than one of his novels, in how large a degree he possesses that rare gift, the power of realizing and revivifying the past. He does not attempt to write a continuous history after the ordinary fashion, but to give a series of pictures of the city, and of the life, public and private, of its citizens, from the downfall of the Roman-British Augusta to the London of George II. Where all is so well done it is hard to particularize, but we will note the record of the last days of Augusta by one of its hapless citizens, the wonderfully vivid presentment of mediæval London, and, what is perhaps the most admirable chapter in the book, the story of the day spent with John Stow, a veritable resuscitation of the Elizabethan city. The work throughout is such delightfully easy reading that the reader will be apt to forget the labor and research that went to its making. — The Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene, by George Somes Layard.

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(Macmillan.) A big volume, plentifully furnished with delightful copies of Keene's illustrations. When one sees these thus brought together, one recognizes the charm and delicacy of Keene's drawing, and what one may choose to call the playfulness rather than the humor of his genius. He was a character-drawer who stopped short of caricature. The text seems to confirm this impression. Many of Keene's letters are printed. They are not especially interesting, being full of his craze for bagpipes or quaint books, but they disclose a friendly nature, a man of somewhat moody, eccentric temper, but an artist through and through. Mr. Layard is not very orderly as a biographer, but he is warmly interested in his subject, and has doubtless brought together all that we are likely to get in the way of illustration of Keene's personality. — Secret Service under Pitt, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F. S. A. (Longmans.) Mr. Fitzpatrick long ago proved himself an authority on matters relating to the secret history of the Irish conspiracies of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this. Especially has he taken the brotherhood of spies and informers as his province. That the English government, beset with unexampled difficulties and dangers, and threatened with invasion, should have made use of the information some well-trusted conspirator was always willing to impart, in order to suppress rebellion in the country where a French landing was imminent, is not to be wondered at; but it is needless to say that the great minister whose name is used in the title of this book had no personal connection with such matters. In the innermost councils of disaffection the man who should betray his co-workers and their plots was never wanting, and, as a rule, his treachery remained unsuspected, he lived at ease, and died in the odor of "patriotism." This volume is in some sort a commentary on the works of Lecky and Froude, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has at last fully established the identity of "Lord Downshire's friend," told the true history of Father O'Leary, and given a complete record of the career of that unequaled deceiver, McNally. It is a pity that a book containing the results of so much intelligent and successful research should not have more order and method in its arrangement.

Theology, Ethics, and Ecclesiology. The Church and her Doctrine. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) Eight discourses by clergymen of the Church of England, of whom Principal Moule and Dr. Wace are the widest known, upon the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Sacraments, the Church, and other fundamental themes. The point of view may roughly be represented as the evangelical, with a disposition to a less hard-and-fast system than formerly was understood by that name. — The Life and Times of Cotton Mather, or, A Boston Minister of Two Centuries Ago, by Rev. A. P. Marvin. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston.) A book of nearly six hundred octavo pages, devoted to a detailed annalistic account of a minister of two hundred years ago as if he were a contemporary. There is hardly a line by the author to intimate that there is any difference between the two periods; there is no power of historic imagination and discrimination, though a careful observance of historic facts, — nothing, in short, which serves fairly to interpret the man and his times; only a labored defense at every point of attack by others, and a steady effort to hold Cotton Mather up as a model for ministers to-day. The book, because of its abundant extracts from the unprinted diary, will be of service to historical students, but we can scarcely think of a theological student at Andover, or even at Hartford, diligently reading it. — The Teaching of Jesus, by Hans Hinrich Wendt; translated by John Wilson. In two volumes. Volume I. (Scribners.) The great value of this work lies in the historical treatment by which Dr. Wendt seeks to discover the foundation of the teaching, then the external aspects of the teaching, and, proceeding to the great theme of that teaching, the announcement of the kingdom of God. The fearless manner in which he handles the documents is accompanied by a manly confidence in them, and this temper makes him a most enlightening interpreter. His exegesis of the parables especially is admirable, full of clear sense and fine insight, and very remote from a merely subtle interpretation. His work ought to be of very great service. — West Roxbury Sermons, by Theodore Parker, 1837–1848. From Unpublished Manuscripts. With Introduction and Biographical Sketch. (Roberts.) The volume is edited by Mr. F. B.

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Sanborn, and may surprise some by the constructive spirit displayed in it. — The Principles of Ethics, by Borden P. Bowne. (Harpers.) Although on a casual survey Mr. Bowne's book appears to belong to the general class of works which set forth a system of ethics, the closer student soon discovers that its great value lies in its unfailing resort to life, and its freedom from a mere barren dialectic. The clear sense with which the writer, not without the scornful impatience of a strong-minded man, cuts through the entanglements of closet theories, and brushes away the thin webs of superficial dogmatists, is most refreshing. We like especially his treatment of the relation of Christianity to ethics, and his consideration of sociological conditions. The robustness of the thought will be a tonic to idle speculators.

Literature and Criticism. Americanisms and Briticisms, with Other Essays on Other Isms, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) There is a good deal of half-boyish snowballing in this bright little volume, but now and then Mr. Matthews gets mad and freezes his snowballs. We shall lose our reputation as an easy-going, good-natured people if we keep up this peppering, but one can take a half-hour's national joy in watching Mr. Matthews's exuberant and aggressive Americanism. — Res Judicatæ, Papers and Essays, by Augustine Birrell. (Scribners.) Mr. Birrell's collection is more distinctly one of literary criticism and characterization than his Obiter Dicta. He treats of Richardson, Gibbon, Cowper, Borrow, Newman, Matthew Arnold, Hazlitt, Lamb, Sainte-Beuve, and one or two general subjects. He is less flippant and more readable in this book. His longer essays show him at his best, for he has time to forget to be smart. — Tales from Ten Poets, by Harrison S. Morris. In three books. (Lippincott.) Mr. Morris writes, in his preface, as a man who recognizes art in literature, and his touch in these prose renderings is deft and careful. Yet we must distinguish between the doing of a thing well and its worth when well done. To give a simple narrative drawn from a complex work like The Ring and the Book is one thing ; some gratitude is due for that. But to turn into prose so lucid and straight-away a narrative poem as Enoch Arden — *cui bono?* In spite of Mr. Morris's intimation that in this age people want a story, but do not want it in verse, we venture to think that it would be the hundredth man who would prefer to read his version to Tennyson's. It is to be noticed, moreover, that Mr. Morris does not avail himself of the novelist's privilege, but attacks his subjects, when dramatic in the original, from the dramatist's point of view. Browning wisely introduces the Blot on the 'Scutcheon by his scene of Gerald and the other retainers watching the pageant, but would a story-teller have gone to work in this fashion? The books are prettily made, and have portraits of the ten poets. — A more strictly legitimate performance of a similar kind is Tales from the Dramatists, by Charles Morris, in four volumes, with portraits. (Lippincott.) Here the non-Shakespearean dramatists are laid under contribution ; not only Shakespeare's contemporaries and immediate successors, but Goldsmith, Sheridan, Colman, Talfourd, Bulwer, Victor Hugo, and others. There is always a story imbedded in a popular play which may be told without prejudice to the effect of the play itself on the reader or spectator. Mr. Morris, however, has not contented himself with an extended argument ; he has resorted to his text for enlivening dialogue. — Shadows of the Stage, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) All intelligent playgoers will be glad that Mr. Winter has made this selection from the hundreds of papers on dramatic subjects which he has written during the last thirty years. His readers may not share all his enthusiasms, but they will always acknowledge and respect his admirable equipment for what has been so large a part of his life-work. His introductory chapter, The Good Old Times, is a comparison, excellent in taste and temper, of the past and present American stage. Many of the greater players of the last three decades and some notable performances serve as subjects of the critical and commemorative papers which follow. In short, the book is a valuable brief chronicle of our dramatic time.

Books of Reference. The Stanford Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases, edited by C. A. M. Fennell. (Macmillan.) This quarto dictionary of 826 pages has been prepared for the syndics of the University Press at the charge of Mr. Stanford, whence its name. More than one half the contents is designed to enable the

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English reader to find out the meaning and history of the foreign words and phrases which occur frequently in English literature, as for example "début," "vade mecum." Other purposes kept in view are to register the increase of the English vocabulary directly due to the adoption and naturalization of foreign words since the introduction of printing, — such words, for instance, as "banana," "indigo;" and also to record all English words of foreign origin which have retained or reverted to their native form, such as "chalet," "memorandum." The editor has been very liberal in his interpretation of the scheme, and he has followed the historical method and cited freely, so that his book is not only very helpful, but even readable. — The Musical Year-Book of the United States. Volume IX. Season of 1891–1892. By G. H. Wilson. (Charles Hamilton, Worcester, Mass.) Besides the general record by cities, arranged alphabetically, which is happily without comment, but very full as to details, the Year-Book contains a list of new American compositions for the year, and a brief but interesting list of works by native and resident American composers, performed abroad. — Wisps of Wit and Wisdom, or Knowledge in a Nutshell, by Albert P. Southwick. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) One of the helpful little books for puzzled readers who "want to know." Here are 601 questions which as many people might ask, such as, "What was known as the Orphan Stone?" "Where is Traitor's Hill?" "Who was Bachelor Bill?" "For what purpose was the fund Peter's Pence established?" "To whom was the term Dough-faces applied?" "When were forks first used?" etc., — questions which haunt the Notes and Queries column of some evening paper, — and here are the 601 answers by the patient, omniscient editor.

Fiction. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) Sherlock Holmes, the unofficial detective and specialist in crime, in comparison with whom the regular officers of the law are as babes or imbeciles, continues in this collection of stories his triumphant career, never failing to find the clue in the most mysterious of labyrinths, nor to bring to light the most carefully concealed offenses. The tales are well told, and much ingenuity and skill are often shown in their construction. — Leona, by Mrs. Molesworth. (Cassell.) Mrs. Molesworth is at her best — and how very good that best is! — in writing of or for children; but something of the charm of these child-stories is to be found in her novels. Leona is a tale wrought out of the simplest materials, but it is well written and readable; there is the usual felicitous touch in the young-girl studies, and the book has a refinement of tone and manner which is in itself a distinction. — The Snare of the Fowler, by Mrs. Alexander. (Cassell.) A not unentertaining if rather conventional novel, the interest of which centres more in the cleverly constructed story than in the characters who play their parts therein. It will take a favorable position among Mrs. Alexander's later works, but we once expected far more from the author of The Wooing o't and Her Dearest Foe. — Out of the Jaws of Death, by Frank Barrett. (Cassell.) When we say that the hero of this story is a Russian nobleman of high character and distinguished accomplishments, a latter-day paladin who strives to redress his country's wrongs by becoming a Nihilist; that the heroine is an utterly uninstructed waif of the London slums, who, after a comparatively brief period of tuition, becomes the refined, intelligent narrator of the tale; that the villain is an Irishman of infinite resource, who poses as a Nihilist and the hero's dearest friend, but is really a Russian police spy; and that there are, among the incidents of the story, hairbreadth escapes, kidnappings, deportations to Siberia, and escapes therefrom, we have sufficiently well indicated the character of the book, which, frankly sensational as it is, is a well-constructed and, after its kind, clever tale, that has at least the merit of never being dull. — David Alden's Daughter, and Other Stories of Colonial Times, by Jane G. Austin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Austin is cultivating the field of old colony romance, and this volume of short stories gives her the opportunity of making colonial history, not the cause of story, not wholly the occasion of it, but rather a good excuse for reminding her readers that the life of the times recorded yielded sweets to the sweet as well as the present may.

Books for the Young. The Boy Travellers in Central Europe, Adventures of two Youths in a Journey through France, Switzerland, and Austria, with Excursions among

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the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) These boys have been traveling with great persistency for several years, but they are just as young, just as learned, just as inquisitive, and have just as sage companions as when they started. There are over five hundred pages in the book, and lots and lots of pictures. — Fairy Tales of Other Lands, by Julia Goddard. (Cassell.) Ten lively tales, which the reader may look upon as counterparts of familiar fairy tales, if he chooses, or, if skeptically minded, regard as familiar tales masquerading in foreign dress. The young reader will find his entertainment, whether credulous or skeptical.

Æsthetics and Illustrated Books. Several numbers of L'Art (Macmillan) have appeared since our last notice of this bi-monthly magazine of art, one of the two or three magazines of like purpose which maintain an almost even excellence of high merit. The Salon of 1892 is judiciously exemplified. M. Gindriez, director of the museum at Châlon-sur-Saône, writes of a provincial artist of that place, Antonin Richard, with examples of his art; a number of Élie Delaunay's decorative studies are shown; there are copies of ancient tapestry work; an interesting article on Greuze is accompanied by copies of several of his earlier paintings; a paper on the sculpture to be seen at the Abbey of Mozac has a large number of detailed drawings; and among the full-page etchings, of which each number has always one at least, there are copies of paintings by E. L. Weeks and Walter Gay. — Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's tale of Marse Chan, that tender little story which gains in its passage through the old negro's lips, has been issued as a holiday book, with several illustrations by W. T. Smedley. (Scribners.) — The Desire of Beauty, being Indications for Æsthetic Culture, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) A brief volume of essays, in which a writer who has cultivated his own æsthetic sense finely muses over the process and the result, and generalizes, groping about for laws, and finding some true lines of investigation. — The form and style of the book lead us to place here Mr. Whittier's At Sundown (Houghton), though we suspect that many who buy it to give away as a souvenir, after looking at the dainty etchings by Mr. Garrett, will linger over the autumnal verse, with its playfulness, its delightful leisure, its tender personality.

Minor Morals. The Presumption of Sex, and Other Papers, by Oscar Fay Adams. (Lee & Shepard.) A small volume containing a collection of brief papers vigorously denouncing vices of manners and corruptions of nature in men and women. The arraignment is sharp enough to make itself felt. — Lazy Thoughts of a Lazy Girl. (The Waverly Co., New York.) Dull, insipid talk of a mere book-maker, on Dress, Country Life, Dancing, Love, Afternoon Tea, Watering Places, and the like. — Concerning All of Us, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Harpers.) A collection of brief essays which touch gracefully and with a wealth of allusion upon many of the finer relations of men and women. Colonel Higginson has the art of comparing, and his comparison is of things and persons essentially the same, but superficially different. It is this delicate probing of social life which enables him to lay bare unreasonableness and mere conventions with a skill which does not hurt, but helps.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Old Annuals.

ONE alleviation to the slow torture of the small tea-party, from which my callow boyhood suffered, was the Annuals on the centre-table. The small tea-party was an especial trial when I was too young to be left at home, and too old to be sent to bed at sunset. I was not a desirable interlocutor in the general conversation. I was still less so in the dialogue *unter vier Augen*, which chanced when an unmatched guest, in default of other partner, turned to me. In short, I was that unhappy little pitcher whose long ears it was expedient to keep closed, and that *enfant terrible* whose tongue it was expedient to bridle. I knew that I must not talk when so in-

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clined, for little boys should be seen and not heard. I was not disposed to speak when I was spoken to, having had painful experience that questions put to me had a concealed sting in their tails, and might lead to unpleasant revelations as to school-standing and to a disadvantageous display of ignorance. Whether pert or shy, I felt sure I should be so in the wrong place.

The small tea-party also involved distressing preliminaries. There was the enforced prompt return from afternoon school (those were the days of two sessions) ; the loss of play, and the reproaches of the other fellows, who could not understand why home should be reached before the six-o'clock tea-hour. Then came the ablutionary trial, the distressful combing and brushing of rebel locks, the misery of being dressed in my best suit at a time of life when fine raiment was a care and a nuisance. There was the loss of an evening which might have been given to naval construction, or the pasting of the next Saturday's kite. All this was also the prelude to a banquet sure to be more or less Barmecidal, since Benjamin, as the youngest guest, was helped last, but not in any fivefold proportion, and propriety, bashfulness, and maternal precaution combined to shut down the floodgates of appetite.

But when the meal was over, and the company had returned to the parlor, after a little while the talk became lively and general, and then the small boy could sidle up to the table on which lay the Annuals.

What was the Annual ?

That part of the community born "since the war" has no knowledge whatever of the article. It has been relegated from the centre-table to the bookcase, from the bookcase to the spare-bedroom closet, from the closet to the garret, and from the garret to dusty oblivion.

The Annual was a gift volume which appeared at Christmas and New Year's tide. It was beautifully bound in the most expensive and ephemeral style of splendor. The more delicate specimens were often inclosed in a sort of pasteboard coffin, and were extracted by the aid of a strip of ribbon which it was a fearful joy to handle. It was filled with steel engravings of the finest sort, and with literary matter of varying degrees of merit. Readers familiar with the history of Arthur Pendennis, Esq., may remember that his first success in authorship was the production of a poem to go with a picture in one of these volumes.

These books were known as Tokens, Keepsakes, Atlantic Souvenirs, Landscape Annuals, Gems, Oriental Annuals, Books of Beauty, The Pearl, The Amethyst, and by other titles which have faded from my memory. Great writers were for a time ready to lend their names to these enterprises. Titled authors shed the lustre of their coronets on their pages. The pictures were of a really high order. If one could make a full collection of these forgotten books, it would be possible to get admirably executed engravings of pictures by Turner, Clarkson Stanfield, Stothard, Sam Prout, J. Skinner Prout, Martin, Frank Stone, Westall, Wilkie, Mulready, Landseer, and others of the best British artists of those days. The letterpress was by no means contemptible. Leitch Ritchie wrote for the Annuals he edited several very clever stories, which he afterward expanded into three-volume novels, the watered stock of which was not improved by the process. Miss Mitford and the Howitts contributed some capital sketches. Byron and Southey, Alaric A. Watts, T. K. Hervey, Tom Hood, Barry Cornwall, Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Abdy, Praed, Macaulay, Charles Swain, and others did not disdain the Annual. One device was to give illustrations from the Waverley novels, Pilgrim's Progress, Don Quixote, Shakespeare and Milton, but to have these written up to by nameless and inferior authors. The Oriental and Landscape Annuals were works of real merit. For instance, the Oriental would contain very striking views of Indian landscapes, and a connected and lively outline of some of the great reigns of the emperors, Bâber, Aurung-Zeb, or Jenjis Khan. The Landscape Annual took some Continental region, — France, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy and Spain, — and devoted its letterpress to legends, historical associations, and descriptive travel. The English Annual had its counterpart in this country. The American volumes got their pictures from across the water, but employed home writers : Catherine Sedgwick, Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, Percival, Peter Parley, Lewis and Willis Gaylord Clark, Isaac McClellan, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Grenville Mellen,

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President John Quincy Adams, and possibly Edgar A. Poe. From a complete series of Scott's novels, a very nice set of illustrations might be gathered. I remember the scene from Waverley where Alice gives Waverley the letter; from Guy Mannering, the smugglers' attack on Woodbourne; from Rob Roy, Diana Vernon and Frank in the library; from the Heart of Midlothian, Jeanie Deans in the barn with Madge Wildfire; the post-office scene in The Antiquary; the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and Ivanhoe and Rebecca in Front de Bœuf's castle.

Through these books, English and American, were scattered brief stories which still linger in my memory: The Bear of Carniola, The Marsh Maiden, Iola the Heroine of Suli, The Smugglers' Isle, Count Egmont's Jewels, some of Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales, which the world has not let die, and others whose titles I cannot recall, but which I should gladly reperuse.

Sir Walter wrote for the Keepsake The Laird's Jock, My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, and The Tapestried Chamber. The illustration to this last — I forget whether Scott wrote up to the picture, or the picture was drawn for the story — was one that for years had a weird fascination for me. In boyhood's breezy hour I used to linger over the volume which contained it, half hoping that I might stumble upon it unawares and feel the shock and thrill, and well remember how I used to turn page after page till I came as near to it as I dared, and then, with a hurried dash, skip several leaves at once, so as not to behold that awful spectral face! Charles Lamb did the same thing with the picture of Saul and the Witch of Endor in Stackhouse's family Bible. At any rate, my friend Colonel Percy Osbaldistone, who in the late war led many a gallant cavalry charge, owned to me, in our college days, that the picture affected him precisely as it did me.

The Annual flourished at about 1830. Then the fashion was at its height. But it went out as rapidly as it came in. The specimens of its last days were deplorable, both in art and in literary matter. It became in some way "*infra dig.*" for the larger lights of literature to appear in that galaxy, and when Sirius, Aldebaran, Altair, and the planets go out, fifth and sixth magnitudes do not long stay in. The coronets grew tired of the business, — Lady Blessington was one, — or else hankered after the wider work of full-grown novels, just as water-color beginners secretly pine for oils and canvas. I fancy there were unpleasantnesses in the parlors of publishers. It was no easy matter to ask a peeress kindly to contribute, and then to "decline with thanks," and put in her place a stop-gap from Grub Street; and then the publishers found that they could no longer afford to ruin themselves by extravagant bindings and costly engravings. So the fad vanished as it came. But for a season it was the correct thing for Damon to send Phyllis "the gem of the season," and it cost Damon something less than jewelry and flowers cost him to-day.

The Annual filled a place which wanted filling. There was no cheap literature to speak of, in those days. No magazine had taken up the pictorial dodge (it would have been better for literature if none had done so), and there were no heavy "duffs" palmed off on the public by the array of pictorial plums stuck over them. There was no cheap-novel stand in the railway station, and hardly any railway stations in which to put them. People then bought books to keep, and not to read and fling away when the day's travel was done.

If I remember rightly, the stories of the Annuals were shorter than they would be in the magazine of to-day, which is ever crying for new hands and short stories, while sticking fast to noted names and diluted serials. I am tempted to say, "Messieurs Editors, you pay by the page, and you get — pages. But real ability shone out in those narrower limits. A truly first-class story is all the more striking for being condensed into close quarters." One is nowadays tempted to remember the sarcasm of Wamba when Athelstane said he should tilt in the *mêlée*, and that "it was better to be the best man in an hundred than the best man of two."

To return to the theme on which this improvisation was begun, I recall with a sad pleasure the boy's deep delight over those books which soothed the weariness of what the late Nicholas Biddle described as "milky talk and watery tea." From them the boy won a love of letters of high-bred style and finished surroundings which did him good in after years. For these books,

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whatever their defects, were such as could lie conspicuously on drawing-room tables and be found in the virgin bower of beauty, and were studiously free from the slightest taint of impropriety, from aught that savored of the lack of refinement. Their morals might not be deep, but they were sure to be clean and clear.

There is another charm which prompts the longing for those old volumes. They showed the costumes and the manners of a bygone day. Almost every one had portraits of celebrities of the hour, of noble patrons, of distinguished beauties. In fact, the Books of Beauty and Flowers of Loveliness were devoted to this cult, and one would be glad to compare with Du Maurier's lanky aristocracy, his Maypole *jeunesse dorée*, and his belles of "long standing" the pretty and *petite* figures in *gigot* sleeves and raven locks, high towering in bows and puffed curls, with their short waists, their bell-shaped skirts, and their tiny slippers just showing the cross-tie above the instep, which I remember in the Annual's pages.

These were not strange then, for so were arrayed the dames and demoiselles who sat around the tea-tables of my youth. The fair visions of the book were only a glorified and idealized presentment of the common life. How oddly would they look now, could one hunt them up on the dusty back shelves of the second-hand bookstore! I fear this quest would be in vain, though if my Manilla galleon escapes Lord Anson's buccaneers and the Chilian cruisers, and brings me in a goodly invoice of Acapulcan ingots, I shall certainly try it.

They were not books to be resold. They had their brief day. A last year's Annual was not to be thought of as a present, however attractive in itself. Its date betrayed it. They were gifts, and often treasured up as the faded rose and the ivory Malbone miniature of her bridal days are treasured in the matron's cabinet, because they were haunted with the secret and subtle fragrance of bygone memories. If an old Annual could tell its own life-story, and if I could write it down as it should be written, what pages I should proudly aspire to in the best American periodical! But I fear that they are gone, and that my dream of filling a college library shelf with a complete collection of them is only a dream. I write these lines in the lingering hope that, like the sibyl's volumes, a remnant may be brought back from the burning. I think I would gladly pay her the original price of asking, would she vouchsafe me even the third portion.

"Worthy" Fuller's Sermons.

— "Oh, I wish I was dry! Do you think I am dry? Do you think I am dry enough now?" exclaimed a heavy Scotch divine of the last century, the commentator Macknight, who had reached the vestry rain-sodden. Whereupon his colleague, Robert Henry, the historian, replied, "Bide a wee, doctor, and ye 'll be dry eneuch when ye get into the pulpit." Nobody would have expected to find Thomas Fuller dry in the pulpit, yet this is the impression left by fifty-eight of his sermons, delivered between 1631 and 1659, and collected by his erudite and enthusiastic biographer, the late John Eglington Bailey, of Manchester. Fuller, who in all his other works is brimful of wit and oddity, is in his sermons resolutely serious. Spurgeon, when remonstrated with on his pulpit jests, said, "But you don't know how many I keep back." Fuller must have made a still stronger effort, for he keeps back nearly everything. Here and there, indeed, he raises a smile, but in a thousand octavo pages we discover scarcely twenty quaint or facetious sayings. Nor is there even much originality, except in liberality of sentiment and breadth of charity. In theology, like his contemporary Sir Thomas Browne, he "keeps the road," and we must not look to him for any light on the problems of the present day. Fuller was abreast of his age, but not in advance of it, except perhaps when he declares the broomstick rides of witches to be mere dreams. He aims at edifying or convincing, not at amusing; divides his subject into heads, and gives majors and minors, objections and answers, like the dullest preachers of his time. The controversy of Anglicanism with Rome and Geneva was necessarily his main topic, which has little interest for us. I have, however, made a scanty gleaning.

Combating purgatory and transubstantiation, he says: —

"Were purgatory taken away, the Pope himself would be in purgatory, as not knowing which way to maintain his expensiveness."

"No wonder if the Pope zealously main-

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taineth purgatory, seeing that purgatory so plentifully maintaineth the Pope."

"He who is so sottish as to conceive that Christ was a material door showeth himself to be a post indeed."

Although Londoners, as Fuller tells us, had given up suppers, gluttony was the national vice: —

"It is said of old men that they are twice children. The same is true of this old doting world. It doth now reveal and relapse into the same sins whereof it was guilty in its infancy. We on whom the ends of the world are come are given to the sins of gluttony as in the days of Noah."

The civil wars naturally made Fuller a pessimist: —

"God now begins to cut England short, — short in men, short in mint, short in money, short in wealth; so that it is to be feared that Great Britain will be Little Britain, great only in her sins and sufferings."

He collates sometimes what was then the New Version with its predecessor, and quaintly remarks: —

"Let not the two translations fall out, for they are brethren, and both sons of the same parent, the original; though give me leave to say the youngest child is most like the father."

On fine-weather friends he says: —

"He that believeth that all those that smile on him and promise fair in time of prosperity will perform it in time of his want, may as well believe that all the leaves that be on trees at midsummer will hang there as fresh and as fair on New Year's Day."

Here is a quaint simile for sponsors: —

"I look on godfathers generally as on brass andirons, — standing more for sight than service, ornament than use."

Preaching from Judges xix. 29, he says: "I will not mangle my text as the Levite his wife, with often dividing it."

Condemning the perversity which will never confess to a mistake, Fuller says: —

"Pale faces which otherwise are well proportioned never look so lovely as when they are casually betrayed to a blush, which supplies that color in their cheeks which was wanting before. Good men who once maintained an error never appear more amiable in the eyes of God and the godly than when blushing with shame (not to be ashamed of) at the remembrance of their former faults."

Here is a thoroughly Fullerian whimsicality: —

"Christ sent always his disciples by twos, . . . and this, perchance, was one reason why Christ, in the choice of his apostles and disciples, pitched on an even number, twelve of the one and seventy of the other, that if he should have occasion to subdivide them they should fall out into even couples, and no odd one to lack a companion."

He felicitously compares a family to an orange-tree: —

"A great family is like unto an orange-tree, which at the same time hath buds and blossoms and knobs and green and half ripe and fully ripe oranges on it all together. I mean infants, children, striplings, youths, men of perfect, reduced, decayed ages."

Elsewhere he remarks: —

"Three generations are always at the same time on foot in the world, namely, the generation rising, the generation shining, the generation setting."

He disdained to bid for court favor or for popularity by blind partisanship: —

"All that we desire is to see the king remarried to the state, and we doubt not but as the bridegroom on the one side will be careful to have his portion paid, his prerogative, so the bride's friends entrusted for her will be sure to see her jointure settled, the liberty of the subject."

"Think not that the king's army is like Sodom, not ten righteous men in it; no, not if righteous Lot himself be put into the number, and the other army like Zion consisting all of saints. No, there be drunkards on both sides, and swearers on both sides, and whoremongers on both sides, pious on both sides and profane on both sides. Like Jeremiah's figs, those that are good are very good, and those that are bad are very bad, in both parties."

Fuller apparently thought that England had no men to spare for colonization: —

"Now if any do demand of me my opinion concerning our brethren which of late [he was preaching in 1631] left this kingdom to advance a plantation in New England, surely I think as St. Paul said concerning virgins he had received no commandment from the Lord, so I cannot find any just warrant to encourage men to undertake

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this removal, but think rather the counsel best that King Joash prescribed to Amaziah, 'tarry at home.' Yet as for those that are already gone, far be it from us to conceive them to be such to whom we may not say Godspeed. As it is in Job ii. 10, oh, let us pity them and pray for them, for sure they have no need of our mocks, which I am afraid have too much of their own miseries. I conclude, therefore, of the two Englands what our Saviour saith of the two wines, Luke v. 39 : No man having tasted of the old presently desireth the new, for he saith the old is better."

Fuller did not even count on the evangelization of the Indians : —

"I have not heard of many fish (understand me in a mystical meaning) caught in New England, and yet I have not been deaf to listen, nor they, I believe, dumb to tell of their achievements in that kind."

To close with one of his own endings : —

"These things deserve larger prosecution, but this is none of Joshua's day, wherein the sun standeth still, and therefore I must conclude with the time. . . . Time will await attendance on none."

The "Bard O'Kelly." — The Potter's Field in literature has its Poets' Corner, and the epitaph which chronicles the presence and fate of "Poor McDonald Clarke" might aptly be applied to pathetic scores of subdued and silenced poetasters. Literary longevity, like literary popularity, is a gift by itself, and is therefore not to be inferred from the merit of the work in question. There is little doubt that some of the proletarian verse of George P. Morris will survive in the popular mind most of that written by his statelier partner, the author of Absalom. A like fair fortune befalls the "Bard O'Kelly," in that he is remembered at all, even by this passing "mention," which, if it awake any responsive recollection elsewhere, will doubtless bring to mind The Curse of Doneraile. This doggerel ballad records the loss in that unfortunate village of the author's time-honored chronometer, and is unsparing in its malisons.

> "May every farmer's wife's milk-pail
> Turn always sour at Doneraile !
> May every ship that wafts a sail
> Be freighted with convicts from Doneraile."

It is somewhat humiliating to acknowledge that one's memory may become a vessel for the doctrine of the survival of the unfittest in literature ; but true it is I perfectly recall this unrelieved gibberish, while for the life of me I cannot remember even one line of Clarence Mangan, whom I read, and read admiringly, at the same schoolboy age. But to proceed to that event which proved the great occasion of his career to the "Bard O'Kelly."

During the latter part of the reign of George IV. his Majesty made a visit to Ireland, and was there received with a degree of enthusiasm which was the despair of the "patriots" of that unquiet island. Curran came out in invective strongly characterizing this Anglican and tyrant worship, "and Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneels to receive her paltry rider !" The poet Moore, having lived long enough in London to become an assenting Englishman, wrote a song entitled The Prince's Day, which, with a grim humor he was either too shallow to perceive or too deep to betray, he affixed to his collection of Irish Melodies, the tune being St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

Of course his Majesty desired to see the chief curiosities of this remarkable island. Among the celebrities whom he caused to be presented to himself was the distinguished laureate of doggerel, known as the "Bard O'Kelly." This extraordinary creature appears to have led a life of Arcadian simplicity, wandering from hut to hut, and reciting what he called his "pomes" (a pronunciation, by the way, bearing an Old World unction). By some inscrutable process he had acquired the quality of catchiness to such a degree that his effusions lingered in the minds of men when the *poetry* of his contemporary, Clarence Mangan, of whom mention has been made, was neglected or forgotten. However this may be, let us hear how discreetly the "Bard O'Kelly" bore himself on learning of the honor that awaited him from his sovereign : "I went prepared, knowing that something shutable to the occasion would be expected, — I went prepared with a lot of impromtoos." In this interview, his Majesty, observing that the poet was lame, remarked that one of England's greatest bards, namely Byron, also halted in his step, if not in his verse. O'Kelly, who had already caught at the idea that personal deformity might be regarded as a gauge of genius,

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promptly rejoined, "And so did Scott, your Majesty." "Ah, indeed," said the king, "and Scotland, too?" "Whereupon," continues the bard, who in the art of explicating his own meaning rivaled Mr. Wegg, "finding it a proper occasion, I recited one of me own impromtoos, the following, right off the reel.

> Three poets for three sister kingdoms born, —
> One for the rose, another for the thorn,
>
> (That 's the thistle, your Majesty knows!)
>
> One for the shamrock, which shall ne'er decay,
> While rose and thistle yearly die away."

The elated bard further observes: "Great was the delight of the king at this beautiful impromtoo, and having commended the verses which I had just recited, and having subscribed for fifty copies of me complete works, — which, by the way, to this day he has never sent for, — I was allowed to leave the royal presence, a loyaler and a better man."

A Happy Man. — I have seen at last a happy man, the happiest I ever knew. He is perhaps forty-five years old, and his happiness has been unbroken for two years or more.

Hear his story. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He has means, culture, social position, and a large circle of devoted relatives and friends. He has a fine physique, a handsome face. But we did not call him a happy man, "such a happy man," until two years ago, when the great change came. He has never married, and the Miss X. of whom I am to tell you was no more to him than his lifelong comrade, his best of friends, — an old neighbor, related to him in many ways, but never by the tender tie.

Perhaps he had been more of an invalid than he knew, or than his friends dreamed. One summer day he went to the little lake not far from his native village, a popular inland resort, and spent what he called, upon his return that night, "a perfect day." Skies were never bluer, he said, nor flowers fairer, nor the lake so lovely to him as upon that day. Only he had expected to meet Miss X. there, and to have had their usual sail together. He would go again on the morrow, take her with him, and so double and increase the joy. He went to her house that evening to play whist, as usual. It was Saturday. She had gone to spend Sunday at the lake. He was very glad she had gone, he said; he would join her the next day. During the game he alluded many times to the happy day he had passed. And what is there in life, after all, like a to-morrow full of promise?

That night, after reaching his room, he had a paralytic stroke. Not a severe one, only a slight shock; but it clouded his brain, if we can call that a cloud which fixed forever in his mind the happiness reigning there when it came.

Every day since then has been that happy Saturday to him. He has just returned from the lake, no matter if the snow is drifting, or the rain beating the windows. It has been a perfect day, everything in divine harmony. He will go over to X.'s for a game of whist. Even if Miss X. meets him, he asks if she is at home, as if he were addressing some one else; then he is so glad she is up at the lake; he is going back to-morrow; there is every sign of perfect weather, etc., — all in his old-time charming way. Then he takes up his cards and plays a capital game, and goes home in the sweet expectation of a happy to-morrow.

All else in life seems blank to him. In that one fair niche of memory he sees all of the past, the present, and the future. He appears to be reading oftentimes when the book he holds is upside down. Death means nothing to him. When his friends die, he does not weep, nor question, nor miss them. He has had such a happy day, and he is going to repeat it to-morrow.

Naturally his case is of interest to specialists. He is never troublesome. He goes about the village and exchanges cordial greetings. Nor does he always speak of what is in possession of his mind, unless you hold him too long; then he has excuse for breaking away.

Question: if that last day of his mental balance had been an unhappy one, — say a day black with anguish or remorse, or embittered with rage and revenge, — would he now be the opposite of what he is, a wild beast in toils, the remainder of his life the horrible evolution of an incidental, who knows but an accidental mood?

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